



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

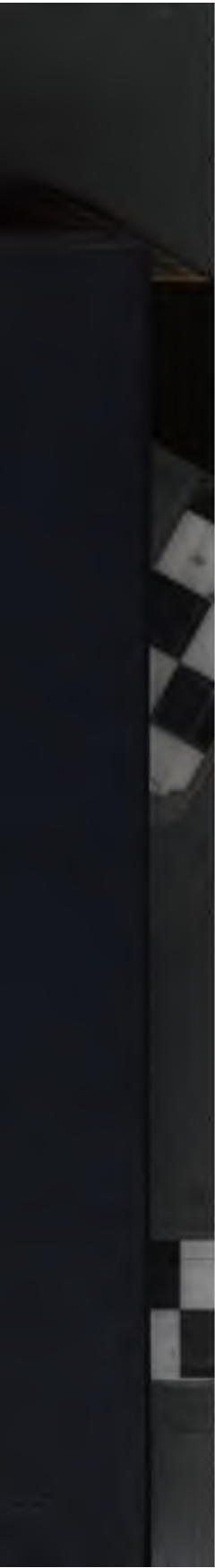
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









12

100

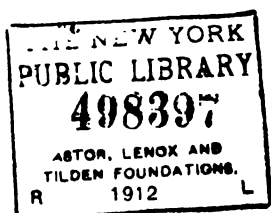
115!
"LITERATURE IS THE IMMORTALITY OF SPEECH."—Wilmott

STUDIES
IN
AMERICAN AND BRITISH
LITERATURE

BY
INEZ N. McFEE

CHICAGO
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

"LITERATURE IS THE THOUGHT OF THINKING SOULS"—Carlyle



COPYRIGHT 1905
BY
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

The object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address and expression.

—*John Henry Newman.*

All the arts are dwarfed by the power of literature. Each other art can express only some part of the mind; music a part, architecture a part, painting a part, but literature can express all the thoughts and emotions of the entire spirit. And this art one can carry with him when he travels; it can flourish in one little room. It depends not upon wealth or house or gallery, but where the mind has a common education there this art can find its home.

—*Professor Swing.*

To love the best literature is to possess the truest and most imperishable of earthly riches. Such a love gives to the young what they most need. It creates and sustains high and beautiful ideals of human life, gives them the choicest companions and truest friends, and enlarges their mental and spiritual horizon. It enables them to keep the keen appreciation, sweet trustfulness, and beautiful simplicity of childhood, while it multiplies both their powers or usefulness and sources of happiness.

—*Frank V. Irish.*



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We wish to here make fitting acknowledgment of the kindness and encouragement of the various publishers who have kindly allowed the use of selections from their authorized works.

The selections from the writings of John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Alice and Phoebe Cary, and Lucy Larcom are used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

The selections from Bryant are used by permission of and by special arrangement with D. Appleton & Co., and the other copyrighted selections by the kind permission of Harper & Brothers, Little, Brown & Co., The Bobbs-Merrill Co., The Whitaker & Ray Co., The J. B. Lippincott Co. and Herbert Stone & Co., to all of whom the author desires to express grateful appreciation of their kindness and courtesy.

INTRODUCTION.

The teacher who fails to give a large share of time and attention to the careful memorizing, the study, and the enjoyment of fine things in literature is woefully at fault. The boy or girl who has been at school for six or eight years should go out into life with a wealth of good things in literature securely lodged in the memory, that shall mould his taste, give color to his thought, and influence his daily life. —J. P. McCaskey.

THIS book of *Studies in American and British Literature* has been carefully prepared with the hope that it may aid teachers in giving color as well as form to their work in literature, and *that it* may help to mould and lodge exquisite bits of literature in the memory of the pupil that will cheer and brighten all his life. The principal aim has been *to present* a logical plan which will enable the pupil to appreciate all that is good in literature, to assist him to express himself clearly and intelligently, and, best of all, to give him abundant food for thought. "The man who loves good reading has in his own being a spring of never failing joy; there are no lonely hours, no monotonous days for such a person. Raging storms and snow-bound earth may shut out living companionship, but these circumstances only serve to bring him into nearer communion with the authors he loves."

All *selections* from the works of the various authors have been carefully taken, and great care has been exercised to make all information authentic. There is much

in the directions for the study of the various selections that may justly be termed work in English, and, where the school course is crowded, this work in Literature may well occupy a considerable part of the time usually given to Grammar and Rhetoric. Remember pupils do not learn to construct good sentences by analyzing, or by memorizing and repeating the rules of syntax, though the method be followed until they grow gray. Many of our best writers never studied the art of composition; but they read a multitude of the best books, and had the faculty of learning how to compose by studying the composition of others while they, at the same time, cultivated their taste and added to their general stock of information.

This book is, therefore, sent forth with the conviction that its suggestions will receive a hearty welcome, and that the choice thoughts from the best writers which have been generously scattered throughout its pages, will surprise, delight and bless like rare wild flowers cropping up in unlooked for places.

INEZ N. M'FEE,
Liscomb, Iowa.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

I need not tell you that you will find that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice; and, what is most important of all, the masterpieces of literature are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, therefore you are done with it; because it is a masterpiece, you ought to live with it, and make it a part of your daily life. —*John Morley.*

Your great object should be to be thorough; to learn but a little at a time, but to learn that little well. A very short poem, thoroughly comprehended in all its parts, will do to make a beginning upon. Any lesson of this sort that is really well learnt is a piece of solid work done; it serves for a stepping-stone to the next piece. —*W. W. Skeat.*

THE STUDY of Literature more than all other studies best equips our pupils for successful living. "It is well that the pupils learn square and cube root, but such knowledge will never bring to the soul the yearning for higher, holier living aroused by the reading of the Chambered Nautilus. Newton's laws of gravitation may teach us of the unseen force that binds together molecules, but such productions as the Vision of Sir Launfal alone can set us a-searching for the silken chain that tells of the universal brotherhood of man. With Cuvier we may learn how to classify and arrange all animate life, but such poems as Shelly's Ode to the Sky Lark are needed to bear us above the under stratum of care and reveal to us the security of those who have scaled the heights."

Among the many advantages which are to be gained from the right study of literature, the following are mentioned :—

1. It increases the pupil's vocabulary.
2. It gives ease and readiness of expression.
3. It teaches the correct use of English.
4. It creates a desire to become better informed.
5. It gives occupation for idle moments.
6. It cultivates a love for good literature.
7. It stores the mind with choice thoughts.
8. It elevates the moral tone, and incites emulation of the good.
9. It strengthens against evil propensities, and broadens personal responsibilities.
10. It lays the foundation to right thinking, and helps to build up a stable character.

There is probably no subject taught which is more likely to lapse into a stultifying monotony when permitted to do so, neither is there one that can be rendered more interesting or inspiring than literature when handled by a skillful teacher. To do successful work the teacher must know and love the authors he attempts to teach. He must be filled to overflowing with their choicest thoughts, and be able to converse entertainingly about all that is noble and beautiful in their life and character, and, above all, he must be able to tell interesting bits of the various tales and romances of the best authors which will incite his pupils to a longing for more of them and for a desire to get such a knowledge for themselves by delving deep into the best books.

Do not pay too much attention to biography; facts about an author are of minor importance, and should be

used only to lead to an appreciation of his best writing and his noblest traits of character. In general, the biography may well be left until after one or two of the author's best poems have been read or studied, and some desire *to know* about the author has been created. In the following pages, we have placed the biography first in order to preserve due logical order. We would, however, advise passing it over until some of the selections have been studied. This need not be done with such authors as Longfellow, Whittier and others who have been familiar to the pupils ever since they entered the Second Primary.

We know that if the directions in the following pages are carefully followed the literature work will be a success, for we have faithfully tested them in class work. We would here place special emphasis on the value of memorizing choice portions in order that the mind may have, stored away, pictures that may at pleasure be called up to refresh and entertain.

Ask parents and pupils to aid in helping to put the best books in the school library. There are many ways in which you can raise library funds. Every school should have the complete poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and other poets mentioned in the following pages; they should also have the masterpieces from Irving, Hawthorne, Dickens, Scott, and other writers. Where it is impossible to have all these, a careful search of the neighborhood will probably bring to light the books necessary to follow the course in literature which we have marked out. We believe no teacher will need to omit any part of the work because he can not find the necessary material. We have tried to overcome this difficulty by giving as

many selections as possible from the various authors, and we believe the teacher can readily supplement our list with good selections from old school readers, etc. In studying the various authors, encourage the pupils to bring in good anecdotes about them. Old files of the *Youth's Companion* will yield an abundance of these.

Urge each pupil to start a library of his own, adding choice books as he can. Teach them to feel that: "There is nothing so unhomelike as a bookless home, unless it is a house whose books betray a vulgar and narrow conception of life. A man's books form an average portrait of himself. Without books, a merchant's palace becomes but a prison, the 'trail of the upholsterer is over it all,' while a small library well-selected may, like Alladin's lamp, turn the abode of poverty to a princely home."

As a final hint, we wish to again urge that the principal objects to be gained by literature study should be kept continually in the mind of the teacher, viz.: "to fill the pupil's mind with a love for the good, the true, the beautiful, in literature, and so train his mind that he can discriminate between the good and the bad, the true and the false, that he will naturally reject all that is worthless and seize upon the lovely and the pure.

It is from the men and women bred on American soil that the fittest words come for the enrichment of American youth. I believe heartily in the advantage of enlarging one's horizon by taking in other climes and other ages, but first let us make sure of the great expansive power which lies close at hand. I am sure there never was a time or country when national education, under the guidance of national art and thought, was so possible as in America today."

—*Scudder.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	v
HINTS TO TEACHERS.....	vii
CHAPTER I.	
THE GREAT POETS OF AMERICA.....	i
CHAPTER II.	
SOME POPULAR POETS OF LATER DAY.....	163
CHAPTER III.	
OUR EARLIEST NOVELISTS.....	205
CHAPTER IV.	
SOME EARLY WOMEN NOVELISTS AND POETS.....	255
CHAPTER V.	
OTHER AMERICAN WRITERS WE SHOULD KNOW.....	307
CHAPTER VI.	
HUMOROUS WRITERS.....	247
CHAPTER VII.	
THE GREAT BRITISH POETS.....	369
CHAPTER VIII.	
OTHER FAMOUS BRITISH POETS.....	437
CHAPTER IX.	
FAMOUS EARLY ENGLISH NOVELISTS.....	467
CHAPTER X.	
BRITISH HISTORIANS AND ESSAYISTS.....	511

Great books are the great souls which have left the bodies of great beings and have come to talk with us. You have never seen Homer or Virgil or Dante or Mrs. Browning, but in their words their souls have come to you in the morning and at night. You can live with these illustrious ones and thus possess the never failing sources of a great happiness.—*Prof. Swing.*

My object throughout the class-room study of English literature would be to cultivate an intelligent appreciation, a positive love, for those treasures of genius, those masterpieces of literary art, which are embodied in our mother tongue; such a love as would be a delight, a sustaining, comforting, restraining influence throughout life.—*Gilmore*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



He has laid his hand up
on my heart gently, not
conquering it - but as a harp.

He has open palm upon his
heart to hearken its vibra-
tions. "LONGER ELLING"



AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Think for a moment of that great, silent, resistless power for good that might at this moment be lifting the youth of our country, were the hours for reading in school expended upon the undying, life-giving books! Think of the substantial growth of a generous Americanism were the boys and girls fed from the fresh springs of American literature. —*Selected.*

Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul. —*Stedman.*

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT POETS OF AMERICA.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power.

—*Bailey.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers. —*Jean Paul.*



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807—1882.

"The American Poet Laureate."

"The poet of the home."

"The poet of the commonplace."

Longfellow has composed poems which will live as long as the language in which they are written.

—James Russell Lowell.

Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

—O. W. Holmes.

LONGFELLOW is the universal favorite and the most widely read of all the American poets. Every sentence that he penned is as clear as crystal and as pure as snow. "Few of the vast multitude who have learned to love Longfellow through his songs ever saw the face of this 'gentlest soul,' or were ever gladdened by hearing that voice, 'filled with sweetness,' 'that wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers'; yet have not all our hearts been made more tender and sympathetic as we wandered and wept with the gentle Evangeline?" And again, who has not been filled with a desire to be like gentle, scholarly John Alden, or simply true-hearted and womanly like Priscilla, the gentle Puritan maiden, whose sweet lips framed such wonderful words of quiet wisdom,—

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think,
and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions
of friendship."

He has perhaps touched more heroic chords in our nature than any other poet. His *Psalm of Life* breathes new courage into our hearts, helps us to bind up our scattering sheaves and strike out with renewed purpose.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.
* * * *

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Excelsior, *The Builders*, etc., appeal to the kingly virtues of heroic endeavor and self-reliance; while such poems as *The Arrow and the Song* and *Santa Filomena* inspire us to beautiful and noble deeds, for

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

What American, on reading his beautiful, patriotic lines, *The Building of the Ship*, has not been thrilled with a truer, deeper love for his country?

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

The poet was a dear lover of children, who "with their hearts full of sunshine and the songs of birds are to the world as leaves to the forest." His poems, *The Children*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *My Arm Chair*, etc., have made him one of their favorite writers. James Whitcomb Riley thus describes Longfellow's love for children:—

Awake he loved their voices
And wove them into his rhyme,
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time.

Though he knew the tongues of nations
And their meanings all were dear,
Yet the prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was of Puritan descent, inheriting, on the maternal side, the blood of four Mayflower Pilgrims, among whom was John Alden, made famous in the *Courtship of Miles Standish*. His father, an eminent lawyer of Portland and a graduate of Harvard, was a man of high scholarly gifts and was reputed for his purity of life. His mother possessed rare charms of beauty, was very fond of music and poetry and a devoted lover of nature. In his poem, *My Lost Youth*, the poet describes his childhood home:—

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,—

• • • • •
I remember the black wharves and the ships
And the sea tides tossing free,
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

* * * * *

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with the Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods,
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Young Henry had three brothers and four sisters for his playmates, and merry times they had together. He was very fond of his brother Stephen and frequently accompanied him on hunting expeditions. One day when they were out Henry shot a robin, and he was so distressed because he had taken a harmless life which he could not give back that he registered a vow never to take part in that kind of sport again. He never cared for any kind of rude sports. Thus early in childhood he showed the qualities which characterized his whole life—tenderness, gentleness, and a refined taste. He was a very precocious child, and at the age of seven was half through his Latin grammar. His first poem, *The Battle of Lovell's Pond*, a scene near his grandfather's home, where a battle with the Indians had taken place, was written when he was thirteen. On the suggestion of a sister, it was privately sent to the Portland Gazette. We can imagine how eagerly the children watched for the appearance of the paper, and how delighted they were when the poem came out in all the glories of its print dress! And, again, we imagine how broken-hearted the

young poet felt when his verses were unkindly criticised a few days later!

At the age of fourteen, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College. He graduated four years later, in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Shortly after graduation, he was appointed professor of modern language in Bowdoin, and was allowed a leave of absence to continue his studies. After four years of study and travel through France, Spain, Italy, Germany and England, he entered upon his new labors in 1829. Here he remained in the beautiful old college town of Brunswick, growing in reputation, broadening in culture, for five years, when he was elected to fill a similar position in Harvard. Already an eminent scholar and master of many languages, he aspired to still greater learning, and visited Europe for the purpose of acquainting himself with the Scandinavian language and literature. On this voyage he sustained his first great misfortune. After visiting many noted European cities, and spending a delightful summer at Copenhagen and Stockholm, while on their way to Germany, Mrs. Longfellow, a wife of three years, was taken ill and passed away after a few days' illness at Rotterdam in the latter part of November. Longfellow describes this beautiful young wife as the "Being Beauteous" in his tender poem *The Footsteps of Angels*.

Longfellow wandered sorrowfully about in Europe for some time. While traveling in Switzerland the following summer, he came across a tablet containing an inscription which he made the motto of *Hyperion* and of his future life: "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and

with a manly heart." On this journey too, he met Miss Frances Appleton, a Boston lady, and made her the heroine, "Mary Anburton," himself being the hero, "Paul Flemming," in his delightful romance, *Hyperion*. Returning to his work at Harvard in the fall of 1836, he sought lodgings in the old Craigie House, and his landlady proudly gave him the very room which George Washington had occupied when he made the place his headquarters in the early Revolutionary days. The teacher-poet was sad and lonely and often thought of the delightful companionship of the beautiful, cultivated Miss Appleton. He renewed their acquaintance, soon became a devoted lover, and made her his wife seven years after their first meeting in a foreign land. Mr. Appleton purchased Craigie House and gave it to Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow for a wedding present. It was his home for over forty years. The Longfellow children had the old historic room for their nursery.

Craigie House had spacious rooms on either side the broad wainscoted hall. A grand stairway with low, broad steps led to the upper rooms. Great open fireplaces piled high with crackling logs lent a genial warmth to the luxurious, comfortable home. Not far away was historic Elmwood, the home of Longfellow's life-long poet-friend, James Russell Lowell. The windows of both houses afforded a fine view of the River Charles, and the quiet, peaceful surroundings furnished opportunity for study and writing. Many an inspiration came to the neighbor poets from their home surroundings, and the birds, trees and flowers. Longfellow did not know the birds and flowers so well as his friend, yet he shows his love for them in many of his poems. In *The Herons*

of *Elmwood* he tells about the birds he loved to watch at the Lowell home :

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Longfellow's library was a grand old room, surrounded with book shelves filled to overflowing with books, letters and manuscripts. He always received his friends here, but he did his writing in a small study overhead. His desk and armchair, with the tall, old-fashioned clock just behind it, stood in a corner of the room near a bright window overlooking the grassy slope beneath. It was to this room that his children loved to come for a romp, "between the dark and the daylight," when their father's day was done. He tells us about this in his poem, *The Children's Hour*.

Longfellow and his wife spent eighteen years of precious home life happy in the possession of five lovely children, a multitude of the choicest friends, honor and fame, and then in the midst of their happiness came the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow. While seated in the library with her two little daughters, engaged in sealing up small packets of their curls which she had just cut off, a match on the floor ignited her light summer dress. She was severely burned, and died the next morning. Longfellow received some very severe burns in trying to put out the flames, and was confined to his room when her burial took place three days later. It was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and some one crowned the beautiful head with a wreath of orange blossoms. The poet never ceased to mourn for his devoted wife. Some

years after he wrote in his journal: "The glimmer of the golden leaves in the sunshine; the lilac hedge shot with the crimson creeper; the river writing its S in the meadow; everything without full of loveliness. But within me the hunger, the famine of the heart!" He was much cheered in his sadness by his children and by his loved friends. He tells us of three of these, Sumner, Felton, and Agassiz, who had "gone before," in his beautiful sonnet, *Three Friends of Mine*:

I also wait; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

Of Sumner, that dearest of all friends, he wrote:

Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

On his seventy-second birthday, the children of Cambridge, who all loved him and often visited him in his home, made him a present of a large arm chair made from the branches of the "spreading chestnut tree." It was ebonized, or blackened, and carved all over with horse-chestnut leaves, blossoms and burrs. The seat and arms had cushions of green leather, and around the seat were the words, in raised letters,—

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door,

And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

Mr. Longfellow was so pleased with the gift that he at once wrote a poem about it, in which he asks:

Am I a king that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
* * * *

Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

And again:

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Father Time dealt kindly with Longfellow. He lived longer than the allotted three score years and ten, but his heart remained young and he sang sweetly to the last. His last poem, *The Bells of San Blas*, with its closing words so full of hope and cheer and full reward, were eminently fitting to be the last words of the sweet, gentle singer who had brought so much sunshine and music into earthly homes:

Out of the shadows of night,
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

One week later, March 24, 1882, the poet passed from earth like "the ceasing of exquisite music," having fully realized the prayer breathed for him by his loved friend, James Russell Lowell:

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;

May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

Funeral services were conducted by his brother, Samuel Longfellow, on March 26, in the presence of many dear friends, among whom being Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier and many other noted persons. The body was borne to Mt. Auburn and lovingly laid to rest beside the loved wife whom he had mourned for over twenty years. After the burial memorial services were held in Appleton Chapel. Two years later a bust of Longfellow was placed in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey beside the grave of Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry.

Longfellow "was of medium height, well made, with no sign of age in figure or walk. His head and face were eminently poetic, his forehead broad and full. The great charm of his face centered in his eyes; of an unclouded blue, deep set, under overhanging brows, they had an indescribable expression of thought and tenderness. Though seamed with many wrinkles, his face was rarely without the rosy hue of health, and appeared that of a much younger man, but for its frame of snow-white hair. Hair and whiskers were long, abundant, and wavy, and gave the poet the look of a patriarch."

MEMORY GEMS FROM LONGFELLOW.

(Pupils should learn a gem each day. They should be encouraged to search for them. Have the pupils find the following quotations in Longfellow's writings.)

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,

And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

"Out of shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is day-break everywhere."

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

"God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal."

"For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called
Forgiveness."

"Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
Is the central point from which he measures every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him."

"Love is sunshine, hate is shadow."

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing,
God never changeth."

"Oh fear not in a world like this
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise."

(Note that these quotations form a Longfellow Acrostic. They may be used in connection with a Longfellow Program which it would be well to give after the class have completed the study of the poet. Copies of the Program should be written on the backs of Longfellow's pictures (Perry Picture) and distributed as souvenirs.)

A PARTIAL LIST OF LONGFELLOW'S WORKS FOR REFERENCE.

Evangeline.	Endymion.
Hiawatha.	The Goblet of Life.
Footsteps of Angels.	The Quadroon Girl.
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.	Morituri Salutamus.
The Reaper and the Flowers.	The Golden Legend.
The Beleaguered City.	Psalm of Life.
The Skeleton in Armor.	The Slave's Dream.
The Luck of Edenhall.	The Rainy Day.
The Village Blacksmith.	Maidenhood.
Burial of the Minnisink.	Excelsior.
The Wreck of the Hesperus.	The Celestial Pilot.
Paul Revere.	

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

PROSE WORK.

Outre-Mer.	Hyperion.	Kavanagh.
------------	-----------	-----------

NOTES ON LONGFELLOW'S WRITINGS.

1. Longfellow's poetical fame began with the publication of *Voices of the Night*. This little volume contained

A Psalm of Life, Footsteps of Angels, The Reaper and the Flowers, five favorite college poems and some translations.

2. His striking ballads, *The Skeleton in Armor* and *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, published two years later, in 1841, established his superiority as a story teller in verse. These ballads may well be compared to the minstrelsy of old in point of strength, simplicity and swiftness.

3. His *Poems of Slavery* written in 1842, while returning from Europe, added another poetic voice to the cause of freedom; but they did not equal the passionate power of Whittier's poems on the same subject.

4. Longfellow sought eminence in each of the great departments of verse.—lyric, epic and dramatic. In 1846, he published the *Belfry of Bruges*, which contained some of his finest lyrics, such as *The Bridge, The Arrow and the Song, the Arsenal at Springfield, and the Old Clock on the Stairs*. The first of these was a bit of his own experience. In his loneliness he used often to visit friends across the river, returning to his desolate home late at night. The power of Longfellow's artistic, beautiful lyrics has been proven by their extraordinary popularity.

5. *Evangeline*, "the flower of American idyls," was published in 1847. Concerning it, Longfellow wrote: "Some time before I wrote *Evangeline*, Hawthorne and Sumner were dining with me. After dinner, Hawthorne told us that he had lately become interested in the Acadian exiles. It excited his imagination. He fancied two lovers, widely separated and wandering for years, meeting only to die, and wished to make a novel of it. He, however, thought the subject too difficult, and fancied

he would have to give it up. I waited awhile, heard nothing more about the novel, and finally asked Hawthorne if he were willing that I should make the story the subject of a poem. He consented, and was one of the first to congratulate me on its popularity." It was written in classical dactylic hexameter, and the bold experiment was much criticized as un-English. However, "the lingering melancholy, the grace and tenderness of this simple tale, wandering through scenes of primeval and pastoral beauty, exercise an irresistible charm upon readers of every class and condition." The poet soon after tried another experiment in the same hexameter, in the *Courtship of Miles Standish*. In this poem, we find a frolicsome humor which is quite unlike the poet, but which wonderfully softens our hard picture of the Plymouth colony.

6. *Hiawatha*, a forest epic, published in 1855, is more redolent of the primitive soil of America than anything else in our literature. Stedman says that it is the one poem that beguiles the reader to see birch and ash, the heron and eagle and deer, as they seem to the red man himself. "The form, borrowed from the 'Kalevala' of Finland, consists of the trochaic tetrameter verse, then almost unknown to English poetry, with parallelism, or the repetition of lines in slightly varied form." It was very strange and curious and the critics made much sport with the simple verses, but could not prevent their winning a complete triumph. Emerson wrote "It is sweet and wholesome as maize," and delighted readers everywhere agreed with him.

7. *Outre-Mer*, Longfellow's first prose work, was reminiscent of his travels, and written after Irving's

style. *Hyperion* was a delightful romance of noble aspirations and sentiment. It is as much the companion of the traveled man of letters in Germany as is Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* in Italy. It first introduced German poetry to the New World. *Kavanagh*, issued soon after *Evangeline*, was a story of New England village life, and was pronounced by Hawthorne "a most precious and rare book, as fragrant as a bunch of flowers." The delicacy and elegance of his prose was, however, too fragile to survive, and the story served only as a key to some of his principles and ideas.

8. Longfellow made a great many translations, and no matter from what language he attempted to recut gems, the work was delicately and accurately done with remarkable ease. His translation of the *Divine Comedy* by Dante is one of the best English versions, famous especially for its closeness to the original.

9. Longfellow, like Tennyson, desired to produce a dramatic masterpiece, but his genius was not strong enough for this. His nearest approach to a successful play was his early *Spanish Student*. *The Golden Legend*, the second part of his elaborate trilogy, *Christus*, was worthy of some admiration. His other plays, *Judas Maccabeus* and *Michael Angelo*, were utter failures.

10. Longfellow's interesting *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, told by a group of friends around the blazing hearth of the quaint old Sudbury tavern, appeared in 1863. Chief among these tales were the well known favorites *Paul Revere's Ride*, *Birds of Killingworth*, and *King Robert of Sicily*.

11. Longfellow fully realized the prayer of Horace which he repeated in his *Ultima Thule* that he might

"pass an old age neither unworthy nor without song." To the last his poems sang sweetly, indeed there seemed to be an increasing depth and fullness of tone as age drew on. *The Hanging of the Crane*, a charming domestic idyl, was produced in his sixty-seventh year. The next year, he read his famous *Morituri Salutamur* to the survivors of his old college class. *Keramos*, the poem of the potter, issued four years later, was a truly fitting companion for his *Building of the Ship*.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus, 1
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, 2
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm, 3
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor, 4
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,—
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring, 5
And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what it may be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what it may be?"

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, 13
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed 14
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear, 15
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between, 16
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, 17
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves 18
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, 19
With the masts went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak seabeach, 20
A fisherman stood aghast.
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, 21
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, 22
In the midnight and the snow.
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully and thoughtfully.
- II. Tell the story of the piece.
- III. Answer the following questions:—What is the meaning of *Hesperus*? Is it an appropriate name for a vessel? What is a *skipper*? How does he differ from a *captain*? What is meant by a *veering flow*? What is a sign of danger? What is meant by *sailed the Spanish Main*? Explain the *golden ring* around the moon, also *snow fell hissing in the brine*. Explain how the billows *frothed like yeast*. What is meant by *cable's length*? How can a vessel shudder? Why does the little girl think she hears the church bells ring? What is a fog

bell? Explain the Biblical reference in stanza 14.

- IV. Explain:—*schooner, wintry sea, fairy flax, hawthorn buds, helm, hurricane, frightened steed, broken spar, Norman's Woe, whooping billow, trampling surf, breakers, seaweed, open sea, stinging blast.*

NOTE.—The Wreck of the Hesperus was founded on actual fact, the poet having read an account of the wreck in a newspaper.

Have the pupils study *The Village Blacksmith* and *Excelsior* in much the same manner as we have the preceding poem. They will be interested with the *Chinese Excelsior*, which may be found in Mara L. Pratt's *Stories of China*. The first stanza reads:

"That nightee him he come chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no man stoppe;
Maske snow, maske ice.
Him cally flag wit chop so nice,
Top side, Galah!"

THE NORMAN BARON.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and paternoster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,—
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David; priest, like Aaron;
Christ is born to set us free!"

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

GUIDE OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF THE POEM.

NOTE.—It is not supposed that all these points be given for one lesson.

- I. Read the poem carefully and thoughtfully.
- II. Tell the story of the poem.
- III. Write a paraphrase of the piece.
- IV. Divide the piece into parts, or scenes: let them be fully realized or described separately.
- V. Show the relation of the minor parts of the piece to the whole; i. e., study the harmony of the whole.
- VI. Give due attention to subordinate matters which illustrate the piece.
- VII. The study of the text.
- VIII. Make an amplification.
- IX. The author of the poem.

EXPLANATION OF THE GUIDE OUTLINE. III.

III. A paraphrase is an attempt to reproduce in other language the words of an author so as to retain and explain, in different words and forms, the ideas the original words express. The following rules will be found helpful in paraphrasing:

1. Read over carefully the passage to be paraphrased, until the exact meaning is fully understood.
2. Be careful to make the paraphrase express exactly the meaning of the original passage.
3. Neither expand nor contract the passage unnecessarily.
4. Use the words of the equivalent passage only when no exact equivalents can be found.
5. Use simple language. Explain obscure expres-

sions. The words may be changed. The order of the words may be changed. Figurative language may be changed into plain.

IV. We can best explain this by presenting *The Norman Baron* divided into scenes:

1. The Norman baron dying in his castle chamber during a fearful tempest. The monk repeating prayers from the missal.

2. The pealing of the Christmas bells in the cloister near by. Sounds of revelry and the songs of the old and saintly carols sung by the Saxon gleemen steal faintly up from the halls below.

3. The dying baron turns his weary head to listen; tears fill his eyes; "Christ was born to set us free"; the lightning lights up the stained figures on the casement. The dying call for pity: his hour of deep contrition.

4. He frees every serf and vassal; and, as he records it, death relaxes his iron features. Centuries have passed, but the good deed brighter grows and gleams immortal.

After the scene division has been made, each scene should be made a realistic picture. Of course, the pupil's imagination will have to fill in all details left out by the poet. To what extent this work in analysis may be carried will depend upon the age and capabilities of the class.

V. We have presented several vivid pictures in *The Norman Baron*. Do they harmonize? Do they serve to bring into full relief the main idea? Does the tempest add to the general effect? Do the old and saintly Christmas carols? Why did these carols make such a deep impression on the stern baron?

VI. Aim to understand the allusions, suggestions,

manners, customs, historical references, etc., which illustrate the poem. Example: What age does *The Norman Baron* reflect? What religious forms, rites, and superstitions are illustrated? What portion of English history is represented? Who were the Normans? Where did they live? How did the nobles and common people live in those times? What was the Saxon custom of celebrating Christmas? What were the cloister bells? What were serfs and vassals?

VII. The following questions will best show what the pupils must prepare: What do you know about the Normans? What was a baron? A castle turret? Describe a Norman castle. What is meant by "spite of vassal and retainer?" What was the *Doomsday Book*? What do you know about monks? What was a *missal*? What is meant by *paternoster*, *kloster*? What is referred to by *Nativity*? What was the ancient Christmas custom in England? Explain *serf*, *vassal*, *wassail*, *carol*, *minstrels and waits*, *Saxon gleemen*. What does the poet mean by storm knocking at the castle gates? What is meant by the *kingly stranger*? Explain *Misere*, *Domine*. Why did the baron repeat these two words? Paraphrase the eleventh and twelfth stanzas, explaining fully. What was the result of the baron's contrition? Could he legally free his serfs? What is the moral of this beautiful poem? What practical lesson can we learn from it?

VIII. Amplification is the expansion of the author's thought. After all the incidents are thoroughly understood, the pupils should write the story, adding facts and explanations, and forming the whole into a connected story. Example: The first stanza of *The Norman Baron* may be amplified as follows:

The old Norman baron lay quietly on his bed in his darkened, oak-carved chamber. He was very weak and almost dying. Outside, a furious storm raged. The wind shrieked and buffeted against the castle turret as though trying to lay it low like the doomed master of the house, etc.

THE BUILDERS.

- All are architects of Fate, 1
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
- Nothing useless is, or low; 2
Each thing in its place is bent;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
- For the structure that we raise. 3
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
- Truly shape and fashion these; 4
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
- In the elder days of Art, 5
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.
- Let us do our work as well. 6
Both the unseen and the seen;

Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, 7
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure, 8
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain 9
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Commit the poem to memory. Be sure to thoroughly understand it, and make its noble thoughts your own.
- II. What are the blocks with which we build?
- III. How does the poet tell us to build our lives?
- IV. What does he say of building in unseen parts?
- V. What shall be the reward of those who reach the high turrets?
- VI. What is an architect? How are we like architects?
With what material do we work?

FOOTSTEPS OF THE ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered, 1
And the voices of the Night

Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, 2
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed 3
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished 4
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly, 6
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous, 6
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep 7
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me 8
With those deep and tender eyes,

Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside.

If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully and thoughtfully. Explain: *The better soul, forms of the departed, noble longings for the strife, march of life, the cross of suffering, messenger divine, spirit's voiceless prayer, etc.*
- II. To what are the evening shadows compared in the second stanza?
- III. Who is meant by the *Being Beautious*?
- IV. Classify the various figures of speech.
- V. Picture Longfellow sitting dreamily in the twilight "visiting" with angels.

SUGGESTED POEMS FOR FURTHER READING.

The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.	Hanging of the Crane.
The Reaper and the Flowers.	The Goblet of Life.
Skeleton in Armor.	Paul Revere.
Old Clock on the Stairs.	The Children's Hour.
A Psalm of Life.	The Rainy Day.
	Building of the Ship.
	Birds of Killingworth.

THE STUDY OF EVANGELINE.

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest."

After studying the short poems, let us take up at least one longer poem. Let us choose that exquisite Acadian idyl which Holmes pronounces the "masterpiece among the longer poems." Pupils follow with unslaked interest the story of the Acadians, and the wanderings of the maiden whose trials and sorrows were not in vain since they taught her "Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others." One of the ten parts is a convenient portion for daily study.

- I. Read the poem carefully for the purpose of getting the story.
- II. Answer the following questions:
 1. What author had rejected the plot of Evangeline? Why was it better suited to Longfellow?
 2. Who were the Acadians?
 3. On what historical event is this poem founded? Who was King of England at this time?
 4. What was the religion of the Acadians? Quote some passages to prove your statement.
 5. Select and explain some Biblical references. Why so many in this poem?

6. Explain *curfew*, *glebe*, *loup-garou*, *savanna*, *Bacchantes*, *sierra*, *susurrus*.
- III. Trace the geographical course of the poem.
- IV. Observe throughout all the poem the frequent use of simile. Select those which you like best.
- V. Tell the story of the poem.
- VI. Who said and to whom, "Must we in all things look for the how and the why and the wherefore," "Man is unjust but God is just," "Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike?"
- VII. Outline the poem. The following may be used:
 1. The Poem.
 - a. The Prologue which foreshadows the events.
 - b. The Theme.
 - c. The Epilogue.
 2. The Characters.
 - a. Prominent ones.
 - b. Those less distinct.
 3. Time of Action, 1755-1793.
 4. Places of Action.
 - a. Grand Pré.
 - b. On the Ohio.
 - c. On the Mississippi.
 - d. Through the Southern bayous of Louisiana.
 - e. The Indian country of Arkansas.
 - f. Philadelphia.

We are now ready, with the aid of our outline, to study the poem at closer range.

- I. Read the *Prologue* and notice how the events

which follow are foreshadowed. Explain *primeval forests, murmuring pines, Druids*, etc. Select especially sonorous lines, such as 4 and 5.

II. What is the *Theme*?

III. The poem is rich in description. Study the following:

1. Description of Grand Pré, its homes and inhabitants; lines 20-57. Notice the simplicity of the lives of the Acadians.

2. The Forge of Basil, the blacksmith. Compare this picture with that of "The Village Blacksmith."

3. The description of the Indian summer from the beginning of Canto II to line 198. This is one of the finest descriptions in our language. (The French called this the Summer of All Saints; it began about Nov. 1.)

4. In Part II, Canto I, note the beauty of the scenery along the river from Ohio to Louisiana, which Evangeline sees in her search. Describe the city of Opelousas, and the luxuriance of the neighboring region.

5. In Canto IV of Part II, lines 1089-1105, note the fine description of the Western Prairies, the land of the buffalo.

6. Notice the descriptions of the Louisiana Bayous and the Lakes of Atchafalaya.

IV. Locate *Grand Pré, Opelousas, Atchafalaya Lakes, Atchafalaya* and *Teche Rivers*, and *Adayes*.

V. Study the following principal characters:

1. Contrast the description of Benedict and Evangeline.

2. Study the description of Benedict's friends—Basil, Gabriel, René Leblanc. Note the simplicity of their amusements. Note the faith of Benedict as compared

with that of Basil. Why was René Leblanc an important personage in Grand Pré?

3. Study the character of Evangeline as girl, maiden, and woman.

NOTE.—“Evangeline’s character, though not sharply defined, is depicted as carrying out all the simplicity of her race, together with its deep religious faith. Her unselfishness is shown in the thought she bestowed on others in sorrow at the time of exile. Later in life this same characteristic helped her to put aside her own sorrow and minister to others. Owing to this very self-sacrifice her search was finally rewarded.”—*Sel.*

4. The character of the priest:

a. Show his influence in Part I, Canto IV, lines 460-480.

b. Notice the comfort given to Evangeline by the priest who accompanied her on her journey. Canto I, Part II.

c. Select any passages which show the fidelity and sympathy between Father Felician and his people.

NOTE.—He is typical of many of the early Jesuit missionaries, who did not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for the welfare of their flocks, or the furthering of their religion.

VI. Study the various superstitions held by the people. Read lines 280-286, Canto II, Part I.

1. Notice the presentiment of coming evil in line 376. Also lines 1158-1163, Canto IV, Part II.

2. Lines 136-139 tell of a superstition held by the Normans; the possession of this stone is said to give great powers to the owner.

3. Line 144—St. Eulalie's Day is the 12th of February. If the sun shines on that day, it is indicative of a season of plenty.

4. Line 280—The Loup-garou is supposed to be a man with power to turn himself into a wolf in order to devour children.

5. The superstition that on Christmas Eve at midnight, all the cattle fell down on their knees in the stalls, in adoration of the Saviour, still exists among some of the peasants of Europe.

6. The story of Justice is founded on an old Florentine story.

7. *Curfew* is a corruption of a French word meaning *cover-fire*. It was the custom to put the fires out at the ringing of a bell, and for all people to go to their homes.

VII. Describe the Canadian trappers—*Coueurs-des-bois*—Line 705.

VIII. Describe the drawing of the betrothal papers and the betrothal feast. The summons to the church and the scene there. The march to the ships, and the separations there. The destruction of the homes—note the grandeur of lines 613-625.

IX. What is an Epilogue? Study the close of the story.

CRITICISMS.

I. "Longfellow loved his 'neighbor' and aided him through varied forms of charity; his patience with strange visitors, relic hunters, and autograph collectors was phenomenal. Not even for critics, whom he loved least of all, had he ever a bitter word. There was not a drop of acid in his nature. His style is as clear as crystal, and the melody is never marred by discords.

There is none of Whittier's impetuous rush, or of Lowell's pungent humor. The limitations of his poems are obvious; the themes are commonplace and the thoughts are not profound; but so to treat the commonplace as to make it eternally interesting and beautiful, to immortalize a 'Village Blacksmith' in song, requires a high order of genius."—*Selected from Abernethy's Literature.*

2. "Longfellow has been called the least national of our poets. Although by taste, temperament, and education, he was strongly drawn toward Europe, yet he was not lacking in patriotism. His greatest poems are thoroughly native, and the *Building of the Ship* is numbered among the finest, if not *the* finest, of our national poems. His culture was cosmopolitan; he was at home in any part of the Old World where legend, art, or song has left a shrine. If the castled Rhine inspired him as genuinely as his own Charles, our literature has been the better for it. All the world was his Hybla, from which to gather honeyed verse."—*Selected.*

3. "His poems are apples of gold in pictures of silver. There is nothing in them excessive, nothing overwrought, nothing strained into turgidity, obscurity, or nonsense. There is sometimes, indeed, a fine stateliness, as in the *Arsenal at Springfield*, and even a resounding splendor of diction, as in *Sandalphon*. But when the melody is most delicate, it is simple. The poet throws nothing into the mist to make it large. How purely melodious his verse can be without losing the thought or its most transparent expression, is seen in the *Evening Star* and *Snow-flakes*. The literary decoration of his style, the aroma and color and richness, so to speak, which it

derives from his ample accomplishment in literature, are incomparable."—*George William Curtis.*

REFERENCES.

- Longfellow's Complete Works.
Life of H. W. Longfellow.—*Samuel Longfellow.*
Longfellow: His Life, His Works, His Friendships.
Longfellow's Remembrance Book.
Studies in Longfellow.—*Gannett.*
Authors and Friends.—*Field.*
Cyclopedia of American Biography.—*Norton.*

POET'S TRIBUTES.

To H. W. L., *Lowell*; Longfellow, *Winter*; The Poet and the Children, *Whittier*; Our Dead Singer and To H. W. Longfellow, *Holmes*; Longfellow, *Cranch*; Longfellow Dead! *Hayne*; Whose Shall the Welcome Be? *Phelps.*

QUESTIONS ON LONGFELLOW.

1. Write a short sketch of Longfellow's life.
2. Tell the story of *Paul Revere's Ride*.
3. Outline *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.
4. Amplify *The Slave in the Dismal Swamp*.
5. Paraphrase *The Norman Baron*.
6. Write the story of *Evangeline* as briefly as possible.
7. Give ten memory gems.
8. Name some titles which were given to Longfellow.
9. Name three of his prose works.
10. Tell something of his private life.
11. What makes his poetry so popular?
12. Which one of his poems do you like best? Why?

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1807—1892.

His poetry burns from the soul with the fire and energy of an ancient prophet. His noble simplicity of character is the delight of all who know him.

—W. E. Channing.

“Whittier’s poems have an ennobling and inspiring influence on our lives beyond the power of the poet’s art,” says Irish in his “American Authors”; “we feel that God is speaking to us through the unselfish and consecrated life of a fearless patriot and genuine Christian citizen—a man of clean hands and a pure heart. Whittier is the high priest, Hebrew prophet, and sweet psalmist of American literature. His intense hatred of wrong and his supreme love of right, his stirring bugle-calls to duty and his unswerving loyalty to truth, appeal to our nobler nature like the Psalms of David or the sublime words of Isaiah; and his sweet devotional poems breathe the spirit of the Great Teacher, whose biography is written in one sentence: ‘He went about doing good.’”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the Quaker poet, was born December 17, 1807, in Haverhill, Massachusetts. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. The father was a farmer of only moderate circumstances; the farm was not a profitable one; it was burdened with debt and money was scarce. The mother was a very tender-hearted woman and most hospitable, hence the home was seldom without visitors. The Whittier home was situated in a somewhat lonely place, half hidden in the woods, with no other house in sight. The family consisted of four children; two sons and two daughters. A maiden aunt and an eccentric old uncle completed the home circle. We may read an excellent description of the Whittier home and its members in

Snow Bound. Many other poems also give delightful glimpses of this home. In *Telling the Bees*, we read:

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old stone wall,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

One day an old Scotchman visited the Whittier home, and after eating a lunch of bread and cheese and drinking a mug of cider, he began to sing *Bonnie Doon* and *Highland Mary*. Whittier was so pleased with the words that he never forgot them. Some time after the district school teacher, a graduate of Dartmouth College, spent the evening with the Whittiers, a thing which he frequently did. He brought with him a copy of Burns's poems and read aloud to the family. Young Whittier listened spellbound. His teacher noticed his interest and kindly left the book with him; thus was kindled the poetic fire which glowed for seventy years.

Whittier scribbled verses on his slate when he was a little boy at school, but he was a lad of nineteen when his sister privately sent his first verses to *The Free Press*, published by William Lloyd Garrison. The poem so pleased the editor that he drove out to the farm to see the writer. John was hoeing in the field and felt disposed to excuse himself, but his sister Mary persuaded him to make himself presentable and see the editor. It was a bashful meeting for the young farmer, but the well bred society man soon made him feel entirely at ease, and they had a long talk, the editor advising him to take a course of study as a training for a literary future. Whittier's school opportunities had been limited to the district

school, half a mile away, and a term of but twelve weeks in the year. He owed much, however, to a story-telling uncle, "innocent of books," but "rich in lore of fields and brooks." The boy had imbibed a great store of knowledge such as that gained by his *Barefoot Boy*:

Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bees morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood.

The young man was anxious to follow Garrison's advice, but there was no money in the family treasury. He finally solved the problem by learning to make shoes. With the money so earned, he got six months' board and tuition at Haverhill Academy. At the close of this term, he became editor of a home paper and the *Hartford New England Review*, consequently he soon became known to all the writers and thinkers of New England.

In 1836, the Haverhill farm was sold and the family, consisting of the poet, his mother, Aunt Mercy, and his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, moved to Amesbury, eight miles farther down the Merrimac. In this plain, old fashioned house many of Whittier's best poems, including *Snow Bound*, were written. In this delightful picture of his childhood home he sketched all the members of the family with exquisite skill, but he writes most tenderly of Elizabeth, the "youngest and dearest," who was his loving companion through the struggle against slavery, and who passed away the year before *Snow Bound* was written:

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed in the unfading green
And holy peace of paradise.

Whittier gave thirty of the best years of his life to the anti-slavery struggle. While other poets traveled in foreign lands or studied in their libraries, Whittier was earnestly at work in a Boston garret helping Garrison to put out his paper, *The Liberator*. Of this time he wrote:

Forego the dreams of lettered ease;
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these.

"In impetuous, ringing stanzas, he poured forth his hot indignation, startling the conscience of the whole nation. Against the recreant clergy he cries out:

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in thy name, for robbery and wrong
At thy own altars pray?

"For the pursuers of fugitive slaves he has a song of stinging irony, *The Hunters of Men*, and in *Massachusetts to Virginia* he sounds a 'blast from Freedom's Northern hills' as terrible in its deep-toned scorn and denunciation as the voice of an ancient prophet." At one time his office was sacked and burned, and at various times his life was endangered by mob violence, yet he kept well to the front, only retiring to the privacy of quiet life when his ill health forced him to do so. Then

he would rest but a short time. "Whenever occasion offered," says Lowell, "some burning lyric of his flew across the country like the fiery cross to warn and rally."

What, ho! our countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
* * * *

Speak! Shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?

Of these years that so tried his soul, he wrote in that poem *To My Sister*:

And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of Morning!

Among the best known of Whittier's writings which we have not already mentioned are *The Yankee Girl*, *The Lost Occasion*, *In School Days*, *The Eternal Goodness*, *My Playmate*, *Angels of Buena Vista*, *The River Path*, *Red Riding Hood*, *My Psalm*, *Maud Muller*, *The Tent on the Beach*, etc.

Whittier never married. In speaking to a friend of his bachelor life, he said: "I know there has something very sweet and beautiful been missed, but I have no reason to complain. I have learned, at least, to look into happiness through the eyes of others, and to thank God for the happy unions and holy firesides I have known." In his poem, *Memories*, we get a glimpse of his tender life romance:

I hear again thy low replies,
 I feel thy arm within my own,
 And timidly again arise
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
 With soft brown tresses overblown.
 Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
 Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tones more dear than they!

At the close of a beautiful day in the autumn of 1892, he slipped quietly away from this life. His last words were, "My love to the world." Funeral services were held Saturday, September 10, in the garden at the rear of the Amesbury home. Eulogies were delivered by E. C. Stedman and others, and in the deep silence a Quaker friend repeated one of his last poems:

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
 No street of shining gold.

* * * * *

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
 And flow forever through heaven's green expansions,
 The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing
 The life for which I long.

The body was borne to the cemetery, half a mile away, and laid to rest on the hill overlooking the beautiful valley of Powow and the Merrimac river, which he loved. A simple slab of pure white marble, bearing the date of his birth and death on one side, and on the other

the closing words of Doctor Holmes's beautiful tribute, marks the grave.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words,—he needs no more,—**HERE WHITTIER
LIES.**

Whittier was tall, measuring six feet or more, of slender build, straight as an arrow; a fine looking man, with high forehead, piercing dark eyes, a quiet smile, and hair once black, but in age thinned and gray. He dressed in black, cut Quaker fashion. His speech was true Quaker.

MEMORY GEMS FROM WHITTIER.

(The pupil should learn one gem each day. We give first an Acrostic, which may be helpful in preparing a program.)

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill the future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.

I pray the prayer of Plato old;
God make thee beautiful within,

And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin!

The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoarest in vain what love should spend;
Self ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing:
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

I feel the earth more sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

Earth shall be near to heaven when all
That severs man from man shall fall.
For, here or there, salvation's plan
Alone is love of God and man.

Riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard;
Fear is easy, but love is hard;
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage,
But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

A PARTIAL LIST OF WHITTIER'S WRITINGS FOR REFERENCE.

Legends of New England.	Mogg Megone.
Voices of Freedom.	Maud Muller.
Songs of Labor.	Snow Bound.
The Chapel of the Hermits.	Mabel Martin.
Tent on the Beach.	Among the Hills.
Ballads of New England.	Poems of Nature.
St. Gregory's Guest.	Barefoot Boy.
The Corn Song.	The Frost Spirit.
In School Days.	Barbara Frietchie.
The River Path.	The Pipes of Lucknow.
Skipper Iresen's Ride.	The Robin.
Angels of Buena Vista.	Our Braves.
Cobbler Kaesar's Vision.	Yorktown.
King Solomon and the Ants.	The Yankee Girl.
My Playmate.	In School Days.
Memories.	The Huskers.

NOTES ABOUT WHITTIER'S WRITINGS.

1. Whittier's first collection of poems appeared in 1837, and was followed two years later by another collection. His "Lays of My Home," issued in 1843, was the first book to bring him any financial returns, his other books having been devoted to the anti-slavery cause. His slavery poems, the majority of which had been published in the *National Era*, were printed in one volume called

Voices of Freedom, in 1849. *Songs of Labor*, celebrating the homely beauty of fishing, lumbering, and other forms of toil, was issued the next year.

2. *Snow Bound*, published in 1866, had a success rivaling that of *Evangeline*. Woodberry says: "It is perfect in its conception and complete in its execution; it is the New England home, entire, with its characteristic scene, its incidents of household life, its Christian virtues. It is, in a peculiar sense, the one poem of New England—so completely indigenous that the soil has fairly created it, so genuine as to be better than history." It has been justly compared with Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

3. *The Tent on the Beach*, 1867, was a series of narrative tales woven together after the fashion of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

4. Whittier's last years were spent in happy enjoyment of his fame. Enemies, made by his anti-slavery productions, had long since forgiven him, and he was universally loved. He kept leisurely busy with his pen, and in 1890 published a small volume of verses for his friends. His last poem was some birthday lines addressed to his dear friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

5. We have no writer of ballads founded on our national history and tradition who can be compared with Whittier either in the range or skillful treatment of his material. He was the first to use the Indian legends, see his *Mogg Megone* and the *Bridal of Pennacook*. He was supremely successful with legends of witchcraft, Quaker persecution, and themes peculiar to New England.

6. Whittier's finest poetry was written after he put

off the title of "Freedom's Trumpeter" and became the gentle "Hermit of Amesbury." His main theme is love of home, humanity, and God. He has been called the most religious of all the poets, "preaching always a creed that is broad, generous, and beautiful." John Bright said that the lofty poem, *Eternal Goodness*, was worth a crowd of sermons.

7. Among Whittier's best known prose writings are *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, a pleasing description of old time manners and customs in New England; *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*; *Supernaturalism in New England*; *Child Life in Prose*; and *Journal of John Woolman*.

8. The little girl immortalized in *School Days* was Lydia G. Ayres, who died at the age of fourteen. "Red-Riding Hood," in the poem by that name, was Phoebe Woodman. *The Lost Occasion* and *Ichabod* refer to Daniel Webster. In *The Tent on the Beach*, Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields were the poet's companions. The lady in the *Tent* existed only in Whittier's imagination.

9. Whittier's first published poem was *The Exile's Departure*, which his sister Mary privately selected from his packet of poems and sent to *The Free Press*. Whittier was helping to mend a fence when the paper containing the poem was thrown to him by the postman who was passing on horseback. The poet says: "I took up the sheet and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the 'Poet's Corner.' I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself."

10. *In School Days* was first sent to his editorial

friend, Lucy Larcom, with the following characteristic note: "Friend Lucy, if thee thinks these verses too sentimental throw them into the waste-basket." Miss Larcom did not think them sentimental, and was delighted to print the tender verses for Whittier's admiring friends and readers. *Memories* was another poem so near to the poet's heart that he hesitated about publishing it.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

Out from Jerusalem 1

The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them.

Comely, but black withal, 2

To whom, perchance, belongs
That wondrous song of songs,
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn 3

In fond ecstatic dream,
And through its earth-born theme
The love of flowers discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun, 4

In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew 5

The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

51

Across an ant-hill led

6

The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

7

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

8

"O king!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!"

9

"Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?"

10

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

11

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

12

The jewelled head bent low—
“O king!” she said, “henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.”

13

“Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.”

14

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully. What is the Biblical reference in the second stanza?
- II. Write a paraphrase of the poem.
- III. Divide the poem into parts or scenes. For illustration:
 1. The king, in company with his great war chiefs and lords of state and the Queen of Sheba, rides out from Jerusalem, etc.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

(This poem is such an old favorite that it is thought unnecessary to give it here. Observe the following suggestions:

- I. Commit the poem to memory.
- II. Write a paraphrase of the piece; i. e., tell the story in your own words.
- III. Make an outline of the piece, as follows:
 1. Position of the school-house:
 - a. Compared to what.
 - b. Description of surroundings.

2. Interior of house:

a. Description of { desks.
floor.
walls.

3. Etc.

NOTE.—Many authors make such an outline before writing any kind of story or article. Whittier did not. He wrote whenever the mood seized him, and seldom changed a line.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door, ¹
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye, ²
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door— ³
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin, ⁴
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their
skin;

Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem 5
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong, 6
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom.

"O, come to my home, where my servants shall all 7
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

O, could you have seen her—that pride of our girls— 8
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel.

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold 9
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footstep of fear.

"And the sky of the South may be brighter than ours, 10
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our mountains which raves
Than the sweet summer zephyr that breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel, 11
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully.
- II. Make an abstract of the piece, i. e., tell the story in as few words as possible.
- III. Make an amplification of the poem. Tell the story, adding any incidents which might have occurred.
For example :

THE YANKEE GIRL.

Ellen Irwin, the Yankee girl, sat alone at her spinning-wheel in the low cottage door. The rest of the family, which included father and mother, her young sister Mary, and Aunt Polly, had not yet returned from the city, where they had gone to do the fall shopping. The long evening shadows stretched across the floor, making all sorts of grotesque figures. The slowly sinking sun played among her dark curls, and gleamed upon the dainty coloring of neck and brow, and even the brilliant blue of her eyes seemed to be reflecting the dancing sunshine, etc.

- IV. Write a description of the haughty Southron. Give him a name. Describe his personal appearance. Tell something of his home and his treatment of slaves.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of human back,

Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl, 2
Wings adroop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, young and old,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips, 3
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vace,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

— 4
Small pity for him! He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forever more.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the coarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue,
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Tarr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart,
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart,
By the women of Marblehead!

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the piece carefully. Explain the following words and phrases: *Apulcius's Golden Ass*, *Islam's prophet on Al-Borak*, *Marblehead*, *Bacchus*, *conch shells*, *Mænads*, *Chalcid Bay*, "Sea-worn grandsires, cripple bound, Hulks of old sailors run aground," *nameless horror*, *reeling deck*, *cracked with curses*, *the rogue's tether*, "The hand of God and the face of the dead," *sorry trim*, *spinisters*, *moaning and rainy sea*.
- II. Divide the poem into parts or scenes.
- III. Make an amplification of the poem.

SELECTIONS FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The Angels of Buena Vista.	Massachusetts to Virginia. Mogg Megone.
The Poor Voter on Election Day.	The Barefoot Boy. Maud Muller.
Telling the Bees.	The Captain's Well.
The Gift of Tritemius.	My Playmate.
The Wreck of Rivermouth.	Memories.

DIRECTIONS REGARDING ABOVE POEMS.

- I. Read the poems carefully, looking up the meaning of any words or phrases not fully understood.
- II. Pupils write the story of "Mogg Megone." The other poems should be discussed in class, and may be made the basis for abstracts and amplifications if the teacher desires.

THE STUDY OF SNOW BOUND.

- I. Read the poem carefully. Aim to get a good picture of the New England home, its incidents of household life, and its Christian virtues.
- II. Describe "The Snowstorm" by making an amplification of the first six stanzas.
- III. Describe "A Winter Evening in Whittier's Early Home" by making an amplification of stanzas 10, 12, 13, 14, last 17 lines of stanza 15, 16, and 24.
- IV. Read stanzas 17 and 18 and then write a description of Whittier's sisters, as you imagine them.
- V. Describe Whittier's uncle. Stanza 15.
- VI. Describe the District Schoolmaster. Stanzas 19-20.
- VII. Explain:—*whirl dance of the blinding storm, winged snow, the stout backstick, the knotty forestick, filled between with curious art, "In baffled rage at pane and door," "The great throat of the chimney laughed," a couchant tiger, andirons, quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow, Nature's unhoused lyceum, read the clouds as prophecies, teal, loon, partridge, mink, hermit, shagbark, ticking its weary circuit through, etc.*
- VIII. Select some strong descriptions. Note the author's pleasing way of describing old things.
- IX. When was this poem written? What sorrow was Whittier then combating?
- X. Do you think his loneliness affected the poem in any way? Explain your answer.

CRITICISMS.

1. "The faults of Whittier's poetry are obvious and forgivable. He lacked the power of artistic compression, the diffuseness of the thought running sometimes into mere commonplace. His liking for rhymed tetrameters, due perhaps to his early devotion to Burns, produces monotony; his meter often halts, and his rhymes are occasionally atrocious. 'I should be hung for my bad rhymes anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line,' he wrote to his publisher, Fields, to whose sensitive ear such rhymes as *martyr—water, pen—been*, were a kind of mild torture. But in spite of criticism he generally held to his 'Yankee rights of pronunciation.' However, for his very faults we love him, for they prove him true. He did not possess Longfellow's cosmopolitan culture, nor Lowell's affluent knowledge of literature, nor Holmes's iridescent wit, but his spontaneous directness and grand sincerity give to his poetry an effectiveness that art alone cannot command."—*Abernethy's Literature*.

2. "Men of letters respect his work for its sincerity, simplicity, and downright manliness, and average readers of poetry respect it because they can understand it. There is not a grown man or woman in the land who does not readily enter into the aspiration and discontent of *Maud Muller*, and into the glowing patriotism of *Barbara Frietchie*. Whether the incident which is the inspiration of the latter ever occurred is more than doubtful; nevertheless, the poem is one that the world will not willingly let die."—*Stoddard*.

3. "To all of us, what Whittier sings is dear. For he *sings*. The tune is simple; but the notes are fresh and

clear, the melody has the thrill of the robin's and the wood thrush's songs, the feeling is that of the genuine lyric that comes from the heart, and, therefore, goes to it."—*Prof. Carpenter.*

4. "Of the New England poets Whittier owed least to the culture of books and society. He lived all his life in close contact with humble workers with the hand; he would not have breathed naturally in the intellectual atmosphere of Cambridge; he had little companionship with scholars and the world's great men, but the men who followed the plow and built stone walls were his brothers. He loved better to discuss politics with his neighbors in the village store than to meet the literary people of Boston in Mrs. Fields's parlors. . . . He was shy and reticent among strangers, but was not unsocial by nature nor a hermit by choice; delicate health accounts for much of his recluseness. He knew Europe only through books, and was never any farther from home than Washington. He was never in a theater. He clung to the ungrammatical Quaker pronouns, and attended faithfully the old-fashioned Quaker meeting of solemn silences. He occasionally smiled at his Quaker coat when blowing his 'battle trumpet'."—*Selected from Abernethy's Literature.*

5. He gives a true caricature of himself in his *Tent on the Beach*:—

A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan.

And again, in the *Proem*:—

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,

Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

REFERENCES.

Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier, *Pickard*.
J. G. Whittier, the Poet of Freedom, *Kennedy*.
Personal Recollections of Whittier, *Mary B. Clafin*.
Authors at Home, *Gilder*.
Poets of America, *Stedman*.
Pen Pictures of Modern Authors, *Shepard*.
Home Life of Great Authors, *Mrs. Griswold*.
Whittier, Prophet, Seer and Man, *Flower*.

POET'S TRIBUTES.

To Whittier, on His Seventy-fifth Birthday, *J. R. Lowell*.
For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday, *O. W. Holmes*.
J. G. W., *Lucy Larcom*.
To Whittier on His Eightieth Birthday, *O. W. Holmes*.
A Friend's Greeting, *Bayard Taylor*.
John Greenleaf Whittier, *Phoebe Cary*.
The Three Silences of Molinos, *Longfellow*.
To the Poet, Whittier, *Hayne*.
Whittier, *E. S. Phelps*.
J. G. Whittier, *Cranch*.
In Memory of J. G. Whittier, *O. W. Holmes*.

QUESTIONS ON WHITTIER.

1. Write ten sentences descriptive of Whittier's life.
2. Write four Whittier memory gems.
3. Name five of his poems.
4. What poem of Whittier's do you like best? Why?
5. Paraphrase one of Whittier's poems. Your choice.
6. Describe Whittier's Family Circle.
7. What educational advantages did he have?
8. Why are the poems of the Quaker poet so popular?
9. In what poems do the following stanzas occur?—

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

Give every child his right of school
Merge private greed in public good,
And spare a treasury overfull
The tax upon a poor man's food!

The west-winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

10. Name Whittier's first poem. His last poem.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX &
TILDEN FOUNDATION



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819—1891.

"Our most cosmopolitan poet."

He is one of the noblest and manliest men that ever lived.

—Longfellow.

If Lowell be not, first of all, an original genius, I know not where to look for one.

—E. C. Stedman.

LOWELL is universally regarded as our chief man of letters. "Poet, reformer, humorist, essayist, critic, orator, statesman, and distinguished citizen, his noble life shames us into higher thinking and truer living," says Prof. Irish, "and many of his poems thrill and inspire like bugle-calls to battle and strains of martial music:

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell was born at "Elmwood," Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, the anniversary of Washington's birth. His father was a Congregational minister of much ability. His mother was a Scotch lady of great intelligence. She was a fine linguist and had a passionate fondness for ancient songs and ballads. The old songs sung over the cradle of the young poet were repeated by him in early school days until poetic lore and taste were as natural to him as the bodily senses.

It seldom occurs that a man will be born, live and die in the same house, but this was the case with Lowell; the only time he was away from Elmwood for any great period was during his public service abroad. Elmwood was a stately old colonial mansion with four rooms on a floor and surrounded by ample grounds which extended almost to the gateway of Mt. Auburn cemetery. Harvard College was only a mile distant, and Longfellow's home was near at hand. "Elmwood was an ideal place for a poet's birth and education; within was a well-stocked library and a family life of culture and high aims; without were extensive grounds abounding in the wild beauty of native trees and flowers and singing birds." In his memorial, *Elmwood*, Aldrich says:—

So in her arms did Mother Nature fold
Her poet, whispering what of wild and sweet
Into his ear—the state-affairs of birds,
The lore of dawn and sunset, what the wind
Said in the treetops—fine, unfathomed things.
Henceforth to turn to music in his brain."

The poet himself gives delightful glimpses of his home in *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, *Under the Willows*

and *An Indian Summer Reverie*. In his poem, *An Invitation*, he writes:—

Kindlier to me the place of birth
That first my tottering footsteps trod;
There may be fairer spots of earth,
But all their glories are not worth
The virtue of the native sod.

Lowell's early education was received in a boys' school kept by William Wells, a near neighbor to Elmwood. He also studied at Ingraham's Classical College in Boston. At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College. He was but an ordinary scholar, much preferring reading and dabbling in literature to studying his text-books. He graduated in 1838, and had the honor of being class poet. While in college he was secretary of the "Hasty Pudding Society," and one of the editors of the college periodical, "Harvardian," to which he contributed articles in both prose and verse.

Lowell's first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, appeared in 1841, when he was twenty-one years of age. The poems savored of love and romance, and were inspired by love for a beautiful young lady, Miss Maria White, who became his wife in 1844.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her as noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

Mrs. Lowell, herself a writer of sweet and tender verse, was a lady of refined womanly instinct and rare perfection of character, eminently fitted to be the com-

panion of a poet. Through her influence Lowell was led into full sympathy with the abolition movement. As his soul became fired with the new cause his poetry changed from conventional verse to strains of original strength which sounded the alarm of national duty and danger. Such writings as his poems on Palfrey, Phillips, and Garrison, *The Present Crisis*, *Stanzas on Freedom*, and others, mark the progress of his patriotic passion. In his thrilling lines *On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves* he says:—

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest;
And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay-State dialect,—our fathers spake the same!

In 1846 the first paper of his splendid patriotic outburst in the series, *The Biglow Papers*, outlined in both poetry and verse, appeared and disclosed to the world his brilliant and unsuspected satiric genius. From the mouth of Hosea Biglow, represented as a shrewd-witted down-East Yankee, the poet administered a stinging rebuke to the dominant party at the North, of which Webster was a leader, for yielding to southern demands, especially in the matter of the Mexican War, which he looked upon as "a national crime, committed in behalf of slavery":—

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's a kneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle-nest.

In succeeding papers the poet held up to public ridicule and indignation, with clever hits and keen sarcasm, the

impotence and sham of public men and events. The whimsical prefaces were mostly from the pen of the Rev. Homer Wilbur, a figure conceived to express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry. Mr. Biglow always represented the Yankee's common-sense vivified and heated by conscience, and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, another poetical caricature, delivered mere drollery. He was, as the poet said, "the clown in his little puppet-show." Soon the scorned abolitionists were "upon the laughing side," and their popular campaign song, *What Mr. Robinson Thinks*, became everywhere known. It was the lines which inspired this, first quoted by a member of Parliament in the House of Commons, that drew the attention of England to Lowell's satire:—

Parson Wilbur says *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fifé,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.

In *The Pious Editor's Creed* Mr. Biglow frankly expressed his beliefs and opinions to the effect that—"Libbaty's a kind o' thing thet don't agree with niggers; a deep reverence for Uncle Sam, particularly his pockets; any sort o' plan fer levyin' taxes thet gits jest whut I axes; free-trade through thick an' thin, because it rouses folks to vote; the freedom of the great press,

An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

a firm belief in prayer and praise, especially in CANTIN;
a conviction to give whut's his'n unto Cæsar;

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But, O, I *du* in interest,

a belief in any sort of plan to ketch the people nappin';
find out which princerples pays the best an' then go in
baldheaded; a belief that holdin' slaves comes nat'ral to
a presidunt; a conviction that he could not ask for any
sort of office without he'd been through dry an' wet, th'
unrizzeest kind o' doughface; and last of all—

Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets;
Thet peace to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a solid vally;

This hath my faithful shepherd ben,
In pastures sweet hath led me,
And this 'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

Mr. Biglow has a firm conviction that a politician
should talk honestly, and his favorite candidate says:—

“Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short.”

Mr. Sawin, too, has this belief, and further advises:
A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he must hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard.

A second series of the *Biglow Papers* appeared during the Civil War. This contained the world-famous *Jonathan to John*, a protest against England's hostile attitude, based upon the Mason and Slidell affair:—

We own the ocean tu, John:
 You mus'n take it hard,
 Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It's jest your own back yard.
 Old Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Ef thet's his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me."
 * * *

We gin the critters back, John,
 Cos Abram thought 'twas right;
 It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
 Provokin' us to fight.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 We've a hard row," sez he,
 "To hoe just now; but thet, somehow,
 May happen to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me."

Mr. Lowell varied his political satire by frequent strains of true lyric power, and by two poems of surpassing worth—*The Courtin'* and *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line*. Stedman pronounced the former "without a counterpart; no richer juice can be pressed from the wild grape of the Yankee soil"—

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.
 * * * * *

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper;

All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pittypat,
But her'n went pity Zekle.

In *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line* we get a delightful outpouring of the poet's full-hearted love of nature. Hear what he sings of the bobolink:—

Half hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook of laughter thru the air.

Political satire is generally short-lived, but Lowell conceived a masterpiece in his *Biglow Papers*. He rendered the Yankee dialect and character with a completeness that has been unapproached. He once wrote to an editorial friend:—

You're in want 'o sunthin' light an' cute,
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin o' jingleish,
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
I'd take an' citify my English.
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—
But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee;
Then 'fore I know it, my idees
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

A Fable for Critics, a series of portraits in rollicking verse touching upon the characteristics of his literary compatriots, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, an allegorical treatment of the legend of the Holy Grail, were issued in the same year as *The Biglow Papers*.

For several years Mrs. Lowell was a semi-invalid, and in 1851 Lowell took his family abroad, with the

hope of benefitting his wife's health, which was much broken by sorrow for her little daughters Blanche and Rose, who lay in Mt. Auburn. While sojourning in Rome the grief-stricken parents were called upon to part with their dear only son, Walter. The shock was too great for Mrs. Lowell, and a short time after their return to Elmwood she was laid beside her little daughters. In a pathetic poem, *The Dead House*, Lowell told of their years of precious companionship and of his terrible loneliness after her departure:—

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks, and ways.

* * * *

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

Lowell succeeded Longfellow in the chair of *belles-lettres* in Harvard University in 1854, and was granted leave of absence to more fitly prepare himself for his work. He studied in Europe, chiefly at Dresden, for two years, and then returned to Cambridge to take up his work. He was especially fitted for his position, and his literary lectures delighted his cultivated audiences, and still continue to delight his readers in the two volumes, *Political and Literary Addresses* and *The Old English Dramatists*.

During his absence in Europe Lowell entrusted the care and education of his daughter to Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine, a highly cultivated lady of exemplary character, whom he married in 1857. About

this time also he was appointed first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1862, in connection with Prof. Norton, he became joint editor of the *North American Review*, a position which he held for ten years. The essays which he contributed to these periodicals were collected and issued under the titles *Among My Books*, *Fireside Travels*, and *From My Study Windows*.

In 1876 Mr. Lowell was appointed minister to Spain, and four years later was transferred to England. "No American ever enjoyed a more gracious and distinguished reception among the English people, whose unbounded admiration he won through a wise administration of his official trust, an engaging personality, and an extraordinary felicity in public speaking."

Lowell's last days were spent in his grand old library at Elmwood. He loved to sit by the window where he could see the River Charles slowly winding its way through distant hills and meadows. Here in his large easy chair he would write with a stiff piece of cardboard resting on his knees for a desk. And here

Again he watched
His loved syringa whitening by the door,
And knew the catbird's welcome.

Mr. Lowell died early one summer morning, August 12, 1891. His body was laid to rest in Mt. Auburn close beside the graves of his loved ones, and only a short distance from the grave of Longfellow.

MEMORY GEMS FROM LOWELL.

(The pupil should learn one gem each day while studying Lowell.)

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;

Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim
unknown

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
his own."

"Reading new books is like eating new bread,
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy."

"Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet thrive,
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live:
You can't get red on't; jest as sure as sin,
It's ollers askin' to be done ag'in."

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work, withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil."

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
that light."

(Find the above quotations in Lowell's writings.
Pupils may readily find more gems for memorizing.)

A PARTIAL LIST OF LOWELL'S WRITINGS FOR REFERENCE..

A Year's Life.	The Cathedral.
Conversations on Some of the Old Poets.	A Legend of Brittany. Yussouf.
The Vision of Sir Launfal.	The Biglow Papers.
A Fable for Critics.	Under the Willows.
The Heritage.	The Fatherland.
The Shepherd of King Ad- metus.	Aladdin.
Ambrose.	Longing.
The First Snowfall.	In the Twilight.
Hunger and Cold.	The Bobolink.
Prometheus.	Columbus.
	The Harvard Ode.

NOTES ON LOWELL'S WRITINGS.

1. "The complete product of Lowell's genius, in verse and prose, is comparatively small. He wrote reluctantly, needing the spur of some great cause or occasion to arouse his best creative energies. He loved to indulge in literary lotus-eating, feasting his intellect, ripening and mellowing his thought through continued converse with other minds. When expression came it was the choicest essence, distilled from the lavish abundance of his knowledge. 'My eggs take long in hatching,' he says in a letter, "because I need to brood a good while.'"—*Abernethy's Literature*.

2. The tender poems, *She Came and Went*, *The Changeling*, and *The First Snow-fall*, were written after the death of little Blanche, the poet's first-born. *After the Burial* was written after Mt. Auburn received little Rose.

3. *Under the Willows*, which appeared in 1869, contained many of the poet's best poems, among them being *Sunthin' in a Pastoral Line*, *Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire*, *Auf Wiederschen*, *Palinode*, and *In the Twilight*. *Heartsease and Rue*, which appeared in 1888, contained his great memorial elegy, *Agassiz*, which critics have considered fitting to place beside Milton's *Lycidas*.

4. Lowell's most exalted verse is contained in his four patriotic odes,—*Commemoration Ode*, written in memory of the sons of Harvard who perished in the Civil War, and containing a matchless tribute to Lincoln; *Concord*, *The Fourth of July*, and *Under the Old Elm*, containing a beautiful tribute to Washington.

5. In order to appreciate *Rhoecus* one should familiarize himself with the exquisite myths about nymphs and naiads, and consider as fully as possible the Greek deities associated with objects of nature. A large amount of mediæval legend and mythology also enters into the composition of *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *The Fable for Critics*.

6. Lowell had a deep and genuine love of nature. He once wrote: "I think nature grows more and more beautiful and companionable as one grows older, and the earth more motherly-tender to one who will ask to sleep in her lap so soon." The writings nearest to Nature's heart are *My Garden Acquaintance*, *An Invitation*, *An Indian Summer Reverie*, *Pictures from Appledore*, the sonnet *L'Envoi*, *Al Fresco*, and parts of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night

Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock 2
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara 3
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window 4
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn, 5
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mable, 6
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall, 7
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience 8
That fell from that cloud like snow,

Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Commit the poem to memory. Explain the figure of speech in the second stanza. Also, *Carrara*, *Chanticleer's*, *Auburn*, *The scar of our deep-plunged woe*, *sudden flurries of snow-birds*, *noiseless work of the sky*; *the leaden sky that arched o'er our first great sorrow*, etc.
- II. Paraphrase the poem. Show the analogy between the cloud of the poet's sorrow and the leaden sky.
- III. What instance inspired this poem?
- IV. Divide the poem into description and theme. Make a list of the expressions used to name snow.
- V. Select similes and metaphors.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;

A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully.

- II. What does the poet teach?
- III. Contrast the rich man's son and the poor man's son.
- IV. What reward is promised each? What is a heritage?

SUGGESTED WRITINGS FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Commemoration Ode. | The Fatherland. |
| The Biglow Papers. | The Shepherd of King Ad- |
| A Fable for Critics. | metus. |
| In the Twilight. | Longing. |
| Yussouf. | Ambrose. |
| My Garden Acquaintance. | The Present Crisis. |

THE STUDY OF THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

- I. Read the poem carefully. It is divided by Preludes and Parts into convenient passages for lessons.
- II. Tell the Legend of the Holy Grail.
- III. Write a description of June time. (Prelude I.)
- IV. Write a description of December. (Prelude II.)
- V. Tell the story of the poem. Show the contrast between the strong, joyous, selfish youth, and the sympathetic, unselfish old man.
- VI. What lesson does the poem teach?
- VII. Explain the following:—*benedicite, chanticleer, craters, pavilions, drawbridge, unscarred mail, forest-crypt, fretwork, arabesques, seneschal, barbed air, caravan, fortress, serf, earldom.*
- VIII. Select passages suitable for quotation.

CRITICISMS.

- I. "Probably no American student was so versed in the old French romance, none knew Dante and the

Italians more profoundly; German literature was familiar to him, and perhaps even Ticknor, in his own domain of Spanish lore, was not more a master than Lowell. The whole range of English literature, not only its noble Elizabethan heights, but a delightful realm of picturesque and unfrequented paths, were his familiar park of pleasure. Yet he was not a scholarly recluse, a pedant, or a bookworm. The student of books was no less so acute and trained an observer of nature, so sensitive to the influences and aspects of out-of-door life that as Charles Briggs with singular insight said he was meant for a politician; so Darwin, with frank admiration, said that he was born to be a naturalist."

—George William Curtis.

2. In his *Fable for Critics*, Lowell gives the following half-serious portrait of himself:—

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preach-
ing;

His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

3. "The life of Lowell presents a type of cultivated manhood that should be an inspiration to every American. It is the best product of republican culture. It shows what breadth and beauty and richness of life may be attained by the application to life of high ideals.

Viewing his character as an author, one is first impressed by the extent and variety of his powers. From a campaign song in dialect to a learned essay on Dante, an elegant change of compliments with royalty, or a poem expressing the profoundest experiences of the soul, he could pass with equal and masterly ease; and with this splendid resourcefulness was always the quality of freshness and genuineness, a perennial youthfulness of tone. Allied to this is the out-of-door atmosphere of his work. From youth to old age he was a lover of nature, especially of the fresh, joyous, odorous spring; his finest thoughts rose with the 'high tide' of June. Wit and humor fill his writings like sunshine. The allegro element of his genius is always breaking out in "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," even sometimes at the expense of taste. Both verse and prose are heavily freighted with the rich stores of scholarship and thinking, and for this reason Lowell can never be popular in the sense that Irving and Longfellow are popular."—*Selected from Abernethy's American Literature.*

REFERENCES.

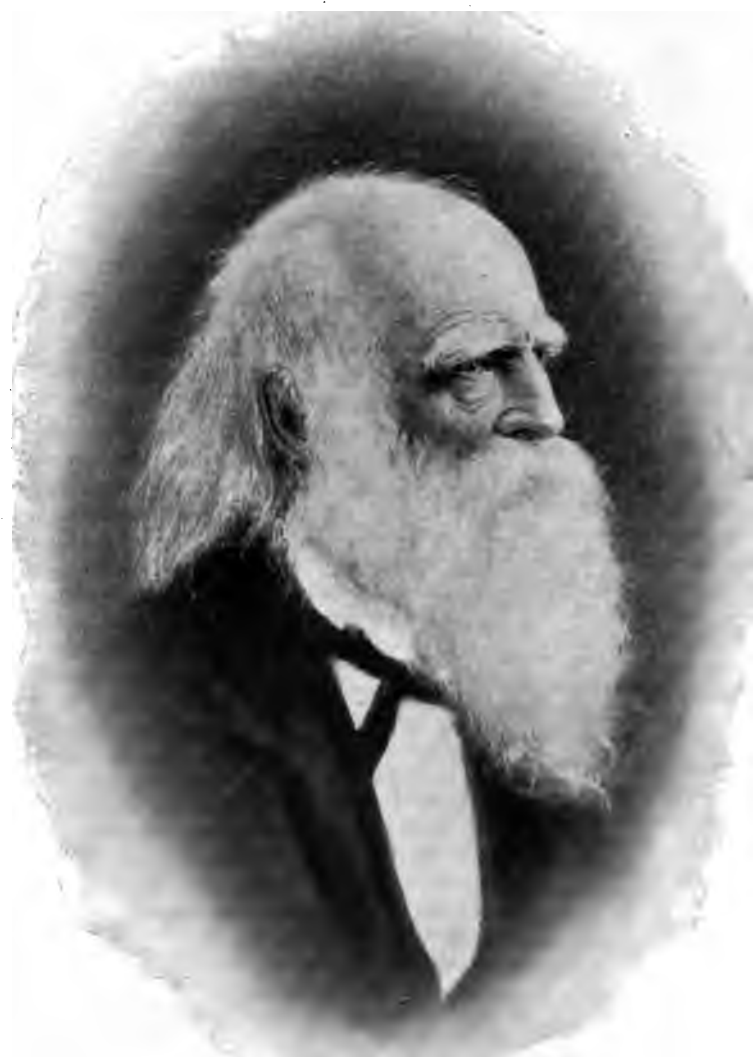
- James Russell Lowell, *Scudder*.
The Poet and the Man, *Underwood*.
Letters of James Russell Lowell, *Norton*.
Poets of America, *Stedman*.
Builders of American Literature.
Lowell and His Friends, *E. E. Hale*.

POETS' TRIBUTES.

- Herons of Elmwood, *Longfellow*.
Elmwood, *Aldrich*.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

J. R. L. on his Fiftieth Birthday, and To J. R. L. on his Homeward Voyage, *Cranch*.

Home—Welcome to Lowell, *Margaret Preston*.

A Welcome to Lowell, *Whittier*.

To J. R. Lowell; At a Birthday Festival; Farewell to J. R. Lowell, *Holmes*.

QUESTIONS ON LOWELL.

1. Give the main facts of Lowell's life—public and private.
2. Why are his poems less generally read than Longfellow's or Whittier's?
3. Give the legend on which the vision of Sir Launfal is founded. Which part of this poem do you like better—the nature study or the story? Why?
4. What was the plan of *A Fable for Critics*?
5. Tell what you know of the *Biglow Papers*. Write four quotations from them.
6. Name six poems. Classify them as to nature, memorial, etc. Quote four passages.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1794-1878.

"*The Pioneer Poet*."

"*The Wordsworth of America*."

"*The Father of American Poetry*."

Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes.

—Irving.

BRYANT'S writings lead us away from trifling pleasures, and from the cares and worries of life to restful groves, ennobling thoughts, and richer enjoyments. He was the landscape poet of New England scenery, the interpreter to man of the sights, sounds, and music of "Nature's teachings." He communed with Nature, and to him she revealed her most secret thoughts.

While I stood
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her.

He saw more than the beautiful in Nature; he read her deep spiritual teachings, and proclaimed to his friends, and to the world, her ability to soothe the feelings, purify the heart, and ennoble the mind.

The calm shade
Shall bring kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. His father, Doctor Peter Bryant, a physician, whose father and grandfather had been physicians, was a descendant of the Mayflower Company. He was a man of ability and high literary culture. He early recognized his son's talent, and taught him the value of correctness and expression. The feeling and reverence with which Bryant cherished the

memory of his father whose life was "Marked with some act of goodness every day," is touchingly alluded to in several of his poems, and directly spoken of in his *Hymn to Death*:—

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes,
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse which thou
Shall not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example.

Bryant's mother was Sarah Snell, a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, from whom Longfellow was also descended. She was a woman of piety and domestic worth, and the poet doubtless owed to her and to her influences many of his own sturdy and exemplary characteristics. Indeed, the social and domestic environment of the poet in his youth was in every way conducive to earnestness of purpose, nobility of aim, and sobriety of conduct.

Bryant was a precocious child. He learned Latin and Greek from his mother's brother, a clergyman who

greatly influenced his youth. At the age of ten, he made translations from the Latin authors which were published; and at thirteen he wrote *The Embargo*, a political satire of some merit. When he was sixteen, he entered Williams College, where he studied for one year, and left with the intention of finishing his course at Yale. However, his father was too poor to provide the necessary means, so the young man studied diligently at home. After a time he began to study law; again his poverty hampered him and he was obliged to content himself with such knowledge as he could obtain in a country law office near home. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and wished to establish himself in Boston, where he would have greater opportunities for working up, but poverty prevented. He practiced in Plainfield one year, and in Great Barrington, a more important place, nine years.

In 1821 Bryant married Frances Fairchild, and for forty-five years she was his best-loved companion, his most intimate and dearest friend, his chief literary adviser. *The Future Life*, one of the noblest and most pathetic of his poems, is addressed to her:—

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,—
The heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

Other poems in which the poet refers to his wife are: *A Summer Ramble*, *The Snow-Shower*, *A Dream*, *The*

Life That Is, A Sick-Bed, The Bath, The Twenty-seventh of March, The Cloud on the Way, A Lifetime, and May Evening. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant were the parents of two children, Fanny and Julia. The former is spoken of in his *Lines on Revisiting the Country*, the latter in *An Invitation to the Country*.

Bryant gave up law for literature in 1825. Since early boyhood he had been writing rhymes and dreaming literary dreams, but he had not succeeded in producing anything to rival his *Thanatopsis*, written at the age of nineteen, and his *To a Waterfowl*, at the age of twenty-one. Indeed, he never succeeded in surpassing these early poems, yet he never wrote much below them. He had a high literary aim, and frequently revised his MS. over and over. He thought *Thanatopsis* of too little merit to submit it to an editor, but his father thought differently. Doctor Bryant found the MS. while rummaging among some old papers in his son's desk. He wept with joy when he found that they were "Cullen's," and at once sent them to the *North American Review*, without consulting his son, who was then practicing law at Great Barrington. So notable a poem had never been written before by one so young. When the editors of the *Review* first read it they thought that the fond father had in some way been deceived. "No one on this side of the Atlantic," said they, "is capable of writing such verse." When it was published, September, 1817, the young author was at once recognized as one of the foremost poets of his country. One year later, the lines *To a Waterfowl* appeared in the same periodical. From that time forward Bryant's success was assured, and there was not an editor in the country who would not

have welcomed his poems. However, when he submitted his immortal masterpiece, *Gladness of Nature*, to a Boston editor a few years later, poetry was such a poorly-paid-for product that he felt warranted in asking only \$2 for it! He often said that if he had kept to poetry as a means of livelihood he would have starved.

In 1826, Bryant became assistant editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Three years later, he was made chief editor, and, through the help of a friend, who loaned him \$2,000, he was able to buy a half-interest in the paper. For a long time the *Post* was not a success, Bryant was several times on the point of abandoning literature as he had done law, and of seeking his fortunes in the far West. But he could not find a purchaser for his interest in the paper; his property was absolutely unsaleable, and he was forced to continue in the business. It was a critical time for a paper, but Bryant so conducted the *Evening Post* that it became an important factor in the literary, moral, and political development of the nation. He never forgot that he was an acknowledged representative of American letters, and he became one of the most readable, most forcible, most interesting and most convincing writers of his time. But, after all, style, finish and accuracy of expression were not the qualities that distinguished his editorial output; his paper was everywhere known for its moral earnestness. "He strove to support principles, not to advance politicians. He combated error and wrong, not men. And he followed his convictions unflinchingly to their end, no matter where they led him. When his opposition to slavery cost him the loss of support of influential commercial interests he witnessed the advertisements drop out from his paper,

the names from his subscription list, without a tremor. When his advocacy of 'sound money' alienated from him the sympathy of another set of patrons he calmly witnessed their desertion." But through all, his character for sturdy honesty of opinion remained. Even when his paper was most unpopular because of its opinions he himself was everywhere regarded as symbolical of integrity, justice, and truth. Abraham Lincoln once said it was "worth a journey across the continent to see such a man." For over twenty years, Bryant had only one editorial assistant; his work was very hard and his remuneration small. It was several years before he was able to bring his family from their home in the country to live with him in the city. However, hard work, ability, and character triumphed; the tide turned and the *Evening Post* became a paying property. At his death, his half interest was worth nearly half a million; it had made him one of the richest authors of modern times.

Bryant was an extensive traveler, having crossed the ocean six times, visited the South twice, and toured through Mexico and Cuba. In 1843, he purchased a summer home called "Cedarmere" at Roslyn, Long Island. Mrs. Bryant died in this home, July 27, 1866. The poet never ceased to love the scenes of his childhood. A longing for the quiet old mountains, beautiful valleys, and the rivulet, that

Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.

frequently brought the poet to his old home. He tells of these visits in his poems, *Lines on Revisiting the Country*, *An Invitation to the Country*, *A Summer Ramble*, etc.

The quiet August noon has come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

In his old age, Mr. Bryant purchased his boyhood home and fitted it up as a summer residence, where he spent many delightful weeks each season with his relatives and friends. To the loved village of Cummington he presented a substantial library building, located on a beautiful hillside, and six hundred volumes of choice works. He also built a neat home for the use of the librarian.

Bryant's deep love for Nature naturally led him to write chiefly upon this subject. Thus, "The oneness of the point of view, the sameness of vision, the absence of humor, of dramatic interest, and, in a great measure, of lyric beauty and power, are features and deficiencies which will ever prevent Bryant's poetry—excellent in its one field as it undoubtedly is—from being ranked with the great masters of poesy." Such poems as *The Summer Wind*, *The New Moon*, *The Snow-Shower*, and *A Forest Hymn* are full of beautiful descriptions. His poetry abounds in sweet spiritual lessons; for instance, in *The Fringed Gentian*, he teaches Christian hope; in *To a Waterfowl*, the beautiful lesson of Divine Providence.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Over half a century of the poet's busy life was passed in New York City, where he lived in the most methodical and exact manner. He took long walks every day, and never omitted his morning bath, or his gymnastic exercises before breakfast. His food was of the simplest character, mostly fruit and vegetables. He never drank tea and coffee, and he had nothing to do with tobacco in any form except, as he said, "to quarrel with its use." He never did his editorial work at his home nor would he allow business or professional cares to engage his mind or attention there. He had a most remarkable memory and said that if given a little time he could recall every line of poetry that he had ever written—a sum total of about 13,000 lines.

Bryant remained hale and hearty to the last, his death being caused by an over-exposure to the sun. He had been invited to give an address at the unveiling of the statue to Mazzini, the Italian patriot, in Central Park, and accepted most willingly for he was an effective and accomplished orator. His discourse on the occasion was one of the best and most entertaining he ever made. On entering a friend's house after the festivities he fell senseless in the doorway; practically his life ended with the fall for, though he lingered for two weeks, he never fully regained consciousness. He died June 12, 1878, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Though a whole nation would proudly have honored his remains with a public funeral, the service on the 14th was as private and simple as possible, in accordance with his well known sentiments. Longfellow, Holmes, and many other

noted persons attended the last sad rites. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Roslyn beside the loved wife whom he had mourned for twelve long years. His brother John read beautiful selections from the poet's best poems, while the school children filled his grave with flowers.

Say, who shall mourn him first,
Who sang in days for Song so evil-starred,
Shielding from adverse winds the flame he nursed,—
Our country's earliest bard?
For all he sang survives
In stream, and tree, and bird, and mountain-crest,
And consecration of uplifted lives
To duty's stern behest. —Bayard Taylor.

MEMORY GEMS FROM BRYANT.

(Find the following gems in Bryant's writings:)

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

"The groves were God's first temples.

Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,

Amidst this cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

"All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye."

"I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening birds
sing on;
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait."

"It is sweet
To linger here, among the fluttering birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty."

A PARTIAL LIST OF BRYANT'S POEMS.

Thanatopsis.	A Summer Ramble.
To a Waterfowl.	Blessed Are They That
The Embargo.	Mourn.
The Forest Hymn.	The New Moon.
The Death of the Flowers.	The Flood of Years.
The Snow-Shower.	The Planting of the Apple-
The Fringed Gentian.	Tree.

Robert of Lincoln.	Gladness of Nature.
Waiting by the Gate.	The Rivulet.
The Past.	The Summer Wind.
The Battlefield.	A Lifetime.
The Murdered Traveler.	The Life That Is.

NOTES ON BRYANT'S WRITINGS.

1. *Thanatopsis* was written during one of his solitary rambles when he was "communing with nature." Contrary to his usual custom, he did not show it to his father for criticism, but hid it away in a desk, thinking it of little value. Doctor Bryant was overjoyed when he accidentally discovered it six years later, and immediately sent it to the *North American Review*.

2. Bryant's first volume of poems was issued in 1821, the same year of his marriage. It contained only eight poems—*The Ages*, *To a Waterfowl*, *Thanatopsis*, *The Yellow Violet*, *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, *The Song*, *The Green River* and *Fragment from Simonides*. Five of these poems represent the highest reach of Bryant's genius. *The Ages* is the poet's longest poem. It was written for a meeting of the Phil Beta Kappa society of Harvard.

3. Bryant's prose works are *Orations and Addresses*, *Letters from the East*, and *Letters of a Traveler*.

4. One of Bryant's greatest works was his translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which he completed in his seventy-seventh year. He began it partly as a means of combating his grief over the death of his wife.

5. Bryant's thought dwelt habitually upon the sublimity of Nature, and its relation to the transitory life of man. Nearly three-fourths of his poems are direct sug-

gestions from Nature. They are all short, averaging only seventy-five lines. Although often urged by his friends to write a long poem, something large like an epic or a drama, he was never tempted into these broader and more alluring fields. His poems number about two hundred in all.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad, 1
When our mother nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren, 2
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space, 3
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower; 4
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Commit the poem to memory.
- II. Explain:—*gladness breathes from the blossoming ground, hang-bird, wren, gossip of swallows, wilding-bee, azure space, green vale, stretch to the frolic chase, roll on the easy gale, aspen bower, titter of winds, beechen tree, smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower; laugh from the brook, broad-faced sun, smiles in his ray, leaping waters, young isles.*
- III. Select some pleasing figures of speech.
- IV. What time of the year does the poem describe?
Quote passages to prove your statement.
- V. What sum did Bryant receive for this poem?
- VI. How does this poem reveal the poet's love for nature?

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed, 1
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers,
 Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest, 2
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest;
 Hear him call in his merry note:

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife, 3
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass, while her husband sings,
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Modest and shy as a nun is she, 4
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay, 5
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food,
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood;
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air;
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully. Explain:—*little dame, mead, prince of braggarts, Pouring boasts from his little throat, summer wanes, humdrum crone.*
- II. How does Robert of Lincoln tell his name?
- III. Describe Robert of Lincoln and his Quaker wife.
- IV. Where does a Bobolink build its nest? Of what is the nest made? Describe the eggs.
- V. Divide the poem into scenes.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides 5
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around— 15
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form was laid with many tears, 20
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold. 30

Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good, 35
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher: The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move 40
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
The plants, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings 50

Of the morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there.
And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man— 70
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons come to join.
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take 75
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch 80
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem until you can fully get the author's thought. As a class exercise, read the poem by sentences, explaining each.
- II. Note the lofty distinction of his verse. Show the magnificent harmony of thought, words and music.
- III. Study the description in the sentence beginning, "The hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," in which the decorations for the tomb of man are shown. Select other beautiful descriptions.
- IV. Select similes and metaphors.
- V. Commit to memory the last nine lines of the poem.
- VI. In what verse form is this selection written?

PLANTING THE APPLE TREE.

Cleave the tough greensward with the spade; 1
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly—
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree? 2
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea,

A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their beds to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Read the poem carefully.
- II. What do we plant when we plant a tree? Discuss tree planting.
- III. How does the apple tree repay the care of man?
Sum up the uses of the apple tree.
- IV. Trace the growth of an apple from the beginning.
- V. Describe an apple tree in early spring.

SUGGESTED POEMS FOR FURTHER READING.

The Death of the Flowers.	March.
The Battlefield.	The Flood of Years.
The Son of Marion's Men.	Seventy-six.
To a Waterfowl.	A Forest Hymn.
The Snow-Shower.	The Fringed Gentian.
The Yellow Violet.	A Summer Ramble.

CRITICISMS.

1. "His language is simple Saxon speech, used with its best grace, beauty, and strength. His verse, always technically correct, flows as smoothly and musically as the pebbly brooks he loved, and always

Pure as the dew that filters through the rose.

Two verse forms were his favorites, the iambic quatrain in eight-syllabled lines, as in *A Day Dream*, occasionally varied as in *Autumn Woods*, and blank verse, in which he achieved his masterpieces; only in the latter was he truly original."—*Abernethy's American Literature*.

2. "He was a man of scholarly accomplishments, familiar with other languages and literature. But there is no tone or taste of anything not peculiarly American in his poetry. It is as characteristic as the wine of the Catawba grape. . . . The genius of Bryant, not profuse and impartial, neither intense with dramatic passion nor throbbing with lyrical fervor, but calm, meditative, pure, has its true symbol among his native hills, a mountain spring untainted by mineral or slime of earth

or reptile venom, cool, limpid and serene. His verse is the virile expression of the healthy communion of a strong, sound man with the familiar aspects of nature. It is not the poetry of an eager enthusiasm; it is not fascinating and overpowering to the sensibility of youth. It is the essentially meditative character which makes the atmosphere of his poetic world more striking than its forms; and thus his contribution of memorable lines to our literature is not great, although there are some lines of unsurpassed majesty, and again touches of fancy and imagination as airy and delicate as the dance of fairies upon a moonlit lawn."—*G. W. Curtis.*

3. "Eternity alone can measure the noble influence on our national life and character of the pure, lofty poetry and the rich, rugged manhood of William Cullen Bryant. His dignified bodily presence is no more among men, but *Thanatopsis*, *To a Waterfowl*, *The Battle-Field*, *A Forest Hymn*, *The Flood of Years*, *The Death of the Flowers*, *A Lifetime*, have become a part of our national wealth—wealth not named in the census, but truer and more abiding riches than factory or field or forest."—*Irish's American Authors.*

REFERENCES.

- Life of Bryant, by his son-in-law, *Parke Godwin.*
Poetical and Prose Works of William Cullen Bryant, *Godwin.*
William Cullen Bryant, *Bigelow.*
Life of Bryant, *Hill.*
Home Life of Great Authors, *Mrs. Griswold.*
Poet's Homes, *Stoddard.*

POETS' TRIBUTES.

Bryant's Seventieth Birthday, *Holmes*.

Epicedium, and Chant for the Bryant Festival, *B. F. Taylor*.

At Roslyn, and The Dead Master, *Stoddard*.

Bryant on his Birthday, *Whittier*.

On Board the 76, *Lowell*.

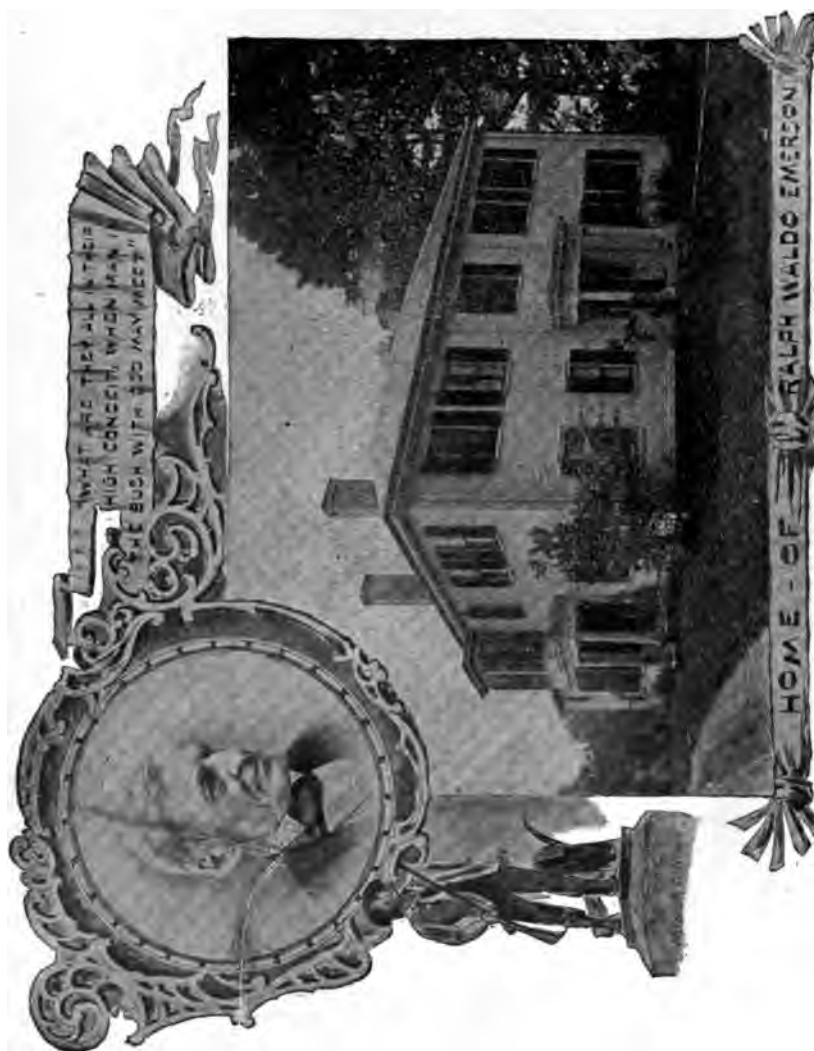
The Death of Bryant, *Stedman*.

QUESTIONS ON BRYANT.

1. Tell the story of Bryant's life.
2. Name five of Bryant's poems. Quote three memory gems.
3. What poem is considered his masterpiece? Quote a passage from it.
4. Which one of Bryant's poems do you like best? Why?
5. Why are Bryant's poems not as popular as Longfellow's or Whittier's?
6. Tell something of Bryant's habits and mode of living.
7. Where did Bryant get his suggestions for poems? Tell something of the number and average length of his writings.
8. Speak of Bryant as an orator. As a traveler.
9. In what form of verse are his masterpieces written? What other style of verse was a favorite with him?
10. Name Bryant's prose works.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ACTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1803-1882.

*"The Sage of Concord."**"The Yankee Platô."**"The Intellectual Emancipator of America."*

We were socially and intellectually bound to English thought, until Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue waters. He was our first optimistic writer. Before his day, Puritan theology had seen in man only a vile nature and considered his instincts for beauty and pleasure, proofs of his total depravity. —James Russell Lowell.

It was good to meet him in the wood-paths or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. It was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought. —Hawthorne.

IT is a matter of no small difficulty to classify Emerson. He was a philosopher, he was an essayist, he was a poet—all three so eminently that scarcely two of his friends would agree as to which class he belonged. Oliver Wendell Holmes inquires:—

Where in the realm of thought whose air is song
Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?
He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secret of the skies.

Whatever else he was Emerson was preëminently a poet. It was with this golden key that he unlocked the chambers of original thought; philosophy, essay and song were all pregnant with the spirit of poetry. Among

his best poems are *The Problem*, *The Dirge*, *Concord Hymn*, *The Apology*, *Good-Bye*, *Woodnotes*, *May-Day*, *My Garden*, and *The Rhodora*, in which the following oft-quoted lines occur:—

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

A well-known critic, in speaking of Emerson's essays, says: "They are mosaics of precious thoughts, arranged without definite design, and held together by the cohesiveness of spirit rather than of logic." The author himself confessed to a "lapidary style" and said that he built his house of boulders. His friend Carlyle complained that his paragraph was "a beautiful square bag of duckshot held together by canvas" instead of being a "beaten ingot." His thought seemed to naturally run into crisp, laconic sayings, associated, rather than correlated, with a central theme. His pages were thickly strewn with aphoristic sentences like the following:

Every man's task is his life-preserver.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue.

Give me health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pomp of emperors.

God builds his temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions.

The tape worm of travel is born in every American.

Let us realize that this country, the last found, is the great charity of God to the human race.

Prudence is the science of appearances.

Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement.

Among his best essays are those on *Compensation, Self-Reliance, Domestic Life, Friendship, Heroism, Art, Character, Education, Uses of Great Men, Immortality, and Representative Men*. The following passages are selected from his *American Scholar*:—

Life is our dictionary.

Character is higher than intellect.

The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances.

Let him not quit his belief that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom.

Fear always springs from ignorance.

The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.

The flowering of civilization is in the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power,—the gentleman.

America is another word for Opportunity.

Character teaches above our wills.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, not far from the birthplace of Franklin, with whom he has frequently been compared. He was the descendant of an unbroken ancestry, both paternal and maternal, of seven or more generations of ministers and teachers. His father, Rev. William Emerson, a Unitarian minister, died when Ralph Waldo was seven years old. His mother was a very superior woman, and all alone cared for her family of four boys and one girl, all under the

age of ten years. Her chief desire was to educate her children, and to this end she suffered privations and endured hardships which they shared bravely.

Emerson entered a grammar school when he was eight years of age. He made such rapid progress that he was soon promoted to a Latin school. He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, graduating four years later, having the distinction of being chosen class poet. It is said that he was dull in mathematics and not above the average of his class in general standing; but he was widely read in literature, which put him far in advance of any young man of his age. He taught school for five years after his graduation, but gave it up to enter the ministry in 1825. He was ordained pastor of Second Church, Boston, in 1829. In this same year he married Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker. Her death occurred two years later, and shortly after Emerson resigned his pastorate on account of his differing religious views, and retired to Concord, where he lived until his death, fifty years later. It was in this city that Emerson gathered around him those leading spirits who were dissatisfied with the selfishness and shallowness of existing society, and who had been led by him to dream of an ideal condition in which all should live as one family; out of this experiment grew the famous "Brook Farm Community." About seventy members joined in the enterprise, which proved a failure. Among these members were Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Anson Bronson Alcott, and Charles A. Dana.

The "Incorrigible Spouting Yankee," as he called himself, entered the lecture field in 1834. While lecturing in Plymouth he formed the acquaintance of Miss Lydia

Jackson, who became his wife the next year. They made their home at what is now known as the "Emerson House," and which is occupied by their son, Doctor Edward Emerson. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson were the parents of four children, one of whom died in early childhood. In 1872 the Emerson home was destroyed by fire, shortly after Emerson made his third and last voyage to Europe. On his return his neighbors met him at the depot and escorted him to his home, which they had rebuilt during his absence. Emerson was greatly loved by all who knew him. His manhood, no less than his genius was worthy of admiration and of reverence. His manner was gentle, his nature transparent, and his life singularly pure and happy. He numbered among his friends not only the great literary personages of America, but the most prominent literary lights of Europe as well.

At Longfellow's funeral Emerson contracted a cold which hastened his death. He died of pneumonia, one month later, April 27, 1882. "On Sunday, April 30, all that was mortal of Ralph Waldo Emerson was borne by loving hands up the wooded hillside in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and tenderly laid to rest on the brow of the hill in the midst of the tall forest pines, that stand, like heavenly sentinels, to guard this hallowed ground." On the gigantic rose-quartz boulder which marks his grave is a tablet engraved with his name, place and time of birth and death and these lines from his poem, *The Problem*:

The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

MEMORY GEMS FROM EMERSON.

(Find the following quotations in Emerson's writing.
Commit to memory one gem each day.)

"The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it."

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

"Life is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand; 'twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark."

"My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And 'tend you with his wing."

"I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

"Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but
in rising every time we fall."

MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,

To make up a year
And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

I. Make an amplification of the poem.

II. What is the moral of the story?

A LAUGHING CHORUS.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro;
And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
"Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.
"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
'When I hear the bluebirds sing.'
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,

"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground,—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

—*Evolution of Expression.*

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. Describe the flowers mentioned in the poem. Explain:—*Imprisoned in walls of brown, blast shrieked loud, shadowed by Winter's frown, But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress, Or fashioned her beautiful crown.*

II. What epoch in plant life does the *Laughing Chorus* introduce?

SUGGESTED WRITINGS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

Essays:—

Representative Men.
Friendship.
The American Scholar.
Domestic Life.
Education.

Poems:—

Each and All.
The Concord Hymn.
The Problem.
The Sphinx.
The Snow Storm.

(Compare with Whittier's description.)

CRITICISMS.

1. "The philosophy of Emerson is Idealism, applied to practical life; its highest truths come through intuitions, not through the 'half sight of science.' In its expression he is sometimes carried in lofty rhapsodies to the verge of mysticism, as in *Nature*, *The Over-Soul*, and the poem *Brahma*; but generally his thought is well anchored in common sense, and he everywhere gives inspiring and illuminating evidence of the possibilities of life on a higher level. He is the mystic and the man of sense united. His constant theme is the omnipresence of God. Soul permeates all things. His mental attitude is optimistic, always that of trust and faith. His influence is that of an inspirer, giving a spiritual lift to all who reach out to him."—*Selected*.

2. "His eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true, is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and so homely as his, I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth-of-gold."—*Lowell*.

3. "Emerson's style is epigrammatic, incisive, authoritative, sometimes quaint, never obscure, except when he is handling nebulous subjects. His paragraphs are full of brittle sentences that break apart and are independent units, like the fragments of a coral colony. His fertility of illustrative imagery is very great. His images are noble, or, if borrowed from humble subjects, ennobled by his handling. He throws his royal robe over a milking stool and it becomes a throne."—*Holmes*.

4. "In certain respects he has gone beyond any other. He has gone beyond the symbol to the thing signified. He has emptied poetic forms of their meaning, and made poetry of that. He would fain cut the world up into stars to shine in the intellectual firmament. He is more and he is less than the best. He stands among other poets like a pine tree amid a forest of oak and maple. He seems to belong to another race, and to other climes and conditions. He is great in one direction—up; no dancing leaves, but rapt needles; never abandonment, never a tossing and careering, never an avalanche of emotion; the same in sun and snow, scattering his cones, and with night and obscurity amid his branches."—*John Burroughs*.

REFERENCES.

- Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Cabot*.
Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Garnett*.
Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, *Norton*.
Talks with Emerson, *Woodbury*.
Authors and Friends, *Mrs. Fields*.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Went to the mast he hoisted
Set every standard so it
And gave her to the gods of storm
The lightning, and he bore it

WENDELL
PHILLIPS

Wendell Phillips

The Building of 1876

POETS' TRIBUTES.

R. W. E., *Lucy Larcom*.
 To R. W. E., *Susan Coolidge*.
 The Poet's Countersign, *Sanborn*.
 Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Cranch*.
 To Emerson on his Seventieth Birthday, *Hayne*.
 Ion: a Monody, *A. Bronson Alcott*.

QUESTIONS ON EMERSON.

- I. Tell the story of Emerson's Life?
- II. What do critics say of his writings?
- III. Name some of Emerson's best essays and quote fine passages.
- IV. What was the "Brook Farm Community?" Name some of its members.
- V. Name four of Emerson's poems. Quote three passages.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1809-1894.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

"The Poet Laureate of America."

He read men and women as great scholars read books. He handled his rapidly acquired knowledge so like an adept in booklore that one might have thought he was born in an alcove and cradled on a book-shelf.

—Dr. Bigelow.

There's Holmes, who is matchless among us for wit;

A Leyden-jar always full charged from which flit

The electrical twinges of hit after hit.

* * * * *

His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric

Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric

In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden on are your own or your foes'.

—Lowell.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was a many-sided man, the most unique character, perhaps, of that immortal group,—Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow,—and died last, the "Last Leaf on the Tree." He was a physician of high standing in his profession, having made one or two medical discoveries, which, though ignored at the time, are now universally accepted. He was a professor of anatomy for thirty-five years in the Cambridge Medical School, devoting himself to his profession, giving five lectures a week to the students. Besides this he was a scientist, wit, author, and poet.

Holmes was born August 29, 1809, in a quaint old-fashioned house in classic Cambridge, under the very shadow of the buildings of Harvard College and only a short distance from the historic elm under which Washington took command of the American army. This old gambrel-roofed house was very dear to Holmes, and he makes frequent allusion to it in his writings:

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, 'tho clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!

For over forty years the poet's father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, was pastor of the Congregational church of Cambridge.—

That ancient church whose lofty tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,

Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire.

He is reported to have been a good man of exemplary character and an author of some ability, but a "dry as dust preacher who fed his people sawdust out of a spoon." His second wife, the mother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was the daughter of Hon. Oliver Wendell, an eminent lawyer and a descendant of the best blue blood of New England. Mrs. Wendell was Mary Quincy Jackson, a daughter of Dorothy Quincy, the "Dorothy Q." of the immortal poem:—

Grandmother's mother: her age I guess
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

* * * *

What if a hundred years ago
Those close shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that looked so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Oliver Wendell Holmes had the blood of six of the best colonial families in his veins. The Wendells, however, were from Holland.—

Our ancestors were dwellers beside the Zuyder Zee;
Both Grotius and Erasmus were countrymen of we,
And Wandel, was our namesake, though he spelt it with a V.

Young Holmes entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, and graduated in the famous class of '29, numbering among his classmates Smith, the author of "America," Pierce, the astronomer, James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Channing and others whose names are known to fame. Many years after, at a class reunion, he read his famous poem, *The Boys*, written in memory of the old college days.—

Has there any old fellow got mixed with The Boys?
If there has take him out, without making a noise;
Hang the Almanac's cheat, and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May,
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, "The Boys."

After leaving college, Holmes studied law for one year, then changed his course and studied medicine. He went abroad for further medical study, and in 1838, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy in Dartmouth College, a position which he held for two years. He then returned to Boston to devote his life to the practice of medicine. In 1847, he accepted a call to a professorship in the Medical School at Harvard, a position which he held for thirty-five years. "Few instructors ever succeeded so well in making the dry subject of anatomy interesting; he brought to it plentiful knowledge, patience, and earnestness, and an easy flowing abundance of apt and witty illustration, that added effectiveness as well as interest to his instruction."

About the time of his removal to Boston, Doctor

Holmes married Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Jackson of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. They were the parents of three children, Oliver Wendell, Amelia Jackson, and Edward. The eldest son, Oliver Wendell, has followed in the footsteps of both father and grandfather, having been Professor of Law at Harvard and later Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. He is now Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, having been appointed in 1902.

In spite of his busy life in college, in the lecture field, and as beloved physician, Doctor Holmes yet found time for voluminous writing. Among his principal prose works are *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, *Over the Teacups*, *One Hundred Days in Europe*, *Elsie Venner*, *The Guardian Angel*, *A Mortal Antipathy*, and the *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Popular favorites among his short poems are *Dorothy Q.*, *Bill and Joe*, *The Height of the Ridiculous*, *The Chambered Nautilus*, *The Last Leaf*, *The Living Temple*, and *The Promise*. Doctor Holmes made many notable contributions to medical literature. He also wrote some beautiful hymns. That one which begins:—

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

is one of the grandest in the language. On one occasion he said: "There are very few modern hymns which have the old ring of saintliness in them. Sometimes when I am disinclined to listen to the preacher, I turn

to the hymn book, and when one strikes my eye, I cover the name at the bottom and guess. It is almost invariably Watts or Wesley."

Doctor Holmes included among his friends all the foremost literary people of his day. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly gave a breakfast in his honor. Doctor Holmes and his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, received the guests, who numbered about one hundred. They were assisted by Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Julia Ward Howe.

Holmes was a most delightful companion. One of his classmates once said of him, "He makes you feel like you were the best fellow in the world and he was the next best." The charms of his personality were irresistible. Among the poor, among the literary, and among the society notables he was ever the most welcome of guests. His frank, hearty manliness, his readiness to amuse and be amused, his fund of anecdotes, his tact and union of sympathy and originality made him the best of companions. He was serious and studied the serious side of life. He never tried to be funny. His wit bubbled up spontaneously, and it was more brilliant and appreciated because it came so abruptly and unexpectedly. He was first and foremost a conversationalist. He talked even on paper. Some one has said that, after reading Holmes, we feel that life is easier and simpler and a finer affair altogether and more worth living for than we had been wont to regard it. Holmes never grew "old"; the winters of four score years and five could not destroy the warm flow of his fellowship and

good cheer. "Eighty years young" he was wont to say with one of his genial smiles.

Doctor Holmes was intensely religious. He once wrote to his friend, Rev. Phillips Brooks: "My natural Sunday home is King's Chapel. In that church I have worshiped for half a century. There, on the fifteenth of June, 1840, I was married; there my children were all christened; from that church my dear companion, of so many blessed years, was buried. In her seat I must sit and through its door I hope to be carried to my last resting-place."

"The Last Leaf" passed from this life October 7, 1894, at the ripe age of eighty-five years, and the world will continue to smile for many generations to come because Oliver Wendell Holmes lived. "The wind mourned, the rain fell continuously, as loving hands bore into King's Chapel, upon Wednesday, October 10, all that was mortal of the famous poet. The casket, upon which rested wreaths of pansies and laurels, was borne up the aisle to the wailing strains of Handel's *Dead March in Saul*." The funeral sermon was delivered by Doctor Edward Everett Hale, after which the body was laid to rest beside his wife in Mt. Auburn.

MEMORY GEMS FROM HOLMES.

"There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared
our morning days,

No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of
gold;

But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in
every fold. —*No Time Like the Old Time.*

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

—*The Chambered Nautilus.*

"Speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs."

—*A Rhymed Lesson.*

"Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

—*The Deacon's Masterpiece.*

"Our brains are seventy year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor."—*The Autocrat.*

"Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day like a football,

and it will be round and full at evening."—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table*.

"It is such a sad thing to be born a sneaking fellow, so much worse than to inherit a humpback or a couple of club feet, that I sometimes feel as if we ought to love the crippled souls, if I may use this expression, with a certain tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures. One who is born with such congenital incapacity that nothing can make a gentleman of him, is entitled, not to our wrath, but to our profoundest sympathy."—*The Autocrat*.

"Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other. A flower, on the other hand, may dwindle down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growth may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a nightshade in one mind unfold as a morning-glory in the other."—*The Poet*.

"One is sometimes tempted to wish that the superlative could be abolished, or its use allowed only to old experts. What are men to do when they get to heaven, after having exhausted their vocabulary of admiration on earth?"—*Our Hundred Days in Europe*.

(Find the following quotations in Holmes' writings:)

"Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned."

"A crank is a man who does his own thinking..... There never was an idea started that woke men up out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank."

"And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound."

"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

"Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us—not absolute liars, but such careless handlers of truth that its sharp corners get terribly rounded."

A PARTIAL LIST OF HOLMES'S WRITINGS FOR REFERENCE.

The Breakfast Table Series.	Se-	Life of Emerson.
Over the Tea Cups.		The Chambered Nautilus.
One Hundred Days in Europe.		The Iron Gate.
Elsie Venner.		The Living Temple.
The Guardian Angel.		The Promise.
		The Deacon's Masterpiece.
		The Spectre Pig.

NOTES ON HOLMES'S WRITING.

1. When Lowell accepted the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* it was on condition that Dr. Holmes become a regular contributor. In the first number, therefore, appeared the opening installment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, with its droll beginning, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted." This interruption had occurred just a quarter of a century before, for in 1832 he contributed two papers, under the same title, to the *New England Magazine*! It was these papers which had suggested to Holmes, when he was planning his work for the magazine, "That it would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early

windfalls." *The Autocrat* was followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*. This was succeeded, twelve years later, by the *Poet at the Breakfast Table*.

2. The character sketches, bright dialogue, and imaginative passages in the Breakfast Table series suggested the possibilities of a complete novel. *Elsie Venner* appeared in 1861, and *The Guardian Angel* in 1867. Twenty years later, *A Moral Antipathy* was produced, but it was much inferior to its predecessors. "The three novels all deal with Dr. Holmes's favorite theme,—the doctrine of heredity and its bearing upon free will and moral accountability. The prominence of the psychophysiological element led some one to call them 'medicated novels.' The chief literary interest is in the New England environment of the stories. Holmes has not the art of the story-teller; he is too discursive, being tempted by his scurrying thoughts away from the tale into every attractive side-path of comment and speculation. He cannot suppress himself, and hence is usually the most interesting character in the book." His best novel-writing has been done in his books which are not novels. "Where do we find anything of finer artistic touch or greater delicacy than the sketch of 'Iris' in *The Professor* or that of the 'Schoolmistress' in *The Autocrat*?"

3. His *Life of Emerson*, written in his seventy-third year, is a tender tribute of a master hand, showing the high order of his ability as a prose writer as well.

4. When in his eightieth year, Holmes again shook the old bough, and introduced through the medium of the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of cheerful, chatty papers,

called "Over the Teacups." Three years before, in company with his daughter, he had visited Europe. The story of his flattering reception and experiences is told in his *One Hundred Days in Europe*.

5. Among Holmes's patriotic poems may be mentioned, *Voice of the Loyal North*, *God Save the Flag*, *Never or Now*, *Lexington*, *Union and Liberty*, *Old Ironsides* (written at the age of nineteen), and *Ballad of the Boston Tea Party*. Among his frolicsome poems are *My Aunt*, *the Comet*, *The September Gale*, *The Height of the Ridiculous*, *Contentment*, and many others. Those packed with genuine humor are *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, *The Spectre Pig*, *The Ballad of an Oysterman*, and *Parson Turell's Legacy*. Among his class poems are *Bill and Joe*, *The Old Man Dreams*, and *The Boys*. Tenderness and charity are depicted in such poems as *The Voiceless*, *The Silent Melody*, *Avis*, *Iris*, *Under the Violets*, and *The Meeting of the Dryads*. Lofty beauty and religious sentiment vie with each other in *The Chambered Nautilus*, *The Living Temple*, and *The Promise*.

6. On the occasion of the "Breakfast" given him by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Holmes read his poem "The Iron Gate," giving a cheerful description of old age:—

I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff,—
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

It has been ranked by some with Bryant's *Flood of Years* and Longfellow's *Morituri Salutamus*.

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I 1
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail, 2
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
Today, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize, 3
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With Hon. and L.L. D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe; 4
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say, 5
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—

And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar! What is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe.

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,

Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

I. Read the poem carefully. Explain the second and ninth stanzas.

II. Translate *Hic jacet*.

III. Describe Bill and Joe as you see them. Write an imaginary conversation.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before 1
As he passed by the door;
And again

The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime, 2
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets, 3
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest 4
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And, if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

I. Write an imaginary description of the old gentleman in the story. Describe him in his youth.

II. Select similes and metaphors.

SUGGESTED WRITINGS FOR FURTHER READING.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.	The Deacon's Masterpiece.
The Poet at the Breakfast Table.	The Ballad of an Oyster-man.
The Chambered Nautilus.	The Spectre Pig.
The Sphinx.	Union and Liberty.
Lexington, the Meeting of the Dryads.	The Boys.
	The Living Temple.

CRITICISMS.

1. "Few men of letters have been so lovable and so beloved as Doctor Holmes, and largely because few have revealed so frankly and fully their personalities in their writings. His books are a continuous autobiography; he was always 'a Boswell writing out himself...' As a poet of occasion, he was without a peer. His marvelous facility never failed him. A pertinent topic was always ready, and treated with telling aptness and pungent wit. His resources for happy similes and anecdotes, verbal drolleries, frolicsome puns, quaint analogies, and brilliant epigrams seemed inexhaustible. Age could not wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety. He was the laureate of his city and university, and for nearly half a century a public event seldom occurred in either without being graced by the presence of his sprightly Muse.

I'm a florist in verse, and what would people say
If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?

—*Abernethy's Literature.*

2. "Though the humorist in him rather outweighed

the poet, he wrote a few things, like *The Chambered Nautilus* and *Homesick in Heaven*, which are as purely and deeply poetic as *The One-Hoss Shay* and *The Prologue* are funny. Dr. Holmes was not of the stuff of which idealists and enthusiasts are made. As a physician and a student of science, the facts of the material universe counted for much with him. His clear, positive, alert intellect was always impatient of mysticism. He had the sharp eye of the satirist and the man of the world for oddities of dress, dialect, and manners. He acknowledged a preference for the man with a pedigree, the man who owned family portraits, had been brought up in familiarity with books, and could pronounce 'view' correctly. Readers unhappily not of the 'Brahmin caste of New England' have sometimes resented as snobbishness Holmes's harping on 'family,' and his perpetual application of certain favorite shibboleths to other people's ways of speech. 'The woman who calc'lates is lost.'"

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
 The careless lips that speak of soap for soap.
 Do put your accents in the proper spot:
 Don't, let me beg you, don't say "How!" for "What!"
 The things named "pants" in certain documents,
 A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents."

He had a great fondness for Boston ways and things, and invented the playful saying, "Boston Statehouse is the hub of the solar system."—*Selected*.

REFERENCES:

- Life and Letters of O. W. Holmes, *Morse*.
 Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Kennedy*.
 Life of O. W. Holmes, *Brown*.

Authors and Friends, *Mrs. Fields.*

American Poets and Their Homes, *Stoddard.*

POETS' TRIBUTES.

Our Autocrat, and To O. W. Holmes, *Whittier.*

To O. W. H. on his 75th Birthday, *Lowell.*

The Sailing of the Autocrat, *Aldrich.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Winter.*

To Oliver Wendell Holmes on his 70th Birthday, *H. H. Jackson.*

O. W. H., *Lucy Larcom.*

Our Laureate, *Bret Harte.*

QUESTIONS ON HOLMES.

1. Sketch the public and private life of Doctor Holmes.

2. Why is Holmes called the "Poet Laureate of America?"

3. Which is better—his prose or his verse?

4. Write four memory gems. Name ten poems. Four prose works.

5. What poet spoke of Holmes's wit as "Holmes's rockets?"

6. In which of his writings do the following characters occur:—Elsie Venner, Iris, the Schoolmistress, the Divinity Student, the Kohinoor, the Sculpin, Byles Gridley, and the Old Gentleman who sits opposite.

7. Tell about Number Five, Little Boston, Avis, Myrtle Hazard, Benjamin Franklin, and John.

8. What noted reformer was a cousin of Doctor Holmes?

9. In which of Holmes's writings do the following quotations occur:—

"Yes, I love the little globule where I have spent more than four-score years, and I like to think that some of my thoughts and some of my emotions may live themselves over again when I am sleeping."

"He was a man who loved to stick around home, as much as any cat you ever see in your life. He used to say he'd as lief have a tooth pulled as to go anywheres. Always got sick, he said, when he went away, and never sick when he didn't. Pretty nigh killed himself goin' about lecturin' two or three winters; talking in cold country lyceums; as he used to say, goin' home to cold parlors and bein' treated to cold apples and cold water, and then goin' up into a cold bed in a cold chamber, and comin' home next mornin' with a cold in his head as bad as a horse distemper."

"I have learned to accept meekly what has been allotted to me, but I can not honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. I bear the ignorance and the evil-doing of whole generations in my single person. I never drew a breath of air nor took a step that was not a punishment for another's fault. I may have had many wrong thoughts, but I cannot have done many wrong deeds—for my cage has been a narrow one, and I have paced it alone. I have looked through the bars and seen the great world of men busy and happy, but I had no part in their doings. I have known what it was to dream of the great passions; but since my mother kissed me before she died, no woman's lips have pressed my cheek,—nor ever will. The young girl's eyes glittered with a sudden film, and almost without a thought,

but with a warm human instinct that rushed up into her face with her heart's blood, she bent over and kissed him. It was the sacrament that washed out the memory of long years of bitterness, and I should hold it unworthy thought to defend her."

"People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

1809-1849.

"The most original American genius."—Tennyson.

"Here comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."

—Lowell.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was one of the most brilliant writers who ever lived. His writings, however, belong to a different sphere from those of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, or Holmes. They wrote from the realms of nature, human joy, happiness, hope and ease. Poe spoke from the dungeon of depression. He was in constant struggle with poverty, and his whole life was a tragedy. Yet "from out these weird depths came forth things so beautiful that their very sadness is charming and holds us in a spell of bewitching enchantment." Fawcett says of him:—

He loved all shadowy spots, all seasons drear;
All ways of darkness lured his ghastly whim;

Strange fellowship he held with goblins grim,
At whose demoniac eyes he felt no fear.

By desolate paths of dream where fancy's owl
Sent long lugubrious hoots through somber air,
Amid thoughts' gloomiest cave he went to prowl
And met delirium in her awful lair.

Poe was born in Boston, February 19, 1809. His father was a Marylander. His grandfather, also from the Monumental State, was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and a friend of Lafayette. Poe's parents were both actors who toured the country in the ordinary manner. When he was but two years old, they died in Richmond, Va., within two weeks of each other. Their three children, two daughters, one older and one younger than Edgar, were all adopted by friends of the family. Mr. John Allan, a rich tobacco merchant of Virginia, adopted Edgar and insisted upon calling him Edgar *Allan* Poe. "As the boy was both beautiful and precocious, the Allans, like many other unwise parents, gratified their own selfish pride by showing him off on all sorts of occasions. Instead of the steady, kind, firm reign of wise parental government, this bright boy ran loose, guided by his own childish fancies and caprices." In one of his best stories, *William Wilson*, Poe says: "I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable and in my infancy I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years, it was more strongly developed, becoming for many reasons a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey

to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me." Mr. Allan took great interest in the education of his adopted son, sending him first to England, afterwards to the Richmond Academy and to the University of Virginia, and later to West Point.

While in the University, Poe acquired the habits of drinking and gambling. He contracted heavy gambling debts which Mr. Allan angrily refused to pay. This brought on a series of quarrels which finally resulted in Poe being disinherited and permanently separated from his benefactor. "Thus turned out upon the cold, unsympathetic world, without business training, without friends, without money, knowing not how to make money,—yet with a proud, imperious, aristocratic nature,—we have the beginning of the saddest story of any life in literature—struggling for nearly twenty years in gloom and poverty, with here and there a ray of sunshine."

As a writer of short stories, Poe had no equal in America. His story, *The Gold Bug*, has been conceded by many to be the best short story ever written. He worked up the details of his plot with artful ingenuity, giving minute attention to the smallest illustrative particulars, and coloring the whole with a vivid word painting which made the scenes of gloom and terror which he loved to depict especially fascinating and realistic to the reader. Poe wrote poetry with equal success. His poems are among the most original in the world. He was purely an imaginative poet. There is no preaching or philosophy about his poems. One of his biographers

says: "He heard in his dreams the tinkling footfalls of angels and seraphims and subordinated everything in his verse to the delicious effect of musical sound." He has never had a rival in poetic harmony. Poe was also a fine reader and elocutionist. He had a most musical voice, and rendered his poems with such beauty and pathos that those who had the good fortune to hear him never forgot them. As a literary critic, Poe was without a rival. His favorable opinion was greatly sought for by writers of his time, and no one's censure was so greatly dreaded. When influenced by personal feeling, he could be savagely severe, but otherwise he was just and impartial. Lowell said, "He seems frequently to mistake his vial of prussic acid for his inkstand."

Among Poe's most noted poems may be mentioned *Annabel Lee*, *The Bells*, *The Raven*, *Lenore*, *To My Mother*, *The Haunted Palace*, *The Conqueror Worm*, *The City in the Sea*, and *For Annie*. His best known prose works are *The Gold Bug*, *The Masque of the Red Death*, *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, and *The Fall of the House of Usher*. His best critical works are:—*The Poetic Principle* and *The Philosophy of Composition*.

In 1835, Poe was privately married to his beautiful fourteen-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm. Their wedded life was in itself a poem. "To him she was rudder and plummet and anchor—all that typifies hope, faith, salvation; and when she left him he was shipwrecked." Their first home was in Richmond, but later they lived successively in New York, Philadelphia, and Fordham. They moved to the latter place with the hope that the country air might benefit Mrs. Poe, who had been an invalid for some years, but she died in the following Jan-

uary, 1847. "She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet." *Ulalume* and *Annabel Lee* were written in memory of the adored wife. In the closing lines of the latter, we read:—

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Poe was deeply attached to his wife's mother, and expresses his affection in the poem *To My Mother*. *Lenore* and *To One in Paradise* were written in memory of a classmate's mother, Mrs. Stannard, who had been exceedingly kind to the motherless poet. She died while Poe was homeward bound from Europe. He was overcome with grief and used to visit her grave in all seasons, spending hours in darkness and rain, in fancy communing with her spirit. In the poem, *Lenore*, he imagines her to be a young and beautiful maiden, and himself her

sorrowing lover. In general Poe's poetry is not the poetry of the heart, and its passion is not the passion of flesh and blood. The thought of death is always near, and also the shadowy borderland between death and life.

The play is the tragedy "Man"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

The above lines are from some verses inserted in his powerful prose tale, *Ligeia*, in which the theme is the power of the will to overcome death. In that singularly impressive poem, "The Sleeper," the morbid horror which invests the tomb springs from the same source, the materiality of Poe's imagination, which refuses to let the soul go free from the body. His tales represent various grades of the frightful and the ghastly, from the mere bugaboo story like *The Black Cat*, which makes children afraid to go in the dark, up to the breathless terror of *The Cask of Amontillado*, or *The Red Death*. His masterpiece in this line is the fateful tale of *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Poe was the founder of the detective story. Among his most successful stories in this line were *The Gold Bug*, *The Purloined Letter*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, etc. Poe was a master of plots. He liked to put his characters in a position where escape seemed impossible, and then to ferret out a neat solution of the puzzle with his masterful analytic power. While Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* was being issued serially, Poe showed his skill as a plot-raveler by publishing a paper in *Graham's Magazine* in which he correctly raveled the tangled intrigue of the novel and predicted the *finale* in advance.

Edgar Allan Poe held the position of critic and editor with the following magazines in succession:—*Literary Messenger*, Richmond; *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Graham's Magazine*, Philadelphia; *Evening Mirror* and *Broadway Journal*, New York. His first volume of poems was published in 1829. In 1833 he won a prize of \$100, awarded by the *Saturday Visitor* for his *MSS. Found in a Bottle*. Nine years later he won a similar sum from the *Dollar Magazine* for *The Gold Bug*. He was also a contributor to miscellaneous magazines. After the death of his wife, he was in the lecture field where he met with some success in his talks upon *The Female Poets of America*, *Cosmogony of the Universe*, and the *Poetic Principle*. Poe is the one American genius who is better known abroad than at home. His stories and poems have been translated into Spanish, Italian, German and other languages.

There is a sad fascination about Edgar Allan Poe both as a man and as an author. His personal character has been represented as pronouncedly double. The following selection from Hayne's poem, *Poe*, illustrates how he represented the brilliant poet as an angel and a demon clothed in one body:—

Two mighty spirits dwell in him:
One, a wild demon, weird and dim,
The darkness of whose ebon wings
Did shroud unutterable things:
One, a fair angel, in the skies
Of whose serene, unshadowed eyes
Were seen the lights of Paradise.

To these, in turn, he gave the whole
Vast empire of his brooding soul;

Now filled with strains of heavenly swell,
Now thrilled with awful tones of hell:
Wide were his being's strange extremes,
'Twixt nether glooms, and Eden gleams
Of tender, or majestic dreams.

The poet has received an over-abundant measure of praise and blame, but to those who know the full story of his sad life it is little wonder that his sensitive, passionate nature sought surcease from disappointment in the intoxicating cup, for which he inherited a wild love, his father having been a drunkard. It was but natural for a man of his nervous temperament to fall into that state of melancholy moroseness which would chide even the angels for taking away his beautiful "Annabel Lee." Such poems as *The Raven* and *Lenore* show through what bitter experiences and broken hopes the poet passed. Someone has charitably suggested that Poe's character and unhappy life were necessary to the marvelous productions of his pen. We may well suppose it was and forget his unhappy misguided life, remembering only his great genius and his high standing among the literary lights.

Edgar Allan Poe died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849. Formerly there was a generally accepted idea that he died of a debauch, but it is now a well-established fact that he was the victim of a foul political conspiracy, which in those days of fraud and force were considered entirely justifiable by men of fierce passions and lawless lives. He arrived in the city on the eve of an election, was seized with a number of others, penned in a well-guarded room and plied for hours with drugged liquor, then dragged from one precinct to another and forced to

vote under different names. His exquisitely balanced brain, which needed only a few drops of alcohol to hurl it from its poise into an abyss of madness, soon "sank beneath Life's burdens in the streets of Baltimore," and he was shoved into a cab and sent to a hospital. Here the walls rang with his despairing cry, "Is there no ransom for the deathless soul?" and here he breathed his last. The body was borne to the Westminster Churchyard, where the wealthy, influential Poes owned a lot, and here, restored after long wandering to the midst of his own family, as it were, the alien found a last resting place.

Ah, those memories sore and saddening! Ah, that night of anguish maddening!

When my lone heart suffered shipwreck on a demon-haunted shore—

When the fiends grew wild with laughter, and the silence falling after

Was more awful and appalling than the cannon's deadly roar—
Than the tramp of mighty armies thro' the streets of Baltimore.

No one near to save or love me, no kind face to watch above me,
Though I heard the sound of footsteps like the waves upon the shore—

Beating—beating—beating—beating—now advancing—now retreating—

With a dull and dreary rhythm, with a long, continuous roar—
Heard the sound of human footsteps in the streets of Baltimore.

Where was't thou, O Power Eternal, when the fiery fiend infernal

Beat me with his burning fasces till I sank to rise no more!

Oh! was all my lifelong error crowded in that night of terror!

Did my sin find expiation which to judgment went before,
Summoned to a dread tribunal in the streets of Baltimore?

—Verses purporting to be dictated to a spiritualistic medium by the dead poet. Author unknown.

An engraving by Halpinis, taken in Poe's early manhood, shows a slight, erect figure, of medium height, athletic and well-molded; his head finely modeled, with large, high forehead and temples; his hands white and fair as a woman's,—in short a graceful gentleman, even in the garb of poverty. He had a handsome intellectual face, dark, clustering hair, clear, sad gray eyes, and a mouth whose smile was sweet and winning. We can imagine the soft musical voice, and the quiet easy dignity which no failure could humble. Another photograph taken shortly before his death shows all too plainly the ravages made by the spirit within. There is a dramatic, defiant bearing, and with it the bitterness of scorn. There is a sneer about the mouth, and the whole face tells of battling, of conquering external enemies, and of many a defeat when the demon and angel were at war.

A PARTIAL LIST OF POE'S WRITINGS FOR REFERENCE.

The Raven.	The Gold Bug.
Lenore.	MSS. Found in a Bottle.
Annabel Lee.	The Purloined Letter.
Ulalume.	William Wilson. (Partly biographical.)
Israfel.	Landor's Cottage.
The Bells.	The Tell-Tale Heart.
The Haunted Palace.	The Murders in the Rue Morgue.
The City in the Sea.	The Poetic Principle.
To Helen.	
The Fall of the House of Usher.	

LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown forever!

Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river; 5
And, Guy de Vere,
Hast *thou* no tear?
Weep now or never more!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier 10
Low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young— 15
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young!
“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health, 20
Ye bless’d her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual then be read?
The requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours the slanderous tongue 25
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young?”
Peccavimus;
But rave not thus!
And let a sabbath song 30
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may
feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore
Hath “gone before,”

With Hope that, flew beside,
 Leaving the wild 35
 For the dear child
 That should have been thy bride—
 For her, the fair
 And debonair,
 That now so lovely lies, 40
 The life upon her yellow hair
 But not within her eyes—
 The life still there,
 Upon her hair—
 The death upon her eyes. 45
 "Avaunt! tonight
 My heart is light.
 No dirge will I upraise,
 But waft the angel on her flight
 With a pæan of old days! 50
 Let *no* bell toll!—
 Lest her sweet soul,
 Amid its hallowed mirth,
 Should catch the note,
 As it doth float— 55
 Up from the damned earth.
 To friends above, from friends below,
 The indignant ghost is riven—
 From hell unto a high estate
 Far up within the heaven— 60
 From grief and groan,
 To a golden throne,
 Beside the King of Heaven."

(Written at 20 years of age.)

I. Aim to fully understand the poem. Explain:—*Stygian river, bier, dirge, anthem, ritual, requiem, Pecavimus, debonair, paeon, avavunt.*

II. What incident furnished the foundation for this poem?

THE RAVEN.

The central idea in this, the most celebrated poem of Edgar Allan Poe, is thus stated in his essay on the *Philosophy of Composition*:—

“I asked myself what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy of poetic topics. The answer was obvious: it is Death. I then inquired when this most melancholy of topics is most poetical. Here, too, the reply was obvious: it is when it most closely allies itself to beauty. Hence the death of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world; and the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover. This is the essential motive of my poem.”

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-
door.

“‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber-
door,—

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost
Lenore;
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.
And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood re-
peating,
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door;
This it is, and nothing more.”
Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no
longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I im-
plore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-
door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—Here I opened
wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.
Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, won-
dering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
"Lenore"?
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
"Lenore"!

Merely this, and nothing more.
Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than be-
fore.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-
lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery ex-
plore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery ex-
plore:

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,
In there stepped a saintly Raven of the stately days of
yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or
stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my cham-
ber-door;
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber-
door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, ⁸
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the
nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is in the Night's Plutonian
shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly, ⁹

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his cham-
ber-door,

With such a name as "Nevermore"!

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
only ¹⁰

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour.

Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he
fluttered,

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before:

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown
before!"

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,¹¹
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one bur-
den bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—Nevermore!"

But the Raven, still beguiling all my sad soul into smil-
ing,¹²
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and
bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to link-
ing
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous
bird of yore—
Meant in croaking "Nevermore"!

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable express-
ing¹³
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
clining
On the cushion's velvet lining the lamp-light gloated o'er;
But whose violet velvet lining, with the lamp-light gloat-
o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer 14

Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these
angels he hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of
Lenore! 15

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil! 16

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I im-
plore,

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird
or devil! 17

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we
both adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within that distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!" I
shrieked, upstarting, 18

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore:

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken.

Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the bust above my
door:

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sit-
ting, 19

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor

Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE.

I. Explain *surcease*, *fantastic terrors*, *obeisance*,
window-lattice, *bust of Pallas*, *ebon bird*, *Plutonian shore*,
ungainly fowl, *placid*, *ominous bird of yore*, *bosom's core*,
unseen censer, *seraphim*, *respite and nepenthe*, *prophet*,
balm in Gilead, *distant Aidenn*, *fiend*.

II. Make a list of the adjectives which the poet uses to describe the Raven.

III. Paraphrase the poem.

IV. Divide the poem into scenes.

V. Picture the room where the bereaved lover was sitting.

SUGGESTED WRITINGS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

The Gold Bug.	Some Words with a Mum-
Landor's Cottage.	my.
A Descent into the Mael-	The Bells.
strom.	To One in Paradise.
William Wilson.	Israfel.
Annabel Lee.	To My Mother.

CRITICISMS.

1. Poe was not an habitual drunkard; a single glass made him the easy prey of any coarse or pitiless hands into which he might fall. He was a man inebriate when sober, his brain surging with emotion, and a stimulant that only served to steady common men bewildered him.

. . . His mature years were a battle with inherited taint, and there were long periods when he was the victor. . . . The wonder is that the sensitive, feminine spirit, worshiping beauty and abhorrent of ugliness and pain, combating with pride and diseased appetite, did not sooner yield, was not utterly overcome at the outset of these experiences. . . . Near the close of the struggle he made a brave effort and never was so earnest and resolved, never so much his own master, as just before the end.—*Stedman*.

2. Poe lived in two worlds; the one was made deso-

late and miserable by his early orphanhood, his reckless youth, poverty, drudgery and the demons worse than these which beset and blasted his career; the other is the world of his inner mind, the world of memories coming from afar.—*John Nichols*.

3. His biography explains what his tales allow one to guess; that he remained to the end ignorant of life—with the pitiful ignorance of a gifted, wayward child. Unerring as were some of his intuitions, profoundly as he knew some of the dark secrets of the heart, life has wide sunny spaces in which he never wandered, uplands that he never cared to climb. "Poe did not *know* enough to be a great poet," said Sidney Lanier. Nor did he love enough. . . . He did certain things incomparably well. He showed that the art of story writing, like that of the drama, is largely the art of preparation, of securing, in his own words, "a certain unique or single effect." In accordance with this "one pre-established design" every word was deliberately fashioned. His power of clear, compressed narrative, his mastery of symbolism and sensuous imagery, his instinct for color and for all the cadences of English prose give his best writing an almost unrivaled felicity.—*Bliss Perry*.

4. The greatest poet, perhaps the greatest literary genius of America. . . . The only example of an American prophet almost without honor in his own country. . . . An English critic has described your stories as "Hawthorne and delirium tremens." I am not aware that extreme orderliness, masterly elaboration and unchecked progress toward a predetermined effect are characteristic of the visions of delirium. If they be, then there is a great deal of *delirium tremens* in your style.

But your ingenuity, your completeness, your occasional luxuriance of fancy and wealth of jewel-like words are not perhaps gifts which Mr. Hawthorne has at his command. He was a great writer—the greatest writer in prose fiction whom America has produced. But you and he have not much in common except a certain mortuary turn of mind and a taste for gloomy allegories about the working conscience.—*Andrew Lang*.

5. If Poe's life was a tangle of contradictions, his posthumous fame has been a very conflict of opposites. He has been elevated to heaven; he has been depressed to hell; he has been pictured angel and devil, drunkard and puritan. His poetry has seemed to this one the empty tinkling of a cymbal; to that, the last expression of verbal beauty. But despite the warfare of opinions, he has been read and imitated throughout the world, and he is still, after half a century, the dominant influence of three literatures.—*Charles Whibley*.

REFERENCES.

- Edgar Poe and His Critics, *Mrs. Whitman*.
Works of Edgar Allan Poe, *Stedman and Woodberry*.
Edgar Allan Poe, *Woodberry*.
Life of Edgar Allan Poe, *Gill*.
Poem read at the Dedication of the Actors' Monument to Poe, May 4, 1885, *William Winter*.

QUESTIONS ON POE.

1. Tell the story of Poe's life.
2. Name five of his poems. Five prose works. One literary criticism.
3. How does Poe rank among the men of letters?

4. Name incidents in his life which tended to make him the character that he was.
5. Which of Poe's poems do you like best? Why?
6. What is there about Poe's writings that holds the reader's interest?
7. Among what scenes are most of his poems laid?
8. Tell the story of *The Raven*.
9. With what American author has he been compared?
10. Why is Poe so little admired in his own country?



.....

.

Poetry has been the guardian angel of humanity in all ages.—*Lamartine.*

CHAPTER II.

SOME POPULAR POETS OF LATER DATE.

Poet! esteem thy noble part,
Still listen, still record,
Sacred historian of the heart,
And moral nature's lord.

—*Milnes.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
JOAQUIN MILLER.
EUGENE FIELD.
WILL CARLETON.

Poetry is a great and beautiful utterance set in an artistic frame. As a river moves along, ornamented by its banks on which wave trees and grass and flutter the wings of happy birds, so rhyme and rhythm and metric feet are only the attractive borders of some deep stream of truth.—*Professor Swing.*



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,

1853.

"The Hoosier Poet."

To every man who has been a country boy and "played hooky" on the schoolmaster to go swimming, or fishing, or bird-nesting, or stealing water-melons, or simply to lie on the orchard grass, many of Riley's poems come as an echo from his own experiences, bringing a vivid and pleasingly melodious retrospect of the past.

—Selected.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is the poet of the country people. He was not raised on a farm himself, but he has so completely imbibed its atmosphere that few of his readers would suspect that he had not actually lived among the scenes he describes. *When the Frost is on the Pumpkin, The Ole Swimmin' Hole, Airly Days, That Old Sweetheart of Mine*, and scores of others, go straight to the heart with a mixture of pleasant recollections, humor and sincerity that is most delightful.

When your apples all is gathered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yellow heaps;
And your cider makin's over, and your wimmern folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and their souse and sausage,
too;

I don't know how to tell it—but if such a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me
I'd want to 'commodate 'em, the whole endurin' flock,
When the frost is on the pumkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Oh! tell me a tale of the airy days—
 Of the times as they ust to be;
 "Piller of Fi-er" and "Shakespeare's Plays"
 Is a 'most too deep for me!
 I want plane facts and I want plane words,
 Of the good old-fashioned ways,
 When speech run free as the songs of birds,
 'Way back in the airy days.

He has written many verses for children that are equally famous. *Little Orphan Annie* and *The Raggedy Man* are first among those especially fine in their faithfulness to child-life. There is a certain artless catching sing-song in his verses that is more pleasing to the young than the jingle of the "Mother Goose Melodies."

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
 An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
 Knows 'bout Ginnts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
 An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers themselves!
 An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
 He showed me the hole 'at the Wungs is got,
 'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
 Turn into me, or 'Lizabuth Ann!
 Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. His father was a Quaker by faith, and one of the most eminent lawyers of his city. Mr. Riley was very anxious to have his son study law, but the poet tells us: "Whenever I picked up *Blackstone* or *Greenleaf* my wits went to wool-gathering, and my father was soon convinced that his hopes of my achieving greatness at the bar were doomed to disappointment." Referring to his education the poet further says: "I never had much

schooling, and what I did get I believe did me little good. I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and juiceless thing to me; but I always was fond of reading in a random way and took naturally to the theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme almost as soon as I could talk."

Riley's first occupation was sign painting for a patent medicine man, with whom he traveled one year. Later he organized the Graphic Company, a band of sign painters, who were capital musicians as well. They toured the country painting signs and giving musical entertainments. Riley says: "We used to drum up trade with our music. We made plenty of money, had lots of fun, and did no harm to ourselves or anyone else." During this period of sign painting the poet was writing verse and trying unsuccessfully to find a publisher. After the Graphic Company disbanded he secured a position on a weekly paper at Anderson. About this time Mr. Riley sent some verses to Longfellow, who congratulated him warmly. Longfellow's warm friend, Mr. Lowell, also sent cheering words to the Hoosier poet. The public at once recognized a striking resemblance between Lowell's New England dialect poems and Riley's Hoosier rhymes. This assured his success, and Mr. Riley had no further need to hunt for publishers. His books sell by the thousand, and his popularity equals, if it does not excel, that of the favorite Longfellow.

The famous poet has rather peculiar methods of writing. He invites the Muse while going about the streets, either riding or walking, and as soon as the poems are thought out he immediately stops and transfers them to

paper. He is one of the many writers who can write only when the spirit moves him. He says: "It is almost impossible for me to do good work on order. If I have agreed to complete a poem at a certain time I cannot do it at all. I do my best work without considering the future at all."

Riley's first volume of poems, containing *The Ole Swimmin' Hole* and *'Leven More Poems*, was issued in 1883. These poems had all appeared in the *Indianapolis Journal* over the signature of Benjamin F. Johnson, who purported to be a simple-hearted old Boone County farmer. This quaint, friendly character had an individuality as taking as the famous Diedrich Knickerbocker. Mr. Riley's first book has been followed by many others, among which are *Neighborly Poems*, *Sketches in Prose*, *Pipes o' Pan*, *Rhymes of Childhood*, *Flying Islands of the Night*, *Green Fields and Running Brooks*, and *Armadindy*. This latter volume contains some of his best dialect and serious verses, among which is his famous poem, *Leonainie*. This poem was written in imitation of Poe's style and published as one of his lost poems. It was so eminently successful as to deceive even Poe's biographers. A selection of Riley's poems, entitled *Old Fashioned Roses*, was published in England in 1892.

His pieces in dialect have winning peculiarities all their own, but many of his verses in classical English, such as *The South Wind and the Sun* and *Afterwhiles*, show that his poetry is not dependent upon dialect for its highest effects. Mr. Riley says he prefers writing the recognized poetic form to dialect, but he further adds: 'Dialectic verse is natural and gains added charm from its very commonplaceness. I follow nature as closely as

I can and try to make my people think and speak as they do in real life, and such success as I have achieved is due to this."

The genial poet has never married. He makes his home with a sister in Indianapolis, Indiana, though he is seldom to be found there excepting in his "loafing days," as he calls them. Of this home he writes—

Such a dear little street, it is nestled away
From the noise of the city and the heat of the day,
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze,
Which, in all its wide wanderings, never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerlie street.

For the past several years Mr. Riley has spent about eight months out of every twelve on the lecture platform, and has given large audiences in all the leading cities of America the rare treat of listening to his inimitable recitation of his poems. He is more widely known personally than any other American poet. Mr. Riley is almost as great a favorite with the children as the renowned child-lover, Eugene Field, and the poet is seen at his best when surrounded by a delighted audience of little people.

MEMORY GEMS FROM RILEY.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here
And the cricket chirps the whole night through.

Does the meadow lark complain as he swims high and
dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?

Does the quail sit up and whistle in a disappointed way,
Or hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmunk's health a-failing? Does he walk or does
he run?

Don't the buzzards float around up there, just as they've
always done?

Is there anything the matter with the rooster's lungs or
voice?

Ought a man to be complaining when dumb animals re-
joice?

But the air's so appetizin' and the landscape through the
haze

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
Is a-buzzin' round agin

In that kind of a "Lazy-go-as-you-please"
Old gait they hum round in;

When the ground's all bald where the hayrack stood
And the crick's riz, and the breeze

Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees—

I like, I say, in such scenes as these
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When my dreams come true I shall bide among the
sheaves

Of happy, harvest meadows; and the grasses and the
leaves

Shall lift and lean between me and the splendor of the
sun,
Till the noon swoons into twilight, and the gleaners'
work is done.

But, oh! They's a chord in the music
That's missed when her voice is away!
Though I listen from midnight 'tel morning,
And dawn, 'tel the dusk of day;
And I grope through the dark, lookin' up'ards
'And on through the heavenly dome,
With my longin' soul singin' and sobbin'
The words, "Do they miss me at home?"

(Find the above quotations in Riley's poems.)

A PARTIAL LIST OF RILEY'S POEMS FOR REFERENCE.

The Ole Swimmin' Hole.	Little Orphant Annie.
That Old Sweetheart of Mine.	The Raggedy Man.
When the Frost is on the Punkin.	Airly Days.
Thoughts on the Late War.	Leonainie.
The South Wind and the Sun.	A Boy's Mother.
Decoration Day on the Place.	Our Hired Girl.
Like His Mother Used to Make.	Griggsby's Station.
When My Dreams Come True.	Romancin'.
When the Green Gits Back in the Trees.	

WHAT LITTLE SAUL GOT, CHRISTMAS.

Us parents mostly thinks our own's
The smartest children out!
But Widder Shelton's little Saul
Beats all I know about!

He's weakly like—in p'int o' health,
But strong in word and deed,
And heart and head, and snap and spunk,
And allus in the lead!

Come honest by it, fer his Pa—
Afore he passed away—
He was a leader—(Lord, I'd like
To hear him preach today!)
He led his flock; he led in prayer
Fer spread o' Peace—and when
Nothin' but War could spread it he
Was first to lead us then!

So little Saul has grit to take
Things jes' as they occur;
And Sister Shelton's proud o' him
And he is proud o' her!
And when she "got up"—jes' fer him
And little playmates all—
A Christmas tree—they ever'one
Was there but little Saul.

Pore little chap was sick in bed
Next room; and Doc was there,
And said the children might file past,
But go right back to where
The tree was, in the settin' room.
And Saul jes' laid and smiled—
Nor couldn't nod, nor wave his hand,
It hurt so—Bless the child!

And so they left him there with Doc—
And warm tears of his Ma's. * * *

Then—sudden-like—high over all
Their laughter and applause—
They heerd: "I don't care what you git
On your old Chris-mus tree,
'Cause I'm got somepin' you all haint—
I'm got the pleurisy!"

- I. Read the poem carefully.
- II. Describe Little Saul.
- III. What is the pleurisy?

ROMANCIN'.

I' b'en a-kindo "musin'," as the feller says, and I'm
About o' the conclusion that they hain't no better time,
When you come to cipher on it, than the times we ust to
know
When we swore our first "*dog-gone-it*" sort o' solum-
like and low!

You git my idy, do you?—*Little* tads, you understand—
Jest a-wishin' thue and thue that you on'y wuz a *man*.
Yit here I am, this minit, even sixty, to a day,
And fergittin' all that's in it, wishin' jest the other way!

I hain't no hand to lectur' on the times, er *dimonstrate*
Whare the trouble is, er hector and domineer with Fate—
But when I git so flurried, and so pestered-like and blue,
And so rail owdacious worried, let me tell you what I
do!—

I jest gee-haw the hosses, and onhook the swingle-tree,
Whare the hazel-bushes tosses down theyr shadders over
me;

And I draw my plug o' navy, and I climb the fence, and
set

Jest a-thinkin' here, I gravy! tel my eyes is wringin'-wet!

Tho' I still kin see the trouble o' the *presunt*, I kin see—
Kindo' like my sight wuz double—all the things that *ust*
to be;

And the flutter o' the robin and the teeter o' the wren
Sets the willer-branches bobbin' "howdy-do" thum *Now*
to *Then*!

The deadin' and the thicket's jest a-bilin' full of June,
From the rattle o' the cricket, to the yellar-hammer's
tune;

And the catbird in the bottom, and the sapsuck on the
snag,

Seems ef they can't—od-rot 'em!—jest do nothin' else
but brag!

They's music in the twitter of the bluebird and the jay,
And that sassy little critter jest a-*peckin'* all the day;
They's music in the "flicker," and they's music in the
thrush,

And they's music in the snicker o' the chipmunk in the
brush!

They's music *all around* me!—and I go back, in a dream
Sweeter yit than ever found me fast asleep—and in the
stream

That *ust* to split the medder whare the dandylions
grewed,

I stand knee-deep, and redder than the sunset down the
road.

Then's when I' b'en a-fishin'!— And they's other fellers,
too,
With theyr hick'ry-poles a-swishin' out behind 'em; and
a few
Little "shiners" on our stringers, with their tails tip-
toein' bloom,
As we dance 'em in our fingers all the happy journey
home.

I kin see us, true to Natur', thum the time we started
out,
With a biscuit and a 'tater in our little "roundabout"!—
I kin see our lines a-tanglin,' and our elbows in a jam,
And our naked legs a-danglin' thum the apern o' the
dam.

I kin see the honeysuckle climbin' up around the mill,
And kin hear the worter chuckle, and the wheel a-growlin'
still;
And thum the bank below it I kin steal the old canoe,
And jest git in and row it like the miller ust to do.

W'y I git my fancy focused on the past so mortal plane
I kin even smell the locus'-blossoms bloomin' in the lane;
And I hear the cow-bells clinkin' sweeter tunes 'n
"Money-musk,"
Fer the lightnin' bugs a-blinkin' and a-dancin' in the
dusk.

And when I've kep' on "musin'," as the feller says, tel
I'm
Firm-fixed in the conclusion that they hain't no better
time,

When you come to cipher on it, than the *old* times—I declare

I kin wake and say "*dog-gone-it!*" jest as soft as any prayer!

I. Read and enjoy the poem.

II. Select pleasing expressions.

III. Write some descriptions which the poem suggests, such as the boys fishing beside the stream, etc.

SUGGESTED POEMS FOR FURTHER READING.

The Ole Swimmin' Hole.	Armazindy.
That Old Sweetheart of Mine.	Griggsby's Station.
	Airly Days.
When the Frost is on the Punkin.	Afterwhiles.
	Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury.

QUESTIONS ON RILEY.

1. Write a short sketch on Riley's life.
2. Name five of his poems.
3. By what sobriquet is Riley known? Why is he considered to be particularly the country people's poet?
4. Quote four memory gems.
5. In which poems are the following verses found?

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond and dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

These here *cy-clones* a-foolin' round—
And back'ard crops!—and wind and rain!—
And yit the corn that's wallered down
May elbow up again!—
They hain't no sense, as I can see,
Fer mortuls, sich as us, to be
A-faultin' Natchur's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence!

JOAQUIN MILLER,

1841.

"The Poet of the Sierras."

JOAQUIN MILLER has earned his fame by his gorgeous pictures of the gigantic scenery of the Western mountains. Hear what he says of Mount Shasta:

I knew thee in my glorious youth,
I loved thy vast face, white as truth,
I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan-fashioned front,
And heard rent mountains rock and roll.
I saw thy lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write on heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!

His poems have incurred the censure of literary critics because of their faulty style; but the tales they tell are

glowing and passionate, true to the wild adventurous life which they describe, and it is to this truth and vivid naturalness that Miller owes his success.

The palm-trees lorded the copse like kings,
Their tall tops tossing the indolent clouds
That folded the isle in the dawn, like shrouds,
Then fled from the sun like to living things.
The cockatoo swung in the vines below,
And muttering hung on a golden thread,
Or moved on the moss'd bough to and fro,
In plumes of gold and array'd in red.

The lake lay hidden away from the light,
As asleep in the isle from the tropical noon,
And narrow and bent like a new-born moon,
And fair as a moon in the noon of the night.
'Twas shadowed by forests, and fringed by ferns,
And fretted anon by the fishes that leapt
At indolent flies that slept or kept
Their drowsy tones on the tide by turns.

—*From Isles of the Amazon.*

Cincinnatus Hiner Miller was born in the Wabash district, Indiana, in 1841. When he was ten or twelve years of age his father moved the family to the Willamette Valley, in Oregon. "Joaquin," as he was later to be known, helped his father to build the log-cabin, and for three years worked with him upon the farm, and sought such adventures as the wilds in his vicinity afforded. This was too tame, however, for the boy's uncurbed spirit and he left his father's house to try his fortune as a gold miner.

"A more daring attempt was seldom if ever undertaken by a fifteen-year-old youth," says a writer in a short

sketch of his life. "It was during the most desperate period of Western history, just after the report of the discovery of gold had caused such a rush to the Pacific slope. A miscellaneous and turbulent population swarmed over the country; and 'armed to the teeth' prospected upon streams and mountains. The lawless, reckless lives of these gold-hunters—millionaires today and beggars tomorrow—deeming it a virtue rather than a crime to have taken life in a brawl—was, at once, novel, picturesque, and dramatic. Such conditions furnished great possibilities for a poet or a novelist. It was an era as replete with a reality of thrilling excitement as that furnished by the history and mythology of ancient Greece to the earlier Greek poets."

Young Miller threw himself into the whirlpool, and found the reckless excitement and daring adventure which he sought. Whenever a place grew too much domesticated, or too familiar to suit his fancy, he left it and sought more desperate wilds farther remote from civilization. For five years he lived with the Modoc Indians, who admired him so much that they made him a great chief. He became a filibuster and went into Nicaragua. He joined Spanish herdsmen and went into the wilds of Mexico. It was here he earned the sobriquet "Joaquín" from a Mexican bandit, Joaquin Murietta, whom he defended. In 1860 the prodigal returned to the cabin of his father. "In his right arm he carried a bullet, in his right thigh another, and on many parts of his body were scars left by Indian arrows." Soon after his return home he began the study of law, and, in a few months' time, was admitted to the bar and began practicing in Lane County, Oregon. It was not

long, however, until the spirit of adventure again took possession of him; he contracted the "gold fever," and hurried to the mines of Idaho. But the yellow metal shunned his "pan," and he finally gave up mining and turned express messenger for the mining district. This, too, was abandoned; he returned to Oregon and started a newspaper, *The Democratic Register*, at Eugene City.

Where Joaquin Miller got his education is a mystery; but through the years of wandering, even in boyhood, he was a rhymester and his verses now began to come fast in the columns of his paper. Soon after the founding of the *Register* Mr. Miller became acquainted with a poetical contributor, Miss Minnie Myrtle, and, with his usual "suddenness," married her after an acquaintance of three days. He abandoned newspaper life shortly after his marriage and again resumed law practice, being twenty-five years of age. He wrote a considerable amount of poetry and prose during the four years in which he held the office.

Then a new idea came to him; he abandoned everything and sailed for London to seek a publisher. In this he was unsuccessful, and so brought out a small volume at his own expense. The poems were faulty in style; but they were graphic pictures of the rugged peaks and ranges and of the adventurous life in Western America; as such they were a revelation, and eagerly read by the people. They won for him the friendship of English writers and publishers, and, in 1871, his *Songs of the Sierras* was issued. This was well received, and Joaquin Miller returned to his native soil, visiting California for the purpose of collecting material for another work, *Sunland Songs*, which was issued in London two years

later. Subsequently *Songs of the Desert*, *Songs of Italy*, and *Songs of the Mexican Seas* were issued.

Joaquin Miller is also the author of several prose works and dramas. Among the former may be mentioned:—*With Walker in Nicaragua*, *The Danites in the Sierras*, *Shadows of Shasta*, and *Gold-Seekers of the Sierras*. Of the plays, *The Danites* is probably the best known. Among Mr. Miller's shorter poems are *Columbus*, *Kit Carson's Ride*, *Mount Shasta*, *The People's Song of Peace*, and *Thoughts of My Western Home*. In the latter poem, which was written in Athens, the poet tells something of his life's aim, and the reward which he desires—a reward which he now enjoys from his home on the bluffs overlooking San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate.

Have I not turned to thee and them,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marveled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home.

A TRIBUTE TO COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said, "Now must we pray?
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'ral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, Sail on! sail on! and on!"

"My men grew mutinous day by day; 2
My men grew ghastly, wan, and weak."
• The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, Brave Adm'ral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow, 3
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Adm'ral, speak and say—"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate, 4
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
He curls his lips; he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite.
Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt forward like a sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck, 5
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled,
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson—"On and on!"

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Select figures of speech. Explain—"It grew, a starlight flag unfurled; it grew to be Time's burst of dawn."
- II. Amplify the poem.
- III. Divide the poem into scenes.

CRITICISMS.

"His volumes show an impetuous imagination, a bold originality and windy freshness, often a tropical richness of color, and an expression sometimes strongly effective in picturing the wild beauty of mountain and desert, but perversely disobedient to the fundamental rules of rhetoric. Indeed his limitations are due, not so much to the lack of creative power, as to an untutored taste and a disposition to be satisfied with bizarre and sensational effects. He is a child of nature, but of nature only in her vast and magnificent rudeness, as known to him in his early pioneer experience."—*Abernethy*.

QUESTIONS OF JOAQUIN MILLER.

1. Write a short sketch of Joaquin Miller's life.
2. How did he come by the name Joaquin? By what other sobriquet is he known?

3. For what is Miller best known? Name some of his best works.

4. Why will his poems live?

EUGENE FIELD

1850—1895.

"The Children's Poet."

THE POEMS of Eugene Field, the children's poet, are known throughout the world for their simplicity, warmth and genuineness. These qualities were not the result, as has been erroneously supposed, of any great love of children on his part; he could not be called a real lover of children, though he understood child-nature. His love may be said to have been theoretical rather than actual. It was on the experiences of his own childhood that he largely drew for the portrayal of the emotions of children, and as has been said he loved them in the abstract and found inspiration in the abstraction. His intellect and tastes were essentially virile, and the companionship he preferred was that of the intellectual adult friend.

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, September 2, 1850. His parents were from Vermont; his father was a lawyer, and his mother a gentlewoman of beautiful character. Mrs. Field died when Eugene was only six years old, but he ever cherished a most beautiful, tender memory of her. He lived with Miss French, a maiden cousin of his father's, at Amherst, Massachusetts, until he was nineteen years of age. Of this time the poet says, "These were the sweetest and finest days of my life. I love old Amherst."



EUGENE FIELD.



SECRET
100-100000-100000
INTERAGENCY
YILDEN FOUNDATION

Field was a lively boy. When he was nine years of age, he and his brothers were invited to visit their grandmother, who lived on the old homestead at Fayetteville, Vermont. The poet says: "We, my brothers and I, stayed there seven months, and the old lady got all the grandson she wanted. She didn't want the visit repeated." This grandmother was a very strict New England Congregationalist. She used to encourage Eugene to write little sermons, paying him ten cents for each one. Field kept the first one of these to the end of his life. It was composed of several sheets of note paper, beautifully bound in cloth.

He has told us, too, of his first Christmas tree, which had been a delightful experience when he was thirteen, but to which his stern grandmother objected as "popery." He tells us that he and his brother afterward "planted the tree near the corner of Sunset avenue and Amity street, and it's there now, a magnificent tree. Some time when I'm East I'm going to go up there with my brother and put a tablet on it—Pause, busy traveler, and give a thought to the happy days of two western boys who lived in old New England, and make resolve to render the boyhood near you happier and brighter."

Eugene Field was not a college graduate. At sixteen, just as he was ready to enter Williams College, he was forced to give up his studies on account of failing health. Two years later, his father died and he was sent to live with his guardian, Professor Burgess, of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. Shortly afterward he enrolled as a student in the Missouri State University, where he remained until he was of age, when he came into possession of \$60,000 and with a friend immediately started for

Europe. He returned home bankrupt, and at once entered into the realms of journalism.

Eugene Field's first poem, *Christmas Treasures*, was written to fill an unoccupied space in the *St. Louis Journal*. It is a beautiful little poem:

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music in the air,
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back to me,
To bear me to Eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

From 1873 to 1883, Eugene Field was connected with various newspapers in Missouri and Colorado. While engaged with the *Denver Tribune*, a series of comic and semi-humorous articles published in his paper brought him into favorable notice. In 1883 he was given charge of a department in the *Chicago Record*. In this capacity he made a reputation as a humorist and satirist by his widely read column, *Flats and Sharps*. He was a hard worker, contributing daily from one to three columns to the *Chicago News*, besides writing more or less for the Syndicate Press and various periodicals. In addition to this, he was frequently on the lecture platform giving selections from his writings. Field was a good literary critic, but he was too liberal and kind hearted to chastise a brother writer who did not come up to the highest literary mark. He had a great propensity for practical jokes, as his college and later day pranks testify. Sometimes he would amuse himself by writing verses, sign a

friend's name, and after publication, criticise them unmercifully.

The story is told that on a certain date Mr. Field invited a number of his literary friends to a banquet. When the guests were seated at the table they enjoyed a truly Barmacide feast, drinking to the many toasts from goblets filled from *empty* wine bottles, bearing names that would arouse hopes in a connoisseur. Later they were served with griddle cakes, pork and beans, and water.

Eugene Field is the author of many fine verses. *Little Boy Blue* and *Sometime There Ben a Lyttle Boy* are fine samples of simple pathos:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands:
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod and the *Ride to Bumpville* reveal the true poetic instinct:

Wynken and Blynken are too little eyes,
And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Seein' Things at Night and *Jest 'Fore Christmas* show the author's real sympathy with the heart of the boy:

I ain't afraid uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are
said,

Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they're sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin'
round

So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!
Sometimes they're black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

His first published volume was *The Denver Tribune Primer*, which appeared in 1882. This was followed by the *Model Primer*, *Little Book of Western Verse*, *With Trumpet and Drum*, *Love Songs of Childhood*, *Echoes of a Sabine Farm*. Many of Mr. Field's best poems have been set to music.

The poet was a home man, loving his family and home associations. His wife often accompanied him on his lecture tours. On their last journey together they visited the home of Mrs. Field's girlhood. While she was occupied with her old associates her husband, instead of joining them as they expected, hired a carriage and visited all the scenes sacred to the memory of their courting days. Mr. and Mrs. Field were the parents of five children. His home during the last years of his life was at the Sabine Farm, Buena Park, Chicago. The name was given in memory of that classic retreat of the Latin poet, Horace, whose odes Eugene and his brother

Roswell had admirably translated under the title, *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*. The principal crop raised by Eugene Field on this farm was roses. It was an ideal home for an author, and a poet. Field tells us that he wrote his verses with ease, but that he often revised and rewrote his prose before he was satisfied with it. He was an intense lover of Nature and his writings abound with indications of this love. He believed in country life as an educator, and would take his boys every year to a farm in Wisconsin that they might experience the happiness of primitive life. "Sooner or later," he said to a friend, "a man rots if he lives too far away from the grass and the trees."

He wrote with a fine pointed pen, ornamenting his manuscripts with all sorts of figures done in gay colored ink. At one o'clock he left his work and would sometimes join the little Fields and some of the neighborhood children in a grand romp in the garden, where he would invent games for the little ones. Sometimes he was a great "big bear" and one of the children was a "rabbit." Then they would set off in search of adventure. Of course, they always found it! After the games were over Field settled down to his writing again; he usually gave his evenings to reading, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to take his book to bed with him.

"The white-winged angels came with singing to the lowly home" of the Children's Poet in November, 1895. He left this life at the early age of forty-five years. There was such weeping and wailing in the gates that Chicago awoke to the fact that she had been entertaining an angel unawares, and prepared to give all honor to the last sad rites. Rich and poor alike assembled to

mourn the deceased singer; tributes and floral offerings poured in from all over the country, conspicuous among the latter was a large shoe of white carnations with the words "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod."

Mr. Francis Wilson, a friend of Field's, said of him: "Like the apostles, he was all things to all men, and much to many. He had nothing morose about him, little or nothing that was not of the brightest, sunniest character. He declared that the man who neglected to laugh was as injudicious as he who denied himself a proper amount of fresh air." The following extract from one of his songs is typical of the man:—

Come in, little people, from cot and from hall,
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all:
I will sing you its song and warm you with love,
As your dear little arms with my arm intertwine;
It will rock you away to the dreamland above.
Oh! a jolly old heart is this heart of mine—
And jollier still it is bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that big drum.

QUOTATIONS.

(Find the following gems in Eugene Field's verse:)

"Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell;
And to my listening ear the lovely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing.
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell."

"'Tis New Year's eve, and again I watch
In the old familiar place,
And I'm thinking again of that old time when
I looked on a dear one's face."

Never a little one hugs my knee,
And I hear no gleeful shout—
I am sitting alone by the old hearth-stone
Watching the old year out,
But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom,
That solemnly calls to me;
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!”—for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!” ’tis so the clock
Tells of eternity.”

“Fair is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lovely home beside the sea—
‘Hushaby, sweet my own!’”

“I know it’s folly to complain
Of whatsoe’er the Fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I’d wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was O! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.”

“There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us.
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God gave us.
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,

As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder."

"And yet, unhappy is the man who has no sister Jane—
For he who has no sister seems to me to live in vain.
I've never had a sister—maybe that is why today
I'm wizened and dyspeptic, instead of blithe and gay;
A boy who's only forty should be full of romp and mirth,
But I (because I'm sisterless) am the oldest man on
earth!"

A PARTIAL LIST OF EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS.

Christmas Treasures.	Norse Lullaby.
Shuffle Shoon and Amber	The Rock-aby Lady.
Locks.	Little Boy Blue.
Our Two Opinions.	The Remorseless Cakes.
Wynken, Blynken, and	Seein' Things.
Nod.	Jest 'Fore Christmas.
Sometime There Been a	At the Door.
Lyttle Boy.	

Read as many of the poems mentioned as possible.
Commit to memory *The Rock-aby Lady*, *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*, *Little Boy Blue*, and *Seein' Things at Night*.

REFERENCES.

Eugene Field and His Home, pub., *E. P. Dutton Co.*
The Eugene Field I Knew, *Scribner's Sons*.
McClure's Magazine, *August and September*, 1893.
Chicago Record, *November*, 1895.

QUESTIONS ON EUGENE FIELD.

1. Write a biography of Eugene Field.
2. Name five of his poems. Which poem do you like best? Why?
3. Why was Field called "The Child Lover"? What other title has been given him? Ans. "The Poet Laureate of Childhood."
4. Quote three memory gems.
5. Compare Field with Longfellow. With James Whitcomb Riley.
6. Tell something of his methods of writing.

WILL CARLETON.

1845.

WILL CARLETON is best known for his ballads of domestic life, which have attained a wide popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. With few exceptions his poems are portraiture of the humorous side of rural life and frontier scenes; but they are executed with a vividness and truth to nature that insures their preservation as faithful portraits of social conditions, scenes, and provincialisms which the advance of time and education is fast relegating to the past. Mr. Carleton's descriptions are vivid, and as a narrative versifier he has never been excelled in depicting Western farm life. He has also written prose, which has been collected and published in book form, but it is his poetical works which have endeared him to the public, and it is for these that he will be remembered in literature.

Mr. Carleton is a "Wolverine," having been born in Hudson, Michigan, October 21, 1845. His father was a pioneer settler, formerly from New Hampshire. Young Carleton, like many another farm lad, helped on the farm during the summer time and attended the district school during the short winter term. At the age of sixteen he became a teacher in a neighboring country school, and for the next four years divided his time between teaching, attending school, and working as farm hand; during this time also he contributed articles in both prose and verse to local papers. In 1865 he entered Hillsdale College, Michigan, and graduated four years later, having the honor of being class poet. The graduation poem, *Rifts in the Cloud*, was afterwards published in *Farm Legends*. We quote the first and last stanzas:—

Life is a cloud—e'en take it as you may;
Illumine it with Pleasure's transient ray;
Brighten its edges with Virtue; let each fold
E'en by the touch of God be flecked with gold,
While angel-wings may kindly hover near,
And angel-voices murmur words of cheer,
Still, life's a cloud, forever hanging nigh,
Forever o'er our winding pathways spread,
Ready to blacken on some saddened eye,
And hurl its bolts on some defenseless head.

Old class of '69 together, still,
We've journeyed up the rough and toilsome hill;
Seeking the gems to labor ne'er denied,
Plucking the fruits that deck the mountain-side.
Now, in the glory of this summer day,
We part, and each one goes his different way.
Let each, with hope to fire his yearning soul,
Still hurry onward to the shining goal.
The way at times may dark and weary seem,

No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,
The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall,
And gloom and sadness seem to compass all;
But still, with honest purpose, toil we on;
And if our steps be upright, straight, and true,
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

In his poem, *That Day We Graduated*, he tells of the hour which had at last arrived after four years of waiting:—

The hour we wished and dreaded most,
From which we shrunk, for which we waited;
That inward fear and outward boast—
That fine old day we graduated!

A thousand heads and hearts were there,
With more or less discernment gifted;
Our enemies with hopeful stare,
Our friends with look of kindness lifted.

We saw gay chaplets, wondering whom
To crown their brilliant lives were fated;
Bouquets looked puzzled 'mid their bloom,
That fragrant day we graduated!

Other poems which tell of college life and of the progress of the "old class of '69" are *Brothers and Friends*, given at a reunion of his society six years later; and *Our March Through the Past*, read at an alumni reunion in 1885.

Since 1870 Mr. Carleton has been actively engaged in journalistic and literary work and has also lectured frequently in the West. It was doubtless during his early experiences on the farm, and in teaching and "boarding around," that he gathered the incidents which are so

aptly detailed in his poems. Among the many of these that have gained an enduring popularity may be mentioned: *The First Settler's Story*, a splendid picture of pioneer life, portraying the hardships which they endured and the depressing homesick longing for Eastern friends and privileges; *The Christmas Baby*; *A Lightning Rod Dispenser*; *Makin' an Editor Outen Him*; *Betsy and I Are Out*; *How Betsy and I Made Up*, etc.

It was his poem, *Betsy and I Are Out*, that won for Mr. Carleton his first recognition in literary circles. The poem appeared in the *Toledo Blade* in 1872. *Harper's Weekly* immediately copied and illustrated it. In 1873 Harper & Bros. issued a collection of his poems entitled *Farm Ballads*, including the now famous selections, *How Betsy and I Made Up*, *Gone With a Handsomer Man*, *Over the Hills to the Poor House*, etc. Other popular publications are *Farm Legends*, *Farm Festivals*, *City Ballads*, and *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes*.

In the preface to his first volume of poems, Mr. Carleton gives us a little insight into his literary methods. He says: "These poems have been written under various and, in some cases, difficult conditions: in the open air, with team afield; in the student's den, with ghosts of unfinished lessons hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of railroad travel, which trains of thought are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, where the dainty feet of the muses do not often deign to tread."

MEMORY GEMS FROM CARLETON.

"We thank Thee, () Father, for song and for feast,
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased—

For, never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But Thou, in Thy mercy, looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of All, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand."

"And show 'em, that though this life's a start
For the better world, no doubt,
Yet earth an' heaven ain't so far apart
As many good folks make out!"

—*Three Links of a Life.*

"Good folks ever will have their way—
Good folks ever for it msut pay.
But we, who are here and everywhere,
The burden of their faults must bear.

—*The Doctor's Story.*

"Lay thee aside thy grief, darling!—lay thee aside thy
grief!

And Happiness will cheer thee beyond all thy belief!
As oft as winter comes summer, as sure as night comes
day,

And as swift as sorrow cometh, so swift it goeth away!
E'en in your desolation you are not quite unblest:
Not all who choose may count their woes upon a mother's
breast."

—*Three Links of a Life.*

"Would I might utter all my heart can feel!
But there are thoughts weak words will not reveal;
The rarest fruitage is the last to fall;
The strongest language hath no words at all."

—*Brothers and Friends.*

A PARTIAL LIST OF CARLETON'S POEMS FOR REFERENCE.

The Christmas Baby.	Out of the Old House,
Three Links of a Life.	Nancy.
Betsy and I Are Out.	Three Lovers.
How Betsy and I Made Up.	The Doctor's Story.
Makin' an Editor Outen	Brothers and Friends.
Him.	Rob, the Pauper.
A Lightning Rod Dispen-	The School Master's
ser.	Guests.
Gone With a Handsomer	Cover Them Over.
Man.	The Fireman's Story.
The Burning of Chicago.	The Sanctum King.
Over the Hills to the Poor	Gone Before.
House.	The Little Sleeper.
Hear the Drums March By.	'Tis Snowing.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and
stout, 1

For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are
out,—

We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" says you. I swan, it's hard to
tell! 2

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well,
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with
me; 3

And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've caught each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start, ⁴
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed, ⁵
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our
creed;

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing
at tea—

And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we
couldn't agree.

And the next thing that I remember was when we lost a
cow; ⁶

She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was
only, How?

I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;

And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was
mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke; ⁷
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.

And the next was when I fretted because she broke a
bowl;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul;

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same
way; ⁸

Always somethin' to arg'e and something sharp to say,—

And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen
strong,

And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary
week—⁹

When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too
proud to speak ;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the
summer and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't
at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with
me ;¹⁰

And we have agreed together that we can never agree ;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be
mine ;

And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—¹¹

Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half ;

For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,

And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead ; a man can thrive and
roam,¹²

But women are wretched critters unless they have a
home,

And I've always determined, and never failed to say,

That Betsy never should want a home if I was taken
away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin'
tol'able pay, 13

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smilin', sir, at my givin' her so
much; 14

Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and
young,
And Betsy was always good to me exceptin' with her
tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, per-
haps, 15

For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon— 16
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and
night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen
clean, 17

Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other
facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-
night, 18

And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the morning I'll sell to a tradin' man I
know—

And kiss the child that was left us, and out in the world
I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't
occur; 19

That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to
her,

And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by
me; 20

And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quar-
reled here.

I. Amplify the poem.

II. Write "How Betsy and I Made Up." If possible,
do so before reading the poem of this title. Then
compare with Carleton's version.

SUGGESTED POEMS FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The Three Lovers.

A Lightning Rod Dispen-
ser.

Three Links of a Life.

The Christmas Baby.

Over the Hills to the Poor
House.

Gone With a Handsomer
Man.

QUESTIONS ON CARLETON.

1. Write ten sentences descriptive of Carleton's life.
2. Name some poems written in memory of his college life.
3. Give two memory gems.
4. Name five of his poems, not before mentioned.
5. Name some of his published volumes.
6. What qualities make his poems popular?



"Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them."—*Thackeray*.

CHAPTER III.

OUR EARLIEST NOVELISTS.

A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new;
And whenso'er it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools."

—*Stillingfleet*.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
WASHINGTON IRVING.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"Novels support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep."



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

1789-1852.

"The Walter Scott of America."

If you are about to strive for your life, take with you a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.

—*The Pilot.*

COOPER was the first American novelist, and, in some respects, he still remains the greatest. His works have been more widely read, translated into more languages, and published in more literary centers than those of any other writer of his country. He was the pioneer in two of the greatest fields of fiction. In one of these, the romance of the forest and the prairie, he has had no rival. In the other, the romance of the sea, he has had many followers, but few real rivals, and no superior. Mr. Cooper was the author of the first historical novel of America, *The Spy*, which appeared in 1821 and won for him everlasting fame.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1789. His father was of English descent, a man of wealth, standing and culture, who, shortly after the birth of his now famous son, made a home for himself on the shores of Otsego Lake, in New York State, where he had an estate of seventeen thousand acres, and where the village of Cooperstown grew up around his stately

mansion, Otsego Hall. Mrs. Cooper was of Swedish descent, her maiden name being Fenimore.

Young Cooper's early life was spent in the primeval forest. In the contest between advancing civilization and the pursuits of the Indian, the hunter, and the squatter, he acquired that intimate knowledge of forest life which he portrays so truthfully in his *Leather Stocking Tales*. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College, but he did not stay to be graduated there; unfortunately for his scholarship, he got into some frolic and was dismissed in disgrace in his third year. It was then determined that he should enter the navy, and for one year he shipped before the mast as a common sailor. During the next five years he served as a midshipman in the U. S. navy, making himself master of that knowledge and detail of nautical life which he afterwards employed to so much advantage in his sea tales.

Cooper resigned his post as midshipman in 1811, and married Miss Delancey, with whom he lived happily for forty years. The first few years of their married life were spent in Westchester County, a locality afterward made famous in *The Spy*. Then Cooper's father died, and he took possession of the family mansion at Coopers-town, which he had inherited, and prepared to spend the quiet life of a country gentleman. Up to this time, at the age of thirty-one, he seems never to have touched a pen or even thought of one except to write an ordinary letter. He was, however, very fond of reading, and often read aloud to his wife. One day, having finished reading an English novel, he threw it down with impatience, exclaiming: "I could write a better story than that myself!" His wife laughed incredulously, but encour-

aged him to try. He did try, and the result was so successful that in 1820 he anonymously published a book entitled *Precaution*. At that time no one had thought of writing a novel with the scene laid in America, and *Precaution*, with its English setting, was so thoroughly English that no one had a suspicion of its American authorship. The success which it met was not great, but Cooper realized that, as he had not failed with a novel describing British life, of which he knew little, he might succeed with one on American life, of which he was so well informed. He had just finished reading Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and he at once conceived the plan of writing an American historical novel. Accordingly *The Spy* appeared in 1821. It was a tale of the revolution, and Harvey Birch, the spy, is one of the most interesting and effective characters in the realm of romantic literature. The book was an instant success and made its author famous. It ran through edition after edition in this country and was translated into four languages.

The praises which met the author's ears from both sides of the Atlantic induced him to write *The Pioneer*. This was the first attempt to put into fiction the life of the frontier and the character of the backwoodsman. Here Cooper was in his element, on ground familiar to him from his infancy, but the book was a revelation to the outside world. It was in this work that one of the greatest characters in fiction, the old backwoodsman, Natty Bumppo, the famous Leather Stocking, first appeared. He gave his name to a series of tales which occupied the author about twenty years, but, strange to say, they were not written in regular order. To follow the story logically, one should read first *The Deerslayer*,

next *The Last of the Mohicans*, followed by *The Pathfinder*, then *The Pioneer*, and last of all *The Prairie*, in which the death of Leather Stocking occurs.

Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate* appeared in 1821, and Cooper declared that it could not have been written by a man familiar with the sea. To prove this he wrote *The Pilot*, a novel celebrating many of the brilliant exploits of John Paul Jones. It was the first genuine salt-water novel ever written and to this day it is one of the best. Tom Coffin is the only one of Cooper's characters worthy to take its place by the side of Leather Stocking. Cooper produced in all ten sea tales, and together with his land tales demonstrated that he was equally at home amid the bounding billows or the leafy trees of the forest. He was known all over the world as the "American Scott," though he never received the title with much pride. He composed about sixty or seventy distinct works in all. During the first decade of his literary life he published eleven novels, six of them being immortal. He considered *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer* his best works and many of his critics agree with him.

After *The Spy* had made Cooper famous he moved to New York City, where he resided four years. Here his big heartedness and his force of character won for him great popularity in spite of the fact that he was contentious and prone to heated discussions. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, in various parts of which he lived for six years. Before his departure he was tendered a dinner in New York, which was attended by many of the most prominent men of the nation. During his sojourn in Europe he associated with and enjoyed the respect of the greatest literary personages of the old world. "It

would be interesting to tell how Sir Walter Scott sought him out in Paris and renewed the acquaintance again in London; how he lived in friendship and intimacy with General Lafayette at the French capital; to tell of his association with Wordsworth and Rogers in London; his intimate friendship with the great sculptor. Greenough, and his fondness for Italy, which country he preferred to all others outside of America; of the delightful little villa where he lived in Florence, where he said he could look out upon green leaves and write to the music of the birds; to picture him settled for a summer in Naples; living in Tasso's villa at Sorrento, writing his stories in the same house in which the great Italian author had lived, with the same glorious view of the sea and the bay, and the surf dashing almost against its walls. But space forbids that we should indulge in recounting these pleasant reminiscences."

Cooper was much annoyed by the ignorance and prejudice of the English in all that related to his country. It is said that at literary meetings and dinner parties he always carried in his pockets volumes from such poets as Bryant and Halleck, from which he would read quotations to prove his assertions of the merits of American poets and writers. He was extremely patriotic, and any sneer against his country or his countrymen immediately aroused his ire and his sarcastic pen. He wrote much with the kindly intention of bettering matters in general, but his methods were faulty and offensive. He seemed to be happiest when criticising most severely and when hitting the hardest. Such was his patriotism that he could endure nothing even from his own countrymen that was not high-minded, high-principled and refined. They, too,

became the victims of his caustic pen, and, as a consequence, he lost in popularity at home as well as abroad.

He returned to his home at Cooperstown in 1833, where he spent the remaining nineteen years of his life, dying on the fourteenth of September, one day before the sixty-second anniversary of his birth. A few days after his death a meeting of prominent men was held in New York in honor of their distinguished countryman. Washington Irving presided and William Cullen Bryant delivered a fitting tribute to him who had been the first to show how fit for fiction were the scenes, the character, and the history of his native land. Over seventy years have passed since then, but Cooper's men of the sea and his men of the forest and the plain still survive, and remain today the best of their kind.

"James Fenimore Cooper was certainly the most remarkable personage in the whole list of American men of letters," says J. E. Bryant. "His character was noble and grand and his personality, to those who knew him intimately, genial and lovable. But his temper was irritable to a degree almost unparalleled and his judgment as to matters of conduct oftentimes downright absurd. His history (especially the years of his life after his return from Europe when he was involved in a series of lawsuits with the people of Cooperstown over land disputes, and with editors all over the country in libel suits) is a sad one. It shows a magnificent endowment of ability and character largely frittered away in courses of action that a sane man of fewer talents would never have dreamed of. His splendid powers for months and years were devoted to controversies and legal disputes that should never have been thought of, and his work,

of which he accomplished so much, can show the hallmark of his genius in only a few volumes. Although a favorite writer for boys, the boys of his acquaintance almost despised him and never lost an opportunity to worry and annoy him. They even went so far as to stone and rotten egg him on a few occasions."

Cooper's domestic life was exceedingly happy and fortunate. Those who knew him loved him most. His last illness was of only a few days' duration, and almost to the very last he was as vigorous in intellect as ever. His dearly loved wife, who had come to him forty years before as a bride of nineteen, followed only four months later. On his grave at Cooperstown stands a marble statue of Leather Stocking with dog and gun, keeping watch over the resting place of the genius whose magic pen called the gaunt backwoodsman into being.

A PARTIAL LIST OF COOPER'S WRITINGS FOR REFERENCE.

The Leather Stocking Tales.	The Red Rover.
Lionel Lincoln.	Bravo!
Precaution.	The Pilot.
History of the U. S. Navy.	The Headsman.

PLAN FOR STUDY OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS."

(It is advisable to read and study carefully at least one book of Cooper's. *The Last of the Mohicans* has been chosen because it is undoubtedly his most popular book. After reading the book, discuss the following points:—)

- I. Significance of Title.
- II. Time and Place of Action.

- III. Geography and History of the Story.
- IV. Characters and military leaders in the story.
- V. Bits of noteworthy description.
- VI. Important Allusions.
- VII. Manners and customs of the times.
- VIII. Tragic episodes.
- IX. The Author's use of simile.
- X. The Indians of the story.

Answer the following questions as a review test:—

- 1. Write a 500-word summary of the story.
- 2. What part of the story interested you most?
- 3. Write a character sketch of Hawkeye.
- 4. Contrast Alice and Cora. Which is the stronger character? Is the difference consistently carried out in the last chapters?
- 5. Mention two incidents in which Cooper took advantage of the superstitious characteristics of the Indians to advance the plot of the story.

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

From "The Pilot."

"TOM," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed equanimity; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning and don't know which way to head to take himself back to blue water."

"'Tis a fin back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed and exclaimed in joyous tones:

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whaleboat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required.

The tub, containing about half a whale line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled around when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster

of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming his formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After the wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom," cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad enough to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge

animal rushed for half his length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After the evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broad-side of the whale, with its bows pointing toward one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view.

The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness,—

“Starn all!”

“Stern all!” echoed Barnstable; then the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir, replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity which rendered such a manoeuvre rather hazardous.

The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—

"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two feet of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized their whale line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress grew sensibly less rapid as he became weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he

stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom? cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

"No, sir, no; he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater's in his flurry!"

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

Directions:

- I. Tell the story of the selection.
- II. Divide the selection into parts or scenes.

- III. Compare Tom Coffin with Natty Bumppo.
- IV. What book of Sir Walter Scott's suggested *The Pilot* to Cooper?
- V. Where did Cooper obtain the knowledge of sea life which enabled him to make the book such a success?

QUESTIONS ON COOPER.

- 1. Write a short sketch of Cooper's life.
- 2. Tell how he came to enter literature.
- 3. What was his first book called? How was it received by the public?
- 4. In what two fields of literature was Cooper the pioneer?
- 5. What was his first historical novel? Describe the hero of the tale. Tell of the book's success.
- 6. Who was Leather Stocking? In what book did he first appear? Name the books in their order which one should read to follow his life story.
- 7. Which is Cooper's most celebrated Sea Tale? Who is its hero? What induced Cooper to write a salt-water story?
- 8. Name six of Cooper's books. Classify them as to tales of the sea or of the land.
- 9. What do you know of Cooper's public life? What did New York editors call him? Ans.—The Great Prosecutor, because he brought so many libel suits against them.
- 10. Name six characters from Cooper's works, telling in what book each occurs.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1783-1859.

"The Cervantes of the New World."

"The first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to to the Old."

What! Irving? thrice welcome warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,
To a true poet heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The "fine old English Gentlemen," simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain.
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.

—James Russell Lowell.

WASHINGTON IRVING was the first American to openly adopt literature as a calling and to rely upon his pen for support. "Since 1802, when Irving began to write, empires have arisen and passed away; new arts have been invented and adopted and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of

mankind has undergone a revolution; science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; but the words of this charming writer are still as bright and even more read by men and women today than when they came fresh from his pen and their brilliant author was not only the literary lion of America, but was a shining light in the circles of the old World."

Irving was born April 3, 1783 in New York City. History students will remember that at this time the British held this city, and George Washington was exerting all his forces to drive them away. The Irvings were staunch patriots, and so great was their joy and exultation over the evacuation of the British, that Mrs. Irving exclaimed: "George Washington's work is ended and this child shall be named after him." Six years later, after Washington had become president, the child Irving was on the street with a servant girl, who, seeing the President passing near, called out: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington bade her bring the boy to him, and placing his hands on the lad's head, gave him his blessing.

Young Irving was of Scotch descent, and, like Benjamin Franklin, was the youngest of many sons. He received only a common school education, leaving the schoolroom at the age of sixteen. His delicate health prevented him from entering college, but for several years he pursued a systematic course of reading the standard authors, especially Chaucer, Spencer, and Bunyan. Even in boyhood he seemed to have a natural talent for writing essays and stories. He detested mathematics, and his schoolmates often worked out his problems for him, while he, to repay their kindness,

wrote their compositions for them. After leaving school he began the study of law, but he did not like the drudgery and close confinement which it entailed. He would throw aside *Blackstone* and *Greenleaf*, all too frequently for the success of his study, and go for long rambling excursions around Manhattan. Thus he acquired that minute knowledge of various historical locations, curious traditions and legends, so beautifully made use of in his *Sketch Book* and in his *History of New York*.

When Irving was nineteen he contributed a series of essays, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," to a daily paper of which his brother, Doctor Peter Irving, was editor. They were written in a humorous vein and met instant success, being quoted and copied as far and wide as the sayings of "Poor Richard" had been fifty years before. Two years later, Irving's failing health compelled him to give up his studies, he sailed for Europe, and remained abroad nearly two years. On his return, he resumed his legal studies and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced his profession. The next year, in company with his brother and James K. Spaulding, he began the publication of the *Salmagundi*, or *Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq.*, which was issued fortnightly and ran through twenty numbers. The magazine was written in a humorous style, and intended by its authors only to "hit off!" the gossip of that day. It has since become an amusing history of society events a century ago, and is much read.

In 1809, Washington Irving published his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, "The most unique, perfectly rounded, and elaborately sustained burlesque in

our literature." To introduce this book, Mr. Irving conceived a genuine Yankee scheme. Several months in advance of its publication, he advertised in the papers for an old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker who had suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him the MSS. of a book and his board bill unpaid. Later, it was announced that the landlord had decided to publish the book hoping thereby to realize enough profit to satisfy his claims against the author. "It proved to be the most readable book which had yet appeared in America, and was received with enthusiasm by the public," says a writer, in a sketch of the author's life. "Abroad it created almost as great a sensation. Sir Walter Scott read it aloud to his family, and it first revealed to the critics of the Old World that America was to have a literature of its own. This book quickly brought its author both reputation and money, and with bright hopes he entered the business firm of his brother as a silent partner."

Irving now became editorially connected with the *Analectic Magazine* in Philadelphia, for which he wrote a number of articles that afterward appeared in *The Sketch Book*. His policy throughout the War of 1812 was staunchly patriotic, though he deplored the war's existence. During the last year, he served as an aid to Governor Tompkins, and, as soon as peace was proclaimed, made a second voyage across the Atlantic, intending to remain only a short time, but the failure of his brother blasted his business hopes, and removed the necessity for his return. He now devoted himself to literature to earn a living. His *Sketch Book* was published in 1819, and at once established his reputation as

a great author. Irving received about \$2,000 from Murray, the London publisher, for the copyright. It was immediately translated into several different languages. *The Sketch Book* was followed in two years by *Bracebridge Hall*, and it, in turn, by *Tales of the Traveler*. Irving spent some little time in Madrid, having been commissioned to make some translations from the Spanish. To this residence in Spain, we are indebted for some of his most charming works, as *Life of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, *Mahomet and His Successors*, and *Spanish Papers*. During the last two years of Irving's stay abroad, he was Secretary of the United States Legation at London. He returned home in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, and was received with great public honor. While abroad he had lived in the highest literary circles, and counted such men as Moore, Jeffrey, Campbell, Scott, and Thackeray among his friends.

His books now brought him in ample income, and he built for himself a handsome residence at Irvington, New York, in the midst of the beautiful scenes which he had immortalized. His last years were spent at "Sunnyside," with the exception of four years (1842-46), during which time he represented the United States at the Court of Madrid. Mr. Irving's last and most carefully written work was the *Life of Washington*. In it, as in his *Life of Columbus*, he proved by his exhaustive inquiry into details and his treatment of the same that he might have been a master historian. Of Irving's biographies, *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, is said to be the best. He did not impose it upon himself as a task, but wrote it from a native and loving sympathy with his subject,

and it is, therefore, one of the choicest literary memoirs in the language. But it is not on his biographies that Irving's title to enduring fame rests most securely, it is on his descriptive essays, such as we find in his *Sketch Book*, *The Alhambra*, and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

Although Irving was the first to reveal to his countrymen the literary possibilities of their early history, it must be acknowledged that he had little sympathy with American life. He hated politics, and found no inspiration in the restless democratic movement of the times. He was moderate and placid and his fancy took refuge in picturing aspects of the past. Irving's gifts were delicate kindly humor, genial sentiment and a fertile imagination. No one has ever rivaled him in peopling the "Sleepy Hollow," in describing the landscape and character of the rocky crags of the Catskills, in giving to legend the substance of truth, or in presenting fiction so that it passed for a fact, as he did in his *Knickerbocker's History*, which, it is said, a certain German scholar quoted as authentic history.

Washington Irving never married. At the age of twenty-six he was engaged to Miss Matilda Hoffman, a charming and beautiful young lady, to whom he was devotedly attached. His fiancée died suddenly, soon after their engagement, and Mr. Irving remained true to her memory through the long years of his life. He died at "Sunnyside," November 28, 1859, at the ripe age of seventy-six years. A friend, who saw much of him in his latter days, thus describes him: "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose which might be called large, a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth.

I should call him of medium height,—about five feet and nine inches—and inclined to be a trifle stout. His smile was exceedingly genial, lightening up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while if he were about to say anything humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes before his words were spoken."

George William Curtis says of him, "Irving was as quaint a figure as the Diedrich Knickerbocker in the preliminary advertisement of the *History of New York*. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon, tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with low quartered shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak,—a short garment like the cape of a cloak. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance, which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the association of his writing. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

A PARTIAL LIST OF IRVING'S WORKS FOR REFERENCE.

The Sketch Book.	Wolfert's Roost and Other
Life of Columbus.	Papers.
The Alhambra.	Bracebridge Hall.
Tours of the Prairies.	Conquest of Granada.
Adventure of Capt. Bonne-	Tales of the Traveler.
ville.	Astoria.
Mahomet and His Succes-	Life of Oliver Goldsmith.
sors.	Knickerbocker's History.

A DUTCH GOVERNOR.

This narrative, in Washington Irving's best vein of humor, is from his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. Wouter Van Twiller was the second of four governors whom the Dutch West India Company sent out to rule their colony of New Netherlands, and who held this office from 1623 to 1637. In the person of Van Twiller, Irving wittily caricatures the quaint and phlegmatic peculiarities of the Dutch colonists of New Amsterdam (now New York City).

THE RENOWNED Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers.

There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom.

This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then, it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through

the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim: "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it.

Certain it is that, if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had doubts about the matter," which gained him the reputation of a man of slow belief, and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of the mind has been attributed the surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original *dwijfler*, or, in plain English, *doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such

stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between his shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids:

His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty.

Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above or tranquilly settled below the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved around it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have

puzzled his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council Governor Van Twiller presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers.

In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said that, when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of

Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle.

Governor Van Twiller, as I have already said, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth—either a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story—he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun-al-Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word.

At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity counted over the

leaves and weighed the books. It was found that one was just as thick and heavy as the other; therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years.

I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

I. From what book is this selection taken? Tell something of the popularity of the work. How was it first brought to the notice of the people? What famous English writer was much pleased with the work?

II. Where is Rotterdam? What is a burgomaster?

III. Describe the personal appearance of Governor Van Twiller.

IV. Tell the story of Van Twiller's first and only decision.

V. In what droll way does the author convey the fact

that the governor would sometimes snore for two hours at a time? Select other droll passages.

VI. Select some ironical expressions.

VII. Explain: *Dutch commentator, losel scouts, The Hague, as plain as a pike-staff, adherents, renowned.*

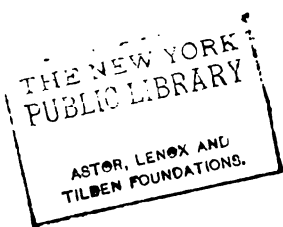
FAMOUS SKETCHES SUGGESTED FOR FURTHER READING.

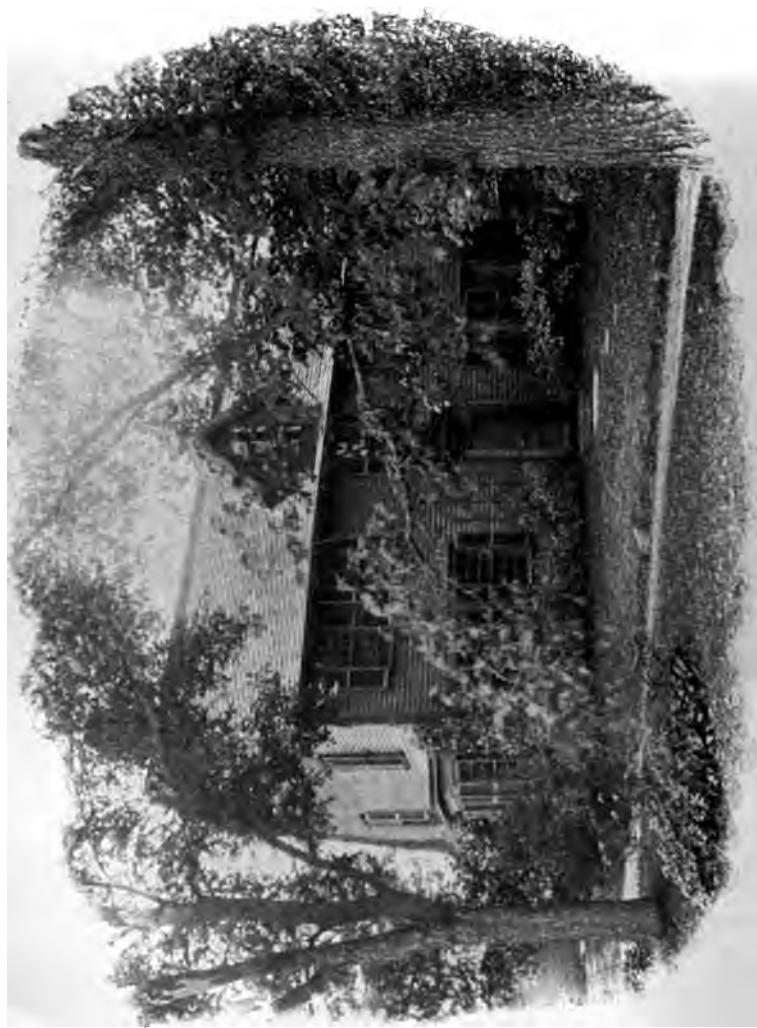
The Legend of Sleepy Hol-	The Voyage.
low.	The Wife.
The Christmas Dinner.	Rural Funerals.
The Art of Book-Making.	The Spectre Bridegroom.
Stratford-on-Avon.	

These sketches are all found in The Sketch Book.

QUESTIONS ON IRVING.

1. Sketch the life of Washington Irving.
2. Name his most important works. Five short sketches.
3. Describe three characters taken from his books, and tell in what work they are found.
4. Tell the story of Rip Van Winkle. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.
5. Name some traditions and stories which Irving made use of in his sketches. Where is the scene of most of his stories?
6. Describe "Sunnyside," and Irving's life there.
7. Describe Irving's personal appearance. His character. From whom, and why did he receive his Christian name?
8. Name three works of biography written by Irving. Which one is considered the best? Why?





HAWTHORNE'S HOME, THE "OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

9. What is there about Irving's style which makes it so pleasing?
10. Upon what works does his fame rest?

REFERENCES.

Life of Washington Irving, *C. D. Warner*.
Studies of Irving, *G. P. Putnam*.
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown, *Longfellow*.
Washington Irving, poem, by *R. H. Thayer*.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1804-1864.

"The Greatest of American Romancers."

There is Hawthorne, with genius, so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet. —Lowell.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has perhaps no equal in romance in the English world of letters. A noted critic says: "His genius was greater than that of Emerson. To the rhetorician his style is a study; to the lay reader, a delight that eludes analysis. He is the most eminent representative of the American spirit in literature." Another writer truthfully says: "No black knight in Sir Walter Scott's novels, nor the red Indians of Cooper, nor his famous pioneer, Leather Stocking of the forest, nor his long Tom of the ocean, ever seemed more truly romantic than do Hawthorne's stern and gloomy Calvinists of *The Scarlet Letter*, and *The House*

of *Seven Gables*, or his Italian hero of *The Marble Faun*. He it was who immortalized the Puritan life of New England in his great masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter*."

Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804, in the old town of Salem, Massachusetts, where his Puritan ancestors had lived for nearly two hundred years. His father was a sea captain, a most melancholy and silent man, who died when Nathaniel was four years old. His mother lived a sad, secluded life entirely withdrawn from the world, and her son early learned to exist in a strange and imaginative world of his own creation. His health was delicate, and, for this reason, a great part of his early youth was spent on his grandfather's farm near Sebago Lake, in Maine, then on the edge of the primitive forest. He entered Bowdoin College at the age of seventeen years, and graduated four years later in the same class with Longfellow. Franklin Pierce, who was Hawthorne's lifelong intimate friend, graduated the year before him.

After leaving college Hawthorne buried himself for years in the seclusion of his mother's home, seeing no other society than that of his mother and sisters for months at a time. He spent the day reading all sorts of books and writing wild tales, most of which he destroyed as soon as he had written them. At twilight he would go for a solitary ramble through the town or along the seaside. "Old Salem had much that was picturesque in its associations," says Beers. "It had been the scene of the witch trials in the seventeenth century, and it abounded in ancient mansions, the homes of retired whalers and India merchants. One of Hawthorne's forefathers, a certain Judge Hawthorne, had, in 1691, sentenced several of the witches to death. The thought of this affected

Hawthorne's imagination with a pleasing horror, and he afterwards utilized it in *The House of the Seven Gables*. Many of the old Salem houses, too, had their family histories, with now and then the hint of some obscure crime or dark misfortune which haunted posterity with its curse till all the stock died out or fell into poverty and evil ways, as in the Pyncheon family of Hawthorne's romance." This sort of life would have had little attraction for most men, but, during these twelve years of solitude, Hawthorne enjoyed himself in his own way, storing his mind, training his imagination, forming his style and preparing for his splendid literary fame of later years.

Hawthorne's first book, *Fanshawe*, a novel, was issued at his own expense three years after his graduation, in 1828, but it had little success, and copies of the first edition are now exceedingly rare. From time to time during his seclusion he contributed a story or a sketch to some periodical such as the *Token*, or the *Knickerbocker Magazine*; but they were anonymous, signed by various *noms de plume*, and, though they attracted some little attention, won no prestige for their author, who was then, in his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." Mr. Goodrich, editor of the *Token*, pleased by the character of the work which Hawthorne sent to him, engaged him as editor of the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*. This position he held for two years, during which he contributed some of his best stories to the *New England Magazine*, *The Knickerbocker* and the *Democratic Review*. In 1837, he collected these magazine stories and in company with others, the fruit of his twelve years' labor, issued them in one volume entitled *Twice Told Tales*. The book was favorably received and

the reading public at once conceded that Hawthorne had a richer style and a firmer grasp of the art of fiction than either Irving or Cooper. Longfellow received the book of his former classmate with hearty commendation, and Edgar Allan Poe predicted that Hawthorne might easily take first rank in the field of romance if he would drop allegory, an advice which Hawthorne never entirely followed. Hawthorne was so encouraged by the favorable criticisms of his effort that he left his seclusion and mixed with his fellow-men once more. His friend, Bancroft, the historian, secured him a position in the U. S. Custom House at Salem, which he held for three years. Later, in the preface to *The Scarlet Letter*, he sketched some of the government officials, with whom this office had brought him into contact, with a fine, quiet humor, like Irving's, only with a more satiric edge to it, in such a way that it gave offense to the friends of the victims and a great deal of amusement to the public. After losing his place through political jobbery, he joined in the Brook Farm settlement, though he was never in sympathy with the transcendental notions of Emerson and his followers. His note books at this time were full of discontent with his life at Brook Farm, and the literary product which was the result of this experience was the *Blythedale Romance*, the only literary memorial of this association. The heroine of this novel, Zenobia, was a counterpart of Margaret Fuller, and the description of the drowning of Zenobia is the most tragic passage in all the writings of the author.

Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody in 1842. They moved to Concord, where they resided in the "Old Manse," a house which had been built for Emerson's

grandfather and in which Emerson himself had lived for ten years. Hawthorne chose for his study the same room in which the philosopher had written his famous book, *Nature*. He often said that the four years he spent at the *Old Manse* were the happiest of his life. During this time he collected another lot of his stories and issued a second volume of *Twice Told Tales*; one year after this he published another collection of tales under the title *Mosses From an Old Manse*. In its introductory chapter this book gives delightful pictures of the home life in the "Old Manse." In 1846, the larger demands of a growing family upon his slender income compelled Hawthorne to seek a business appointment, and a friend helped him to secure that of surveyor of customs at Salem. While engaged in this business he planned and wrote his famous book, *The Scarlet Letter*, which was published in 1850. "Whatever obscurity may have hung over Hawthorne hitherto," says Beers, "was effectually dissolved by this powerful tale, which was as vivid in coloring as the implication of its title." Hawthorne chose for his background the somber life of the early settlers of New England. He had always been drawn toward this part of American history, as *Endicott's Red Cross*, *Legends of the Province House* and other selections from *Twice Told Tales* fully prove. "In tragic power, in its grasp of the elementary passions of human nature, and in its deep and subtle insight into the inmost secrets of the heart," says the critic quoted before, "this is Hawthorne's greatest book." Many critics place *The House of the Seven Gables*, published in 1852, on nearly an equal footing with the *The Scarlet Letter*. This work was followed by Hawthorne's wonderful *Wonder-Book*, a volume of classic

stories for children; *Tanglewood Tales*, a continuation of these classic legends, and *The Life of Franklin Pierce*, which was written to assist his friend, who was running for president of the United States.

In 1853 Pierce was elected president and rewarded his faithful friend by appointing him consul to Liverpool. This position Mr. Hawthorne held for four years, and then spent three years traveling on the continent, gathering material for *The Marble Faun*, which was published in England in 1860. "The theme of this was the development of the soul through the experience of sin. There is a haunting mystery thrown about the story, like a soft veil of mist, veiling the beginning and the end. There is even a delicate teasing suggestion of the preternatural in Donatello, the Faun, a creation as original as Shakespeare's Caliban or Fouque's Undine, and yet quite on this side the border line of the human. . . . This is perhaps Mr. Hawthorne's most allegorical work. Hilda, Kenyon, Miriam, and Donatello have been ingeniously explained as personifications respectively of the conscience, the reason, the imagination and the senses."

Hawthorne returned to America in 1860, and made his home at "The Wayside" in Concord, which he had purchased just before going abroad. He busied himself now in writing a series of articles for the Atlantic Monthly, which were collected and published in 1863 under the title of *Our Old Home*. Other MSS., including *The Dolliver Romance*, *Septimus Felton*, and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, were published after his death. Mrs. Hawthorne also edited and published her husband's *American and English Note-Books* and his *French and Italian Note-Books*.

Hawthorne's health was very delicate during the last few years of his life. He died suddenly at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 18, 1864, while traveling with his friend, ex-President Pierce. He was buried in the Concord cemetery, near where Emerson and Thoreau now rest. Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell attended the funeral. His publisher, Mr. Field, was also present, and wrote: "We carried him through the blossoming orchards of Concord and laid him down in a group of pines on the hillside, the unfinished romance which had cost him such anxiety laid upon his coffin." Longfellow was much touched by the funeral service and the sight of the unfinished MS. upon which his friend had spent so much time. On his return home he wrote an exquisite poem describing the scene and referring in the closing lines to the uncompleted romance:

Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Alladin's tower
Unfinished must remain.

Mrs. Hawthorne, who had been of so much help to her distinguished husband, survived him nearly seven years. She died in London at the age of sixty, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Fourteen years later Julian Hawthorne gave to the world the life story of his talented father and mother in a biographical work entitled *Nathaniel Hawthorne and Wife*.

Blaisdell says: "Hawthorne was a shy and reserved man, but possessed of many kind and lovable traits. His intimate friends cherished him with loving admiration and sincere friendship. He had a strong physical frame and a tall stature. He had broad shoulders, a

deep chest, and a massive head. His gray-blue eyes were large and lustrous. His hair was dark brown, and of remarkable fineness; his skin delicate, giving unusual softness to his complexion. In all business matters he was the soul of honor. His fault was that he attributed to other people a sense of honor equal to his own."

SELECTIONS FROM HAWTHORNE'S WRITINGS.

"We can be but partially acquainted with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events—if such they may be called—which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity."—*From David Swan.*

"Methinks my little wife is twin sister to the Spring; so they should greet one another tenderly—for they are both fresh and dewy, both full of hope and cheerfulness; both have bird voices, always singing out of their hearts; both are sometimes overcast with flitting mists, which only make the flowers bloom brighter, and both have power to renew and re-create the weary spirit. I have married the Spring! I am husband to the month of May!"—*Hawthorne's Journal.*

"On the soil of thought and in the garden of the heart, as well as in the sensual world, lie withered leaves—the ideas and feelings that we have done with."

"I am glad to think that God sees through my heart;

and if any angel has power to penetrate it, he is welcome to everything that is there."

"It is impossible not to be fond of our mother (Nature) now, for she is so fond of us! At other periods she does not make this impression on me, or only at rare intervals; but in those genial days of autumn, when she has perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do, then she overflows with a blessed superfluity of love. She has leisure to caress her children now. It is good to be alive at such times. Thank Heaven for breath—yes, for mere breath—when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this! It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks; it would linger fondly around us if it might; but, since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing it meets. A blessing is flung abroad and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself: 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O beneficent God!' And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of paradise and shows us glimpses far inward."

A PARTIAL LIST OF HAWTHORNE'S WORKS FOR REFERENCE.

Fanshawe.	The House of Seven Gables.
Mosses From an Old Manse.	The Blythedale Romance.

The Wonder Book.	The Wonder Book.
The Marble Faun.	Life of Franklin Pierce.
The Dolliver Romance.	Tanglewood Tales.
Dr. Grimshawe's Secret.	Our Old Home.
Twice Told Tales.	Septimius Felton.
The Scarlet Letter.	

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

(Scene, the corner of Essex and Washington streets, Salem, the TOWN PUMP talking through its nose.)

NOON BY the north clock! Noon by the east; High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers chosen at a March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the town-pump? The title of "town-treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright and impartial discharge of my business and

the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or 'winter nobody seeks me in vain, for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike, and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters. At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents and at the very tip top of my voice.

Here it is gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer or wine of any price; here it is by the hogs-head or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come.—A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat.—You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles today, and like a wise man have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.—Wel-

come, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet and is converted quite to steam in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for anything half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.—Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school and come here to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the town-pump? Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.—Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope? Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the town-pump. This thirsty dog with his red tongue lolling out does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and

laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again!—Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and while my spout has a moment's leisure I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it from time immemorial till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages and gaze at them afterward—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if

mortal life were but a living image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a town-pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed. The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones; where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water—too little valued since your father's days—be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are im-

patient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women you will find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all important aid on washing-days, though on that account alone I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the town-pump and found me always at my post firm amid the confusion and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

'No; these are trifles, compared to the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my confederate. Milk and water—the TOWN-PUMP and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter

the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter herself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son and re-kindled in every generation by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life and lie down not reluctantly at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of bad dream, nor the eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were and are to be by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying, especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake; hereafter they shall have the business to themselves.—Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle.—Thank you, sir!—My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks into one great pile and make a bonfire in honor of the town-pump. And when I shall have decayed like my predeces-

sors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain richly sculptured take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now, listen, for something very important to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who nevertheless by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement and the loss of the treasure which I guard.—I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance and take up the honorable cause of the town-pump in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging slapdash into hot water and woefully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes, of the world around me to reach that deep, calm well of purity which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old!—Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so

now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go, and forget not in a glass of my own liquor to drink "SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP."

SUGGESTED TALES FOR FURTHER STUDY.

The Snow Image.	The Great Stone Face.
The Golden Fleece.	The Sunken Treasure.
The Great Bunkle.	Little Daffydowndilly.

CRITICISMS.

1. "He is so simple, so transparent, so just, so tender, so magnanimous, that my highest instinct could only correspond with his will. I never knew such delicacy of nature. He has perfect dominion over himself in every respect, so that to do the highest, wisest, loveliest thing is not the least effort to him, any more than it is to a baby to be innocent. I never knew such loftiness, so simply borne. I have never known him to stoop from it in the most trivial household matter, any more than in a larger and more public one."—*Mrs. Hawthorne*.

2. "In all the higher literary qualities, in all that constitutes creative genius, he is indisputably the first. He found his own field of labor, like Cooper, but is entitled to higher honors as a discoverer, inasmuch as that field was loftier and more remote. His style is no less limpid than that of Irving, and is the more attractive, in so far as it betrays the portions of no model and the manner of no former period. He is at once the rarest and purest growth of the intellectual and social soil from which he sprang. He is not only American, but no other race or time could possibly have produced him."—*Bayard Taylor*.

3. "His characters are real and definitely outlined, but they are all seen in a single light—the contemplative light of the particular idea which has floated before him in each of his stories—and they are seen, not fully and in their integrity, as things are seen by daylight, but like things touched by moonlight—only so far as they are lighted up by the idea of the story. The thread of unity which connects his tales is always some pervading thought of his own; they are not written mainly to display character, still less for the mere narrative interest, but for the illustration they cast on some idea or conviction of their author's. His novels are not novels in the ordinary sense; they are ideal situations expanded by minute study and trains of clear, pale thought into the dimensions of novels."—*Hutton*.

REFERENCES.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife, *Julian Hawthorne*.

Memories of Hawthorne, *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop*.

Hawthorne poem, *Longfellow*.

Hawthorne poem, *Stedman*.

Hawthorne in Berkshire, poem, *Gilder*,

Yesterdays With Authors, *Fields*.

QUESTIONS ON HAWTHORNE.

1. Tell the story of Hawthorne's life.
2. Name four of his best known works.
3. Name his masterpiece. Where is the scene laid? Why is it a great work?
4. What is an allegory? Which one of Hawthorne's books is the most allegorical? What have the characters

been explained as personifications of? What is the theme of the book?

5. Name two of Hawthorne's best known books for children.

6. Name three characters from his books and tell where they occur.

7. What books are composed of collections of magazine stories?

8. Tell of Hawthorne's life at Brook Farm. What romance was the result of this experience? What member of the Brook Farm Association was its heroine? What do you know of her as an author?

9. Name some of Hawthorne's most distinguished friends.

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Lady Montagu*.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME EARLY WOMEN NOVELISTS AND POETS.

"Thou who by some celestial clue couldst find
The way to all the hearts of all mankind,
On thee, already canonized, enshrined,
What more can Heaven bestow!"

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE CAREY SISTERS.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond a life."—*Milton*.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1812-1896.

THE NAME of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the illustrious patriotic author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is known in nearly every home in America and in many on the Continent. Few names are more closely intertwined with our country's history. "It was the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe," says George William Curtis, "not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will always be famous not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it.... If all whom she has charmed and quickened should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone."

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born nearly a century ago in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812. She was the sixth child of Reverend Lyman Beecher, the great head of that great family which has left so deep an impress upon the heart and mind of the American people, who at the time of her birth was a poor, struggling Congregational preacher. The mother died when Harriet was but a small child, but she ever retained a loving memory of her. Mrs. Beecher was very fond of flowers, and a friend once sent her from New York some fine tulip bulbs, which were then very rare. The mother carefully wrapped them up and put them away until time for planting. Some time after, little Harriet came across

them, and, mistaking them for onions, carried them to her little brothers and sisters, who helped to eat them all up.

At the age of five years Harriet entered the Litchfield village school. She was very fond of books and early showed signs of unusual mental ability. When she was eleven years old she entered the seminary at Hartford, Connecticut, kept by her elder sister, Catherine, and four years later was employed as assistant teacher. About this time her father married again, and brought home a young wife to care for his motherless little ones. Soon after this he accepted a call to the presidency of the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati and moved his family to that place. His daughters, Catherine and Harriet, accompanied them and founded a new seminary, the Western Female Institute. In 1833 Miss Harriet and one of the associate teachers from the seminary, Miss Dutton, crossed the river and visited in Kentucky. For the first time Miss Beecher was brought into contact with slavery, and the estate where they visited afterwards figured as Mr. Shelby's in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Miss Beecher began her literary career in 1834 when her first offering, *A New England Story*, won fifty dollars in a prize competition. Two years later, in her twenty-fourth year, she became the second wife of Calvin E. Stowe, one of the professors in the Lane Seminary, whose first wife had been her intimate friend. They were well suited to each other. "Professor Stowe was a typical man of letters,—a learned, amiable, unpractical philosopher, whose philosophy was like that described by Shakspere as 'an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.' Her practical ability and

cheerful, inspiring courage were the unfailing support of her husband." For a long time after her marriage, money was a very scarce thing in the Stowe home, and Mrs. Stowe wrote stories for the magazines to obtain money for household expenses. In 1850, Professor Stowe accepted a seat in Bowdoin College and moved his family to Brunswick, Maine.

In 1851, Mrs. Stowe began the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as a serial in the *Washington National Era*. She had contemplated a tale of about a dozen chapters, but once begun the story could no more be controlled than a rudderless ship before the wind, and the serial ran for nearly a year. The story excited intense interest; from all sides came words of praise and encouragement, and eager requests that she keep on with the tale. (It had been announced at first to run only about three months.) This and the growing conviction that she was only the instrument of a Higher Power impelled Mrs. Stowe to finish the work. She repeatedly said: "I could not control the story, the Lord himself wrote it. I was but an instrument in his hands and to Him should be given all the praise." While engaged with the story, she indeed wrote as one inspired and could scarcely be induced to leave her work, often rising from her bed at night to pen the words which thronged her brain, dispelling all thought of sleep. She received \$300 for the serial right of the story. In the meantime, it had, however, attracted the attention of Mr. John Jewett, a Boston publisher, who wished to purchase it for publication in book form. He offered Mrs. Stowe a half share in the profits if she would share with him the expense of publication, but the Professor objected, saying that they

were altogether too poor to undertake such a risk, and it was finally settled that Mr. Jewett should issue the book, paying Mrs. Stowe a ten per cent royalty on all sales. The author waited in trepidation; but her fears lest her book should not be a success were soon dispelled. Three thousand copies sold the first day; the publisher issued the second edition the next week, and a third edition a few days later; in one year over three hundred thousand copies had been issued and sold in this country. Almost in a day the poor professor's wife became the most talked of woman in the world, her influence for good spread to the remotest corners; her long struggle with poverty was over, in seeking to aid the oppressed she had aided herself also, and in four months was in receipt of over \$10,000 in royalties. Thousands of copies sold in England, and it was translated into forty foreign tongues, including Arabic and Armenian. It was dramatized and acted in all the leading theaters.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is the most popular novel ever written in America. In its dramatized form it still keeps the stage, and statistics from circulating libraries show that even yet it is more in demand than any other book. "It did more than any other literary agency," says Beers, "to rouse the public conscience to a sense of the shame and horror of slavery; more even than Garrison's *Liberator*; more than the indignant poems of Whittier and Lowell or the orations of Sumner and Phillips. It presented the thing concretely and dramatically, and in particular it made the odious Fugitive Slave Law forever impossible to enforce. It was useless for the defenders of slavery to protest that the picture was exaggerated, and that planters like Legree were the exception. The sys-

tem under which such brutalities could happen, and did sometimes happen, was doomed."

In 1852, Professor Stowe was appointed professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary, and the family moved to Massachusetts. Mrs. Stowe's health was delicate, and in 1853 in company with her husband and brother, Henry Ward Beecher, she visited England and the continent, where she was everywhere received with universal welcome and made many friends among distinguished people. On returning home, she again took up her pen and for thirty years it was seldom idle. In quick succession came *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*; *Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp*; *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*; *The Minister's Wooing*; *The Pearl of Orr's Island*; *Agnes of Sorrento*; *House and Home Papers*; *Little Foxes*, *Old Town Folks*, and magazine stories, articles, and sketches almost without number. An accomplished critic says: "She has entertained and inspired a generation born long after the last slave was made free, and to whom the great question which once convulsed our country is only a name. But her first great work has never been surpassed, and it will never be forgotten."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was a true home woman, most hospitable and delightfully entertaining. She used to say, "Let me once get my feet on the fender and I can talk until all the air around me is blue." She was quite absent minded in her later years. The story is told that she was once invited to visit the daughters of an old friend, and, having been delayed, arrived only a few minutes before dinner was to be served. She was shown at once to her room; the dinner gong sounded, and the

family assembled in the dining-room and awaited their guest. Ten, twenty minutes, half an hour elapsed; the bell again sounded but the distinguished guest did not answer the summons and the now thoroughly alarmed hostesses hurried to her room. There was no answer to their gentle knocking, and they hastily entered. There stood Mrs. Stowe in the center of the room, without even her bonnet strings untied, deeply absorbed in a book. "O, do forgive me, my dears!" she cried contritely, glancing at each alarmed face. "I hope I have not kept you waiting! I found this dear little book here; I have not seen a copy for years, and I couldn't resist looking into it for a moment!"

Mrs. Stowe was a devoted mother. She once wrote to a friend: "Indeed, my dear, I am but a mere drudge, with few ideas beyond babies and housekeeping. As for thoughts, reflections and sentiments, good lack! good lack! yet for all this, my children I would not change for all the ease, leisure and pleasure that I could have without them!" Mrs. Stowe would hardly have been able to accomplish what she did in the way of literary work, during her children's early years, if she had not had a devoted helper to share her cares and responsibilities. This helper was Anna Smith, who was a member of the family for many years, taking the position of governess and almost of second mother to the children, and of whom Mrs. Stowe wrote: "Had it not been for my inseparable friend, Anna, a noble-hearted English girl, who landed on our shores in destitution and sorrow, and claved to me as Ruth to Naomi, I had never lived through all the trials which the uncertainty and want of domestic service imposed upon both." Though the children

learned to go to Miss Anna with their little wants and cares, they ever found a delightful companion in their mother, who frequently laid aside her work to go for a romp with them, to make some warm garment for one of the little people, or to help in replenishing the dolls' wardrobe. Her daughters carefully preserved a little straw bonnet which the busy mother had found time to plait, and a gay little scarf which she had crocheted for their respective dollies. Mrs. Stowe was a great favorite with the young people, and counted her girl friends by the score.

After the war, the Stowes lived in Hartford in summer, and spent their winters in Florida, where Mrs. Stowe purchased a luxurious home. Mrs. Stowe's mental and physical faculties failed in 1888, and she continued in very poor health until her death occurred at her home in Hartford, July 1, 1896. By her bedside at the time were her son, Rev. Chas. E. Stowe, her two daughters, Eliza and Harriet; her sister, Isabella Beecher Hooker; John Hooker; Doctor Edward B. Hooker, her nephew and medical attendant, and other relatives. "The whole reading world was moved at the news of her death, and many a chord vibrated at the remembrance of her powerful advocacy of the cause of the slave. The good which she achieved by *Uncle Tom's Cabin* can never be estimated, and her noble efforts have been interwoven into the work of the world."

A PARTIAL LIST OF H. B. STOWE'S WRITINGS.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.	Little Foxes.
Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.	Agnes of Sorrento.
	Old Town Folks.

My Wife and I.	Dred, a Tale of the Dismal
Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.	Swamp.
The Minister's Wooing.	The Pearl of Orr's Island.
House and Home Papers.	Pink and White Tyranny.

REFERENCES.

Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Mrs. Fields.*

Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Charles E. Stowe.*

At the Summit, and The World's Homage, *O. W. Holmes.*

Authors and Friends, *Mrs. Fields.*

QUESTIONS ON HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1. Write a biography of Mrs. Stowe.
2. Describe her home life.
3. Which is her best known work? What is the theme? Tell of its immense popularity.
4. Name five of Mrs. Stowe's Books.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

IT WAS Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the veranda, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclined on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the veranda, closely secluded under an awning of transparent gauze from the outrages of the mosquitoes, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly-bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she imagined she had been reading

it—though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rummaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it, and Eva accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie, after dozing awhile, "I must send to the city after my old doctor, Posey; I'm sure I've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well, why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie, "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I've been thinking of it these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains and such strange feelings."

"Oh, Marie, you are blue! I don't believe it's heart complaint."

"I daresay *you* don't," said Marie; I was prepared to expect *that*. You can be alarmed enough if Eva coughs, or has the least thing the matter with her, but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I didn't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this when it's too late!" said Marie. "But, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went on smoking, like a

hard-hearted wretch of a man as he was, till a carriage drove up before the veranda and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room (which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened to the veranda), and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!"

And in a moment after Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now!" she said. "I *will* tell your master."

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study and what does she do but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau and got a bonnet-trimming and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out and

have her thoroughly whipped ; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand !"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman ! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant either, if they had their own way with them—let alone a man."

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare !" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indignation that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child ; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they would have felt just so in her circumstances, but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so for the world," she said ; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught ; I've talked till I'm tired ; I've whipped her ; I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she's just what she was at first."

"Come here, Tops, you monkey !" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up, her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"'Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely ; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you ? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor', yes, mas'r! Old missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my ha'r and knock my head ag'in the door; but it didn't do me no good! I 'spects if they's to pull every spear o' ha'r out o' my head it wouldn't do no good, neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathens are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer, and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the veranda, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room, and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass door and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why don't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dun no nothin' 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or——"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good you might——"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned and come white I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger! she'd 's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and, laying her little, thin white hand on Topsy's shoulder. "I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you have been a poor, abused child! I love you and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while, and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish

you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She held her head down between her knees and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva; "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy, *you* can be one of those 'spirits bright' Uncle Tom sings about.

"Oh, dear Miss Eva! dear Miss Eva!" said the child; "I will try! I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare at this moment dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me: if we want to give sight to the blind we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us and *put our hands on them*."

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me, but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the sub-

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

stantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer kind of fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular. How can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia; "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

1. Tell the story of the selection.
2. Describe the characters.
3. Contrast Marie and Miss Ophelia.
4. Read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at your leisure. Write a review of the book.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1819.

THIS last survivor, with Edward Everett Hale, of that group of noble men and women who distinguished the middle nineteenth century, and who labored with voice and pen for the emancipation of the slave and the preservation of the Union during the Civil War, has given one undying poem to the literature of our language, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, her friend of many years, says of

this poem: "Mrs. Howe, like her friend, Dr. Holmes, has perhaps had the disappointing experience of concentrating her sure prospects of fame on a single poem. What the *Chambered Nautilus* represents in his published volumes *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* represents for her . . . for the rest of her poems, they are rarely quite enough concentrated. They reach our ears attractively, but not with positive mastery."

Julia Ward Howe was born in New York City March 27, 1819, three days after Queen Victoria. Her parents were Samuel and Julia Rush (Cutler) Ward. At the age of twenty-four she married Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and together they soon visited Europe, where the oldest of their five children was born. She has frequently returned to Europe, and is an accomplished linguist. The near friends of Mrs. Howe were those whose names are forever connected with the highest thought and inspiration of our country during one of its most vital epochs. They were Garrison, Phillips, James Freeman Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, besides many others distinguished at home and abroad.

For many years the home was in Newport, then, as now, the fashionable center. Later the Howes moved to Boston. At her home in both cities used to meet not only the rich and fashionable; but the intellectual, philanthropic or the unfortunate who had claims on her ever-ready sympathy. She wrote much—poetry, essays, travel memories—and with all this brilliant life she remained an admirable and careful mother, the companion, confidant and friend, as well as the guide, to her children. In them she has been more than ordinarily blest—all are distinguished; her daughters are authors of merit and

charm, her only son is a mining engineer, with high reputation in his profession.

Mrs. Howe tells in her most interesting *Reminiscences* the circumstances under which *The Battle Hymn* was written during the war; some friends had urged her to write some words for the stirring tune of "John Brown's Body" which should be more worthy of it, and she tells us:

I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight and as I lay waiting for dawn the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas I said to myself: "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So with a sudden effort I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when on previous occasions attacks of versification had visited me in the night and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby who slept near me. I was obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night intervened, as it was legible only while the matter was fresh in my mind.

The song was sung by soldiers on the march and in camp, by captives in the Libby prison, when they gleaned news of Union victories; in short, became one of the leading war lyrics. One of her friends said: "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best she will ever do." While the last dictum may be admitted as true, Mrs. Howe has since that inspired moment written and done much for the good and delight of humanity, and today is loved and venerated by three generations. On her eighty-sixth birthday in May 1905, there was a meeting of the members of the Boston Authors' Club, where she received verse tribute from over sixty authors.

These were limited to four lines, and many were beautiful as well as loving tokens. One of the most beautiful, that by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, reads:

Lady who lovest and who livest Peace,
And yet didst write earth's noblest battle song
At Freedom's bidding—may thy fame increase
Till dawn the warless age for which we long.

Mrs. Howe replied with some cheery verses, of which these are the two last:

Yes, I've had a lot of birthdays and I'm growing very old;
That's why they make so much of me, if once the truth were told;
And I love the shade in summer, and in winter love the sun
And I'm just learning how to live, my wisdom's just begun.

Don't trouble more to celebrate this natal day of mine,
But keep the grasp of fellowship which warms us more than wine.
Let us thank the lavish hand that gives world beauty to our eyes,
And bless the days that saw us young, and years that make us
wise.

A PARTIAL LIST OF MRS. HOWE'S WORKS.

Later Lyrics.	Modern Society.
From Sunset Ridge.	Reminiscences. — <i>Atlantic</i>
Miscellaneous Essays and	<i>Monthly</i> .
Lectures.	

QUESTIONS ON MRS. HOWE.

1. Write a biography of Mrs. Howe.
2. Describe her life.
3. Who were her friends?
4. What is her best known poem?
5. Under what circumstances was it written?

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evenings dews
and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps :
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
seat :
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my
feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

LUCY LARCOM.

1826-1893.

"The Working Girl's Friend."

LUCY LARCOM has lovingly been called the friend of working women. "She came from among them, had shared their toils, and the burning and consuming impulse of her life was to better their condition. In this, she imitated the spirit of Him, who, being lifted up, would draw all men after Him." She delighted and encouraged her readers with both prose and poetry, and her charming simplicity and faithful portraitures won for her an honored place among the women writers of America. Many a poor mill girl owed her desire for better things and her subsequent advancement in life to the inspirational writings and noble example of Miss Larcom, who, having been a mill girl herself for so many years, well knew how best to teach and lead them.

Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. Her father, a ship captain, died when she was a child, and her mother moved her family of children to Lowell, Massachusetts. Lucy entered the public schools, and showed a remarkable ability for writing verses at the early age of ten years. While yet in her teens she left school and entered the cotton mills in order to help her struggling mother to support the family. "My first work," says she, "was doffing and replacing the bobbins in the machine. Next, I entered the spinning-room, then

the dressing-room, where I had a place beside pleasant windows looking toward the river. Later I was promoted to the cloth-room, where I had fewer hours of confinement, without the noisy machinery, and it was altogether neater.' Miss Larcom worked for eight years in the cotton mills, but she had so used her spare moments that during the last two years she was able to hold the position of bookkeeper. This, of course, gave her a better salary and more leisure time, which she wisely devoted to studies in mathematics, grammar, and English and German literature. After leaving the mills Miss Larcom attended a seminary at Monticello, Illinois, and later taught in some of the leading female schools of her native state.

Lucy Larcom's first published contribution was a little poem entitled *The River*, which appeared in *Offering*, a magazine published by the female operatives of the Lowell mills. This paper afterwards published many of her poems and essays, and her first volume, *Similitudes*, was compiled from essays which had originally appeared in *Offering*. Of her early poems *Hannah Binding Shoes* is probably the best known. It first appeared anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* when James Russell Lowell was editor, and excited considerable comment. There was so much merit in the lines that several attributed them to Emerson. Lowell and Whittier, to whose paper she was also a contributor, praised her poetic abilities very highly.

Her second book, *Ships in the Mist and Other Stories*, appeared in 1859. It was followed seven years later by *Breathings of a Better Life*. In 1866 Miss Larcom was engaged as editor of *Our Young Folks*, a position which

she filled for eight years. In 1875 she issued *An Idyl of Work, a Story in Verse*. Five years later *Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems* was published, and in 1881 *Among Lowell Mill Girls* appeared. Lucy Larcom's later works assumed a deeply religious character in which the faith of her whole life finds expression. Among the books which show her maturest thought on matters concerning the spiritual life may be mentioned *Beckonings, As It Is in Heaven*, and *The Unseen Friend*.

Lucy Larcom was an excellent talker, and when enthusiastically engaged in discourse was apt to forget everything else. She and John Greenleaf Whittier were warm friends. One day while out walking they drew near a bench where two ladies were seated staring quizzically at them. Miss Larcom, deep in her subject, did not notice them, but Whittier, always shy and reserved, objected to such close scrutiny. "Would thee mind, friend Lucy," he exclaimed, hastily interrupting his companion's logical flow of words. "Would thee kindly turn thy umbrella a trifle more this way? That is better, I thank thee," as Miss Larcom mechanically obeyed his suggestion without pausing in her discourse. After a time Miss Larcom, perceiving that her friend was tardy in his replies, turned to find him much amused, and then noticed that she was carrying her umbrella directly opposite the sun which was taking the opportunity to beat his fiery rays upon her. "Whatever made you tell me to turn my umbrella that way?" she demanded in surprise. "Did thee not notice, friend Lucy," replied the distinguished poet, "that we just passed two very inquisitive women. By their curious, searching glances methinks they must have heard of thy poems, Lucy." "My poems!" cried Miss Lucy,

gazing at him in surprise, a smile rippling over her speaking face. "*My poems!*" Yes, *my* poems, indeed!" breaking into a hearty laugh.

At another time Miss Larcom and a friend were calling upon Whittier at his home. Referring to a subject they had just been discussing, Mr. Whittier turned to the poetess, "That is a good scene for a poem. Dost thee know it, friend Lucy? I've half a mind to write one."

Yes," returned Miss Larcom quietly, 'I do, and I have already written the poem."

"Thee has!" cried Mr. Whittier in astonishment, playfully shaking his forefinger at her. "Thee has! Ah, thou art always getting ahead of me, friend Lucy!"

MEMORY GEMS FROM LUCY LARCOM.

Life it means, this impulse high
Which through every leaflet stirs.
Lo! the sunshine and the sky
She was made for now are hers!

Soul, thou too art set in earth,
Heavenward through the dark to grow;
Dreamest thou of thy royal birth?
Climb! and thou shalt surely know.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and crimson all dropped down
And crumbled to dust? Oh, then, as we lay
Our ear to earth's lips we shall hear her say,
In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown;
We will dream of green leaves when the woods turn
brown.

For the earth, and all its beauty;
The sky, and all its light!
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree
And his work its own reward shall be.

SUGGESTED LIST OF MISS LARCOM'S POEMS FOR READING.

The Rose Enthroned.	The Lily of the Resurrec-
A Thanksgiving Hymn.	tion.
The River.	The Little Brown Thrush.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For the wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,

Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons;—
Never has one brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithless,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Tell the story in your own words.
- II. Describe Hannah. Picture Ben.
- III. Amplify the poem, making a complete story. Select a title for your composition.
- IV. Imagine that Ben at last returned. Describe the scene. If possible, do this in poetry. More verses may be added or an entirely new poem may be written.

QUESTIONS ON MISS LARCOM.

1. Sketch Miss Larcom's life.
2. Name three of her books. Four popular poems.
3. Give two quotations.
4. Which one of her poems do you like best? Why?
5. What is the theme of most of Miss Larcom's poems.
6. What class of people did she strive to help?
7. By what sobriquet is Miss Larcom known?

THE CARY SISTERS.

1820.

1824-1871.

Alice Cary, "The Sweet Singer," and her sister Phoebe were so united in life that it is difficult to treat of them separately. Their work began about the same time and practically ended at the same time. Probably few authors have begun literary labors in an atmosphere or in circumstances more disadvantageous. Their father was a pioneer among the wild hills eight miles north of Cincinnati, and the sisters early learned to share in the farm labors. Notwithstanding all this, Clovernook farm was a very happy place, ever the dearest spot on earth to the sisters. In her poem, *The Old Homestead*, Alice Cary says:

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And fill with light the hours,
And in her pale, faint robes the Spring
Is calling up the flowers,—
When children with unslipped feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee,
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be,—
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good, old-fashioned homestead,
With the doors still open wide.

Alice Cary was born at the Clovernook farm, near Mt. Healthy, Ohio, April 26, 1820. She was the eldest of seven children. Her sister Phoebe was four years the younger. A brother, Warren, was the only one of the

large family of children, besides the sisters, who lived to reach maturity. In her touchingly beautiful poem, *Pictures of Memory*, Alice Cary tells of the death of one of her young brothers:

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep.

* * * *

Sweetly his pale arm folded
My neck in meek embrace
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

We read of the gentle, loving mother who made the light of the Cary home in *An Order for a Picture*. And again, in *The Dying Mother*, we are told how she preceded her dear ones to the golden shore:

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms
It was night within the sky.
There were seven of us children,
I the eldest one of all,
And I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

* * * *

Then the glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

In speaking of the broken household, Alice Cary says :

Vainly, vainly memory seeks,
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,
Where they used to be;
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, four have died.

Alice and Phoebe pursued their studies at home together ; when eighteen years of age, Alice began to write poems and sketches of rural life under the *nom de plume* of "Patty Lee." These poems attracted considerable attention and displayed an ability which elicited encouragement from the editors of the periodicals to which she contributed. For ten years she contributed both prose and verse to the press. In the meantime, her sister Phoebe, following in her lead, had begun to write, with encouraging success. In 1850, the sisters together issued their first volume of poems, entitled *Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary*. This was followed the next year by a volume of prose sketches under the title *Clovernook*, in which Alice skillfully narrated recollections of their frontier life and "western" neighbors. In 1852, the sisters removed to New York, where they might devote themselves entirely to literary work. They made this city their home for the remainder of their lives, returning occasionally to the old homestead at Clovernook to visit their brother Warren, and recuperate their strength among the old familiar scenes. They earned by their sweet, womanly pens sufficient for all their needs ; they gave freely to charity, and gathered a fine library of standard works. For a number of years they held weekly

receptions which were attended by all the leading literary and artistic people of New York City.

In 1853, Alice Cary issued a second edition of her *Clovernook Papers*, and two years later gleaned the same field for the benefit of her youthful readers in a volume entitled *Clovernook Children*. From 1852 to 1855, she also published *Lyre and Other Poems*, *Hagar*, *Married Not Mated*, and *Hollywood*, a collection of poems. In 1866, she issued her *Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns*, a standard selection of her poetry which contains some of the sweetest minor poems in the language. The last of the works published during her lifetime, *The Lover's Diary*, appeared in 1868. After her death two volumes of uncollected poems were published. She also left the MS. of a completed novel. Of Alice Cary's shorter poems, the universal favorites are *An Order for a Picture*, *Life's Angels*, *Nobility*, and *Pictures of Memory*.

In 1854, Phoebe Cary published *Poems and Parodies*. This was followed in 1859 by *Pictures of Country Life*, a series of tales, and *The Bishop's Son*, a novel. *Snow-berries*, a book for young people, appeared in 1867, and the following year *Poems of Faith, Hope and Love* were collected and issued. The next year she aided her pastor, Rev. C. F. Deems, in editing *Hymns for All Christians*. Like her sister, she, too, left enough uncollected poems to add two volumes to her works after her death.

A certain critic, whose name we wish we knew in order to give him credit, says: "In comparing the two sisters, it is noticeable that the poems of Alice are more thoughtful and more melodiously expressed. They are also marked with a stronger originality and a more vivid imagination. In disposition, Alice was pensive and ten-

der, while Phoebe was witty and gay. Alice was stronger in energy and patience and bore the chief responsibility of their household, allowing her sister, who was less passive and feminine in temperament, to consult her moods in writing. The disparity in the actual intellectual productions of the two sisters in the same number of years is the result not so much of the mental inequality as of the superior energy, industry, and patience of the elder."

The two sisters ever treated each other with considerate love and delicacy. They were one in spirit through life, and in death were not long separated. Alice died at her New York home February 12, 1871, in her fifty-first year. "Her funeral was held in the Church of the Stranger, the service being conducted by her old friend, Dr. Charles F. Deems. The little church was filled with literary friends who had grown warmly attached to the sisters during their twenty years' residence in New York. The body was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, the snow falling heavily and covering all things with a pure white shroud."

Phoebe never ceased to sorrow for her beloved sister. The touchingly beautiful verses, *Light*, are addressed to her. She said one day to a friend, "When Alice was here she always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still. I feel her constantly drawing me." And so it seemed in reality, for six months after Alice had passed away, Phoebe died at Newport, Rhode Island. She was laid to rest beside her sister. She will ever be remembered by her immortal hymn, *Nearer Home*, beginning: "One sweetly solemn thought."

Alice Cary has frequently been called "the Jean Inge-

low of America." "The influence which Alice and Phoebe Cary left behind them, embalmed in their hymns of praiseful worship, their songs of love and of noblest sentiment, and their stories of happy childhood and innocent manhood and womanhood, will long remain to bless the earth and constitute a continual incense to their memory."

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

* * * * *

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

—Whittier: *The Singer*.

MEMORY GEMS FROM THE CARY SISTERS.

From Alice Cary.

We get back our mete as we measure—

We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,

The bush for the robin and wren,

But alway the path that is narrow

And straight, for the children of men.

—*Nobility*.

Life has its angels, though unkept

The lovelight which their beauty brings,

And though the blue heavens are not swept
With the white radiance of their wings.

—*Life's Angels.*

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine
Is all to me as one,

For bright as brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams!

—*The Old Homestead.*

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Nobility.*

From Phoebe Cary.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

He who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about ;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin, single-handed,
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet ;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet ;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hands in his raven hair,—
That hair is silvered now !
But that broad hearth's light, oh that broad
hearth's light !
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart tonight !

—*Our Homestead.*

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right ;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe ;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No !"

—*Our Heroes.*

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O good painter! tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown—
The picture must not be over-bright—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room

Under their tassels; cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With blue birds twittering all around—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)

These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as 'it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all a-blush:

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,

A lady the loveliest ever the sun 30
Looked down upon, you must paint for me.
Oh, if I could only make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face 35
 That are beaming on me all the while!—
I need not speak these foolish words:
 Yet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother: you will agree 40
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me—
 The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes 45
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea—
 God knoweth if he be living now—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore:
Nobody ever crossed her track 50
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck, 55
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea! 60

Out in the fields one summer night

We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills stretching so still and far—

* * * * *

Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore 65
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs—

The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,

Not so big as a straw of wheat,

The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat, 70
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,

You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray have the grace 80

To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me :

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed :

But that's no matter—paint it so ;

The eyes of our mother (take good heed) 85

Looking not on the nestful of eggs,

Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,

But straight through our faces down to our lies,

And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise !

I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as 90
 though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,

That you on the canvas are to repeat

Things that are fairest, things most sweet—

Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree—

The mother—the lads, with their bird, at her knee: 88

But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!

High as the heavens your name I'll shout,

If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

—*Alice Cary.*

- I. Tell the story in your own words.
- II. Describe Clovernook. Stanza three.
- III. Describe Mrs. Cary. Stanza four.
- IV. Describe the children at the mother's knee. Which one told the lie? What do you imagine it was?
- V. Describe the picture which the painter was to paint.
- VI. Make an amplification of the poem.

NOTE.—*An Order for a Picture* has been conceded to be one of the finest descriptive poems in the language.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I'm nearer my home to-day

Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,

Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,

Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,

Where we lay our burdens down;

Nearer leaving the cross,

Nearer gaining the crown:

But the waves of that silent sea

Roll dark before my sight

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,—

Father, perfect my trust!
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

—*Phoebe Cary.*

QUESTIONS ON THE CARY SISTERS.

1. Tell the story of their life.
2. Name two volumes from each. Quote two passages from each. Name two poems.
3. Describe their early farm home.
4. Of what nature are most of their poems?
5. Name some distinguished friends of the Cary sisters.
6. Compare the two sisters.
7. Which of their poems do you like best? Why?
8. What sobriquets have been given to Alice Cary?

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

1832-1888.

THE FAMOUS author of *Little Men*, *Little Women*, *Old Fashioned Girls*, etc., who endeared herself to millions of boys and girls, won her way to fame and fortune solely by her own efforts. For many years the

Alcott family depended almost entirely upon Louisa for their support, but she loved them all so dearly that they were never a burden. Indeed the chief aim of Miss Alcott's life was to make others happy.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832. Her father, Bronson Alcott, was a native of Connecticut, but in early life he was set adrift to care for himself, and, at the time of Louisa's birth, he was principal of an academy in Germantown. When she was two years old he removed his family to Boston, and later joined in the Brook Farm experiment, which resulted in his entire financial ruin. He then removed to Concord, where he resided until his death. Of these Concord days, Miss Alcott later wrote, "They were among the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, and Hawthornes, with their illustrious parents, to enjoy our pranks and join our excursions."

Miss Alcott's mother was a Boston lady of great culture and beauty. She was almost idolized by the four daughters whom she so gently guided and ruled. Some idea may be formed of her from the rules with which she governed herself and her family: "Love' yourself." "Love your neighbor." "Do the duty which lies nearest you." Of her Miss Alcott wrote: "This dear mother, whose story reads like one of the lives of the saints, who never was so poor that she had not something to give, and who was herself the guide and teacher of her children, not in books alone, but in everything that was lovely and noble and of good report." "Marmee" was the pet name which her daughters gave to her, and her wise influences are found in all of Miss Alcott's books.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott shared in the responsibility of educating their daughters. At an early age Louisa showed promise of becoming a writer, and, when her father failed at Brook Farm, she, then a mere child, formed the noble purpose of retrieving the family fortune. When sixteen years of age, she wrote a small volume, *Flower Fables*, which was published in later years. About this time she began her work as a teacher, which occupation she followed for nearly fifteen years. The first money which she received for her composition came to her in her nineteenth year when a magazine accepted a short story. During the years since her first production, such friends as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and others of the Brook Farm had been guiding her studies and encouraging her to write. Her first book, *Fairy Tales*, was published in 1855. At this time, too, her work began to be accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly* and other well known magazines. During the civil war, in the winters of 1862-3, she volunteered as a hospital nurse, but her health failed her, and she was forced to return home. The scenes of suffering and hospital incidents gave her the material for her second book. It was first embodied in a series of graphic letters to her mother and sister, which were revised and printed in the *Boston Commonwealth*, and finally collected and issued in one volume, entitled *Hospital Sketches and Camp-Fire Stories*.

Being naturally fond of young people, Miss Alcott turned her attention from this time forward to writing for them. Briefly speaking, her published works appeared as follows:—*Moods* (1864); *Morning Glories* (1867); *Little Women* (1868), which was her first de-

cided success; *An Old Fashioned Girl* (1869); *Little Men* (1871); *Work* (1873); *Eight Cousins* (1875), and its sequel, *Rose in Bloom* (1877), some critics consider this story the best of all her work; *Under the Lilacs* (1878); *Jack and Jill* (1880); and *Lulu's Library* (1885). This was in three volumes and was written from stories which Miss Alcott used to tell her little orphaned niece, of whom she was very fond. Besides these books, she issued at different times collections of short stories, among which are the six volumes of *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag*, *Silver Pitchers*, and *Cupid and Chow-Chow*.

All of Miss Alcott's characters are very natural. The best of them have tempers to trouble them, as well as good qualities to make them beloved by the reader. She once said when questioned regarding her methods of work: "I have no special methods, except to use the simplest language, take every day life and make it interesting, and try to have my characters alive. I take my heroines and heroes from real life, and much truer they are than any I can imagine." The characters in *Little Women* are found in the Alcott family and their neighbors. Jo, who was always ready for a lark with Laurie, or the other girls, is the author herself. Meg, Beth, and Amy were skillful character drawings of Miss Alcott's sisters. Other characters, we imagine, are those known in "Concord History," for here and there are traits of men and women not unknown to fame. In *Little Men*, the author made good use of her father's methods of teaching the young. Professor Bhaer gets many of his fine characteristics from Mr. Alcott, and the school at

Plumfield much resembled the school kept by him in Germantown.

Miss Alcott delighted to make others happy, and as a consequence she had a vast number of persons for her friends, especially among the young people. Aspiring girls all over the land wrote to her as freely as to a foster mother for advice and counsel. Only a short time before her death, when she was far from well and burdened with a multitude of cares, she wrote to one of these girls, whom she had never seen, "Write freely to me, dear girl, and if I can help you in any way be sure I will." She always recommended a study of Emerson to the young friends who sought her advice in literary progress. To a struggling young writer, who had asked her help, she wrote: "I am sending you Emerson's Essays. Read those marked. I hope they will be as helpful to you as they have been to me and many others. They will bear study and I think are what you need to feed upon now." The marked essays were those on *Friendship*, *Love*, *Heroism*, *Self-Reliance*, and *Compensation*.

Louisa May Alcott died in Boston, March 6, 1888, at the age of fifty-six. Her aged father, who had been an invalid dependent on her care for many years, passed away just two days before at the ripe old age of eighty-five. Miss Alcott was, no doubt, a victim of overwork. She was a great advocate of work for the health, but she did not practice her teachings, and fell a prey to nervous prostration. It is said that she frequently gave from twelve to fifteen hours a day to her literary labors, besides looking after her business affairs, caring personally for her old father, and for many years mothering

her orphan niece, Lulu. Miss Alcott was buried in the old Sleepy Hollow Cemetery of Concord, Mass., not far from the grave of her distinguished friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Louise Chandler Moulton, a personal friend of Miss Alcott, says of her: "She possessed many admirable traits of character, and her books contained many incidents of her own life and experience. She was, as a rule, quiet and reserved, I think, although she would occasionally be the gayest one in the company."

SUGGESTED WRITINGS FOR READING AND STUDY.

Little Men, Little Women, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom.

QUESTIONS ON MISS ALCOTT.

1. Write a biography of Louisa May Alcott.
2. Name five of her books. Which is her most famous book?
3. Which book do you like best? Why?
4. Tell something of Miss Alcott's help to aspiring authors.
5. Name some of her distinguished friends.
6. Tell something of Miss Alcott's characters and methods of work.
7. Describe "Marmee." In what books are the following characters found:—Jo, Prof. Bhaer, Laurie, Rose, Amy, Nan, Demi, and Meg. Write a descriptive sentence regarding each.
8. Write ten sentences about *Little Women*.
9. Write a brief review of *Rose in Bloom*.
10. What was Miss Alcott's first book? Why did she begin to write?

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1831—1885.

"The Red Man's Friend."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON did for the red man as Harriet Beecher Stowe did for the slave. Through her influence the government instituted many important reforms in the method of dealing with the Indians. Her greatest work, *Ramona*, was written in their behalf, and, as one critic says, it must have been produced under a divine inspiration.

Helen Maria Fiske was born in Amherst, Mass., Oct. 1, 1831. Her father was a professor at Amherst College, and sent his daughter to the female seminary at Ipswich, Massachusetts, to be educated. At the age of twenty-one she married Captain Edward B. Hunt of the United States Navy, and during the following eleven years they resided at various posts. Captain Hunt died, and she made a home for herself and children at Newport, R. I., but, one by one, the children, too, passed away, leaving her sad and desolate, indeed.

Helen Hunt's first literary composition was some verses written during her girlhood and published by a Boston newspaper. She offered nothing more for publication until two years after the death of her husband, when a New York paper issued a number of her verses, over the signature of "H. H.," which attracted wide and favorable attention. In 1870 these poems were collected and published under one cover entitled *Verses From H. H.* After the death of her children she decided to devote herself entirely to literature. The following year

Bits of Travel and *Bits of Talk About Home Matters* appeared. Mrs. Hunt was now broken in health and spirit and moved to California, hoping that change of scene and climate would benefit her health. In 1875 she became the wife of William S. Jackson, a merchant of Colorado Springs. Here in this picturesque little city, nestling close at the foot of Pike's Peak, she spent the remainder of her life, excepting short periods at various times, when she traveled in California, New Mexico and the Eastern States collecting material for her books.

In 1876 Mrs. Jackson issued *Sonnets and Lyrics* and *Mercy Philbrook's Choice*. Books and stories now followed each other in quick succession. She had rapidly gained distinction in both prose and verse, and both were characterized by deep thoughtfulness, rare grace, and charmingly correct and beautiful diction. She was not unmindful of the young in her productions and gave to youthful readers several interesting books. In 1881 *A Century of Dishonor* appeared and was quickly conceded by critics to be the best work which she had given to the public; but three years later it gave place to *Ramona*. This was the author's last book, and by far her most powerful work both as a novel and in its beneficent influence. It was her most conscientious and sympathetic work, being the result of years of careful study of the Indian problem.

Mrs. Jackson met with a painful accident in June, 1884, having the misfortune to badly fracture one of her limbs. As soon as she was able to travel she was taken to California with the hope that she would recover more rapidly. Here she contracted malarial fever, and at the same time developed cancer. She died August 12, 1885. In

accordance with her desire, her remains were taken back to Colorado and buried on Mount Jackson, a peak named in her honor, looking down into the wild, weird pass of the Rocky Mountains known as Cheyenne Canyon. This spot had been very dear to Mrs. Jackson. Near here was the log cabin which had been built for her as a quiet literary retreat and where she had spent so many happy hours with her friends.

Tourists who visit Colorado Springs seldom fail to visit the lonely grave of Helen Hunt Jackson and her cabin home. A certain traveler thus describes his trip: "We drove as far as a vehicle could pass up the mountain road that wound along a little stream which came tumbling down the narrow ravine, splitting the mountain in twain. Soon we were compelled to abandon the wagon, and on foot we climbed the rugged way, first on one side and then on the other of the rushing rivulet where the narrow path could find space enough to lay its crooked length along. Suddenly a little log cabin in a clump of trees burst on our view. A boy with a Winchester rifle slung over his shoulder met us a few feet from the door and requested a fee of twenty-five cents each before we were permitted to pass. 'This is the house Helen Hunt lived in, and away above there is where she is buried,' the boy replied in answer to questions. We inspected the house, and then, over more rocky steepes, we climbed to the spot indicated near a falling cataract and stood beside a pile of stones thrown together by hundreds of tourists who had preceded us. . . . We gathered some stones and added them to the pile and left her alone by the singing cataract, beneath the sighing branches of the firs and pines which stood like towering sentinels

around her on Mount Jackson. 'What a monument!' exclaimed one of our party, 'more lasting than hammered bronze! But not more lasting than the good she has done. Her influence will live while this mountain shall stand, unless another dark age should sweep literature out of existence. Of all American writers, she has been the Indian's greatest benefactor. I only wonder that they do not convert this place into a shrine and come here to worship.' "

A PARTIAL LIST OF H. H. JACKSON'S WRITINGS.

Verses by "H. H."	Bits of Travel.
Sonnets and Lyrics.	Bits of Talk About Home
Mercy Philbrick's Choice.	Matters.
The "No Name" Series.	Hetty's Strange History.
Ramona.	A Century of Dishonor.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Commit the poem to memory.
- II. Explain stanzas 3, 5 and 6.
- III. Name some of the boasts of June.
- IV. Contrast June and October.
- V. Which is your favorite month? Why?

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
 And flowers of June together,
 Ye cannot rival for one hour
 October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
 Belated, thriftless, vagrant,

And golden rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining;
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermath are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year,
October's bright blue weather.

QUESTIONS ON MRS. JACKSON.

1. Write a brief sketch of Mrs. Jackson's life.
2. Name her best known work. What race of men did it benefit?
3. Name three other books. Three poems.
4. Quote two memory gems.
5. Where is Mrs. Jackson buried? Sketch the tourist's description of her grave.
6. Write a brief review of *Ramona*.
7. Compare Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Stowe.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

"Education is a life work, and not a matter to be crowded into a few early years."—*Tougee*.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER AMERICAN WRITERS WHOM WE SHOULD KNOW.

"With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value."

HORACE MANN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THOMAS B. READ.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LEWIS WALLACE.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

W. D. HOWELLS.

BRET HARTE.

THE GREAT HISTORIANS.

PRESCOTT.

BANCROFT.

MOTLEY.

PARKMAN.

"The best things are nearest—light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life."—*Selected*.



OTHER AMERICAN WRITERS WHOM WE SHOULD KNOW.

IN THIS small volume it would, of course, be impossible to mention all our writers of note and ability. We have aimed to present in chronological order of birth those best known to fame, and those who may stand as types of a certain class. We feel, however, that any study of American literature that neglected to give some time, at least, to the writers mentioned on the previous page would be incomplete indeed. The teacher may readily add to our brief outline if his course allows time to dwell at length upon these authors. We would suggest that the biography be read up in the encyclopedia or in one or more of the works of reference which we give. Also that one or more of the suggested selections be read, and the memory gems faithfully committed. Aim to become familiar with some of the noble thoughts and general style of these writers.

HORACE MANN.

1796-1859.

“Educator and Philanthropist.”

HORACE MANN was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. Parents poor but of exemplary character and intelligent. Graduated at Brown University, became a successful lawyer, and served in both

house and senate in the Massachusetts State Legislature. Was active in the leading reforms of his day—anti-slavery, temperance, equal rights for women, etc. Decided to devote his life to the great cause of education in 1837. He was eminently fitted to be a leader in this cause. Dr. Channing wrote to him: "You could not find a nobler station. Government has no nobler one to give. I have long desired that some one uniting all your qualifications should devote himself to this work. If we can but turn the wonderful energy of this people into a right channel, what a new heaven and earth must be realized among us!"

Horace Mann called the *first* national convention of teachers in 1850. He traveled through Europe, visiting all the leading schools and many others, publishing an account of his researches in his Seventh Annual Report. He succeeded John Quincy Adams in Congress in 1848. Received a call to the presidency of Antioch College in 1852, and held this office until his death, seven years later. A monument erected on the college campus bears this inscription, from the closing words of his last memorable commencement address to the students, "I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these, my parting words, be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

REFERENCES.

Life of Horace Mann, by his wife, *Mary Peabody Mann*, sister of Mrs. Hawthorne.

Horace Mann, *Dr. Winship*.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1813-1887.

"America's most celebrated pulpit orator."

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24. Graduate of Amherst College and Lane Seminary. Pastor of Brooklyn Plymouth Church from its organization until his death. Spoke from the platform with astonishing eloquence and persuasive power against slavery. During the Civil War gave a series of addresses in England for the purpose of overcoming the hostility of the English people toward the North, which were probably without parallel in the history of oratory. "His eloquence," says Abernethy, "was spontaneous, fervid, strong in apt illustration, rich in humor, and abounding in original and striking forms of statement." He contributed largely to the periodicals of the day and published many books, but the highest quality of his genius was expressed chiefly through the living voice, the magic of his personality is not felt in the printed page, and thus his work was largely of temporary interest. His writings covered a wide range of subjects, such as *Lectures to Young Men, Eyes and Ears, Pleasant Talk About Fruit, Flowers and Farming, Evolution and Religion, Freedom and War, Norwood*, a novel of little merit, *Life of Christ*, etc. His most popular work is his two volumes of *Star Papers*, and his best work is found in the eleven volumes of his *Sermons*, which were taken down by a stenographer as they were delivered.

Henry Ward Beecher died in Brooklyn, March 8, and was interred in Greenwood cemetery.

SELECTION FROM H. W. BEECHER.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light; mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad.

All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.

"Mr. A," said some one, "is a religious man." He will answer: "Yes, on Sundays." "Mr. B has just joined the church." "*Certainly; the elections are coming on.*" The minister of the Gospel is called an example of diligence. "*It is his trade.*" Such a man is generous—"*of other men's money.*" This man is obliging—"to lull suspicion and cheat you." That man is upright—"because he is green."

Thus, his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase transfixing

every character which is presented: "His words are softer than oil, yet they are drawn swords."

HENRY D. THOREAU.

1817-1862.

"The Poet-Naturalist."

Modest and mild and kind,
Who never spurned the needing from thy door—
(Door of thy heart, which is a palace gate);
Temperate and faithful,—in whose word the world
Might trust, sure to repay, unvexed by care,
Unawed by Fortune's nod, slave to no lord,
Nor coward to thy peers,—long shalt thou live!

—W. E. Channing.

HENRY D. THOREAU was born in Concord, July 12. Graduated at Harvard, 1837. Was a teacher, lecturer, author, surveyor, engineer, carpenter, pencil-maker, and a life-long Abolitionist. Habits were very simple. Reading and study of wild life were the only occupations that satisfied him, and for these he renounced the world. Lived, for the most part, the life of a hermit in the woods, about six weeks of paid labor in the year serving to supply all his wants. "He had few friendships; animals and Indians were more companionable than cultivated men, because nearer the heart of Nature. He was a naturalist, but not a scientist. He would never use trap or gun; like Hawthorne's Donatello he possessed a kind of mysterious kinship with the animal world. The hunted fox came to him for shelter, squirrels nestled in his clothing, men often found him cold, but children delighted in his company. All living

objects seemed to yield their secrets to him as his right. He had the poet's sensitiveness to every sound and scene of beauty, and at times could express his feeling in well-turned verse." Among his best poems are *Sympathy*, *The Fisher's Boy*, *Mountains*, *Inspiration*, and *Smoke*. His writings abound in noble thoughts clothed in simple and beautiful language. He was indifferent to fame, and did not need public interest or private sympathy to encourage him in his work. The little world of his native town was all-sufficient to him. He often said: "I have traveled extensively in Concord." *Walden; or Life in the Woods*, written from his hermitage near Walden lake, is his most charming and popular book. Thoreau is buried in Sleepy Hollow cemetery near his dear friend Emerson.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars."

"The head monkey at Paris put on a traveler's cap, and all the monkeys in America do the same."

"The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling."

"We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them."

"O how I laugh when I think of my vague, indefinite

riches. No run on my bank can drain it, for my wealth is not possession but enjoyment."

"Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives: all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here."

"Men and boys are learning all kinds of trades but how to make *men* of themselves."

"Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within us, incessantly telling us how we should behave. But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way."

"But what a battle a man must fight everywhere to maintain his standing army of thoughts, and march with them in orderly array through the always hostile country!"

Suggested Readings:—*The Fisher's Boy, Mountains, Inspiration.*

CRITICISM.

It is only in recent years that the true value of Thoreau's writing has been discovered. His power lies in a sympathetic and minute knowledge of Nature suffused with ideality. Lowell says: "His range was narrow, but to be a master is to be a master. His quotations are always nuggets of the purest ore; there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallized; his metaphors and images are always fresh from the soil; he had watched Nature like a detective who is to go upon the stand; as we read him it seems as if all out-of-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne; we look at the

landscape as in a Claude Lorraine glass; compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's *Selborne*, seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac." There are many critics, however, who regarded Thoreau as a trifle dull because of his endless recording of minute details and his frequently rather indefinite aim.

REFERENCES.

Poems: Thoreau's Flute, *Louisa M. Alcott*.
 Woodnotes, *Emerson*.
 The Poet-Naturalist, *Ellery Channing*.
 Memories of Thoreau, *Emerson*.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

1819-1881.

"*Timothy Titcomb*."

His own hand his best wreath must lay!
 Of his own life his last words were true—
 So true, love's truth no truer thing can say—
 "By sympathy all hearts to him he drew."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson*.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND was born in the "upper circle" at Belchertown, Massachusetts, July 24. His noble father is pictured in the poem *Daniel Gray*, and the mother receives a beautiful tribute in the opening lines of *Kathrina*. Graduated at the Berkshire Medical School. For a time was superintendent of schools in Vicksburg, Mississippi. Married Elizabeth Chapin, of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1845. Four

years later became associate editor of the *Springfield Republican* and issued his famous *Letters from Timothy Titcomb*. Traveled in Europe. On his return founded the *Century Magazine* and was editor until his death. Was president of the New York City Board of Education. Was a popular lecturer, a noble Christian and great worker in church and Sunday-school and leader of the choir. Died in New York City, October 12. Buried near Mt. Holyoke in the midst of the scenes which he so dearly loved.

Best known prose works are *Arthur Bonnicastle*, *Seven Oaks*, and *Letters to Young People*. Most popular long poems are *Bitter-Sweet*, *The Mistress of the Manse*, and *Kathrina*. Favorite shorter poems are *A Christmas Carol*, *Wanted*, *A Glimpse of Youth*, and *Gradatim*. "He moralized everything that he wrote, using a simple and homely style, befitting the commonplace topics of his essays and the commonplace people to whom he addressed himself." He revolutionized the whole field of the newspaper and the monthly journal, showing that both might be powerful agents in purifying and sweetening the fountains of personal and family life.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

"A man who only asserts so much of that which is in him as will find favor with those among whom he has his daily life, and who withholds all that which will wound

their vanity and condemn their selfishness and clash with their principles and prejudices, has no more manhood in him than there is in a spaniel, and is certainly one of the most contemptible shirks the world contains."—*Holland's Plain Talks*.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

—*A Christmas Carol*.

"A young man is not fit for life until he is clean—clean and healthy, body and soul, with no tobacco in his mouth, no liquor in his stomach, no oath on his tongue, and no thought in his heart which if exposed would send him sneaking into darkness from the presence of all good women."—*Essay on Bad Habits*.

SUGGESTED READINGS.

Bitter-Sweet, Letters to Young People, A Glimpse of Youth, Wanted. Write a review of *Bitter-Sweet*, not to exceed 300 words. Commit to memory *A Glimpse of Youth*.

CRITICISM.

"At any rate, it is enough to say that he knew what he was about when he wrote novels with a purpose. And it must be admitted by everybody that his purposes were high and pure; that the blows he struck with this good weapon of fiction were telling blows. The same thing is

true of his poems. All of his principal poems take hold of great themes, deal with great interests of character and the great spiritual laws. . . . He was a true and generous friend. With quick sympathies, and warm enthusiasms, he was always ready to bear the burdens of others, and his hearty words and painstaking services have lightened many a heart."—*Washington Gladden, Dr. Holland's pastor.*

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

1822—1872.

"The Artist Poet."

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in the "Vale of Chester," famous as the home of Bayard Taylor. Went to Cincinnati at the age of seventeen and studied portrait painting in the studio of Clevinger. Became quite famous in this line. Best known portraits, Longfellow's daughters, Mrs. Browning, also a painting illustrating *Sheridan's Ride*, his most popular poem. *Drifting* is considered also the most beautiful. Other well known poems are *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies*, *The House by the Sea*, *New Pastoral*, *The Closing Scene*, *The Revolutionary War*. First volume of poems published in 1847. From 1853 to 1858 studied art in Florence and Rome. Died in New York, May 11, shortly after returning from a visit to Rome.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

—*The Wagoner of the Alleghanies.*

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

—*The Rising of 1776.*

Though the world smile on you blandly,
Let your friends be choice and few;
Choose your course, pursue it grandly,
And achieve what you pursue.

O happy ship
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails and sails, and sings anew!
No more, no more
The worldly shore

Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

—*Drifting.*

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers, sing,
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring.

—*The Summer Shower.*

SUGGESTED READINGS.

Sheridan's Ride, Drifting. Amplify the former poem.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

1822.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born in Boston, 1822, and still lives, a connecting link between the intellectual life of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His long life has been one of singular energy and usefulness. During the civil war his story, *The Man Without a Country*, roused the patriotism and kindled the waning enthusiasm of the North. This story has become a classic and has been translated into many languages; so skillfully is the fiction wrought that it was long considered to be a truthful record of actual facts. Hale comes of historic stock, being grand-nephew of the patriot, Nathan Hale, and nephew of Edward Everett. After helping his father in the publication of the *Boston Advertiser* (of which the latter was founder), both by typesetting and

contributions, he wrote largely for various newspapers. He studied theology and in 1842 became a Congregational minister. In 1856 he was called to the South Congregational Church of Boston, a Unitarian congregation of which he is still pastor *emeritus*. As a writer he has been one of the most prolific in most various fields, only Holmes and Lowell may be said to rival him in versatility. *My Double and How He Undid Me* is an amusing satire. *Philip Nolan's Friends* is his best known long story. He has written a *Life of Washington*, a *Life of Franklin* and an admirable work entitled, *The Lights of Two Centuries*. His *Ten Times One Is Ten* inspired the formation of the Henry Wadsworth Clubs throughout the world, the King's Daughters and Look Up Legion and others owe their existence to his kindly influence. The motto which he gave to these clubs, "Look up, not down; look forward, not back; look out, not in; lend a hand," may be said to have been the motto of his own life, and it has been truly said of him that "from youth to old age no movement for the betterment of his fellows has failed to enlist his voice and pen." The rightful reward of such a life has been his. He has been offered many positions of honor and trust, many of which he has honorably filled; many more he has been compelled to decline. He has been a member of the Overseers of Harvard University, President of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Counsellor of the Chautauqua Association, and today full of years and honors he remains one of the last surviving lights of a great epoch.

CRITICISMS.

Dr. Hale is not able to sustain his best qualities in a

long story or complete novel. Their airy structures are not broad enough in the foundation of sentiment or character; the puzzle or the mystery must be solved before the interest flags. *In His Name*, a story of the Waldenses, has been widely read on account of its historic interest. Next to Dr. Hale's abounding humor one most enjoys his healthy optimism.—*Abernethy*.

Suggested Readings:—*A Man Without a Country*, *Ten Times One Is Ten*, *The Brick Moon*.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1825-1878.

"The Poet-Traveler."

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;
Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance here
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveller, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!

—*Whittier*: Bayard Taylor.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Chester County Pennsylvania, January 11. Educated in the country schools and the academy at West Chester. First poems published at the age of sixteen. First volume, a collection

of poems, at nineteen. The latter earned him a few literary friends, and brought him a little money. He now determined to visit Europe, and set out with \$140 in money and a few promises from editors to accept descriptive articles. He crossed the ocean, and in two years tramped about three thousand miles, with "nothing but a sheet of paper between him and starvation." He was an ideal traveler, learning the language and entering with boundless enthusiasm into the life of the people wherever he went. He wrote thus from Constantinople: "I wear the tarboosh, smoke the Persian pipe, and drop cross-legged on the floor with the ease of any tailor whatever. I determined to taste the Orient as it was, in reality, not as a mere outside looker-on, and so picked up the Arabic tongue, put on the wide trousers, and adopted as many eastern customs as was becoming to a good Christian." His letters to the *Tribune* and other papers were widely read. Later they were collected and published under the title *Views Afoot; or, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff*. Returning from Europe, he entered the staff of the *Tribune* and was sent to California in 1849 to write up the wild-life of the mining camps. Returned in 1850 and married his boyhood sweetheart, Mary Agnew, who died two months after their marriage.

Taylor immediately set out upon an extended tour through the Old World. He explored every region of popular interest "from Japan and the peaks of the Himalayas to Iceland, the Cape of Good Hope, and the White Nile." Eleven interesting volumes of travel were the fruit of his wanderings. They were widely read and deservedly popular, but in later years Taylor looked upon them with some discomfort; his highest ambition was to

be looked upon as a great American poet, but the public could think of him only as "the great American traveler!" He married Marie Hansen in Germany in 1858, and, returning home the following year, built his large mansion, Cedarcroft. Like Sir Walter Scott, he builded on too magnificent a scale, and the home which he had long looked forward to was a burden to him the rest of his life. Here in this beautiful home he wrote his three novels and many short stories, sketches, and poems. He depended altogether upon prose for his "pot-boilers," and put all his artistic talent into his poetry. "His finest thought, feeling, and ideals, his generous manhood, love of nature, home, and kindred, his passion for perfection, his deep religious philosophy are fully expressed in his verse." His *Bedouin Song*, found in his *Poems of the Orient*, is one of the supreme love lyrics of the language. *Lars: A Pastoral of Norway* is his most popular long poem. Of it Stedman says: "We have no idyl of similar length, except *Evangeline*, that equals it in finish and interest." Of Taylor's relative rank as a poet, Beers says: "He may unhesitatingly be put first among our poets of the second generation—the generation succeeding that of Longfellow and Lowell."

Taylor was appointed minister to Germany in 1878, but his splendid constitution had broken under the strain of ceaseless toil and he died a few months after reaching Berlin. He was buried by the side of his first wife in Longwood Cemetery two miles from Cedarcroft.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"No people can ever become truly great and free who are not virtuous. If the soul aspires for liberty—pure

and perfect liberty—it also aspires for everything that is noble in truth, everything that is holy in virtue.”

In many a mountain fastness,
By many a river's foam,
And through the gorgeous cities,
'Twas loneliness to roam;
For the sweetest music in my heart
Was the olden song of home.
—*The Wayside Dream.*

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old;
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold! —*Bedouin Song.*

SUGGESTED READING.

Poems: *The Song of the Camp, The Bedouin Song.*
Prose work: *Views Afoot, Boys of Other Countries.*

CRITICISMS.

“Taylor was the most versatile of American authors. Only Holmes can be compared with him in this respect. He was traveler, lecturer, journalist, critic, translator, novelist, poet. The whole gamut of literary activity he

sounded, and with distinction. But his versatility and omnivorous interests were his misfortune, for they prevented that devoted concentration necessary to the production of work of immortal greatness. Taylor's original work in its varied forms has almost every quality short of greatness. His splendid productive energies were wasted upon commonplace work. His working capital was enormous; he wrote always with a rushing rapidity, and often fifteen hours a day; his published works number fifty-two volumes."—*Abernethy's Literature*.

"To him poetry was a second religion, or an intellectual continuation of that natural, moral sentiment which lifts man above himself and his fortunes in his aspiration after immortality and supernal life. He held that no achievement of man was comparable to the creation of a living poem. He saw, with other thinking men, that the work of the poet is more like the work of God than any other earthly thing, since it is the only product of art that is assured of perpetuity, by the safety with which it can be transmitted from generation to generation. He believed himself to be a poet,—of what stature and quality it is now for the world to decide,—and in that faith he wrought at his vocation with an assiduity, and a careful husbanding of his time and opportunities for mental and for written poetical composition, that was wonderful as an exhibition of human industry, and in its many and varied results, when we take into consideration his wandering life and his diversified and exacting employments. To him the cultivation of the poetic art was the duty and the serious business of his life,—the talent entrusted him, to be put at use, by the Master,—while the winning of bread and the struggle for place were subordinate cares,

as insignificant by comparison as is the duration of one man's life to that of the race of man."—*G. H. Boker, the popular play writer.*

REFERENCES.

Poems: Tent on the Beach, and Bayard Taylor.—*Whittier.* Bayard Taylor.—*Longfellow.* Bayard Taylor.—*Cranch.* To B. F., To Bayard Taylor on His Fortieth Birthday.—*Stoddard.* To Bayard Taylor.—*Stedman.* Bayard Taylor.—*Aldrich.* Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, by *His Wife.*

GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE.

1827-1905.

"The famous author of Ben Hur."

LEWIS WALLACE was born at Brookville, Indiana, April 10. Father, David Wallace, Governor of Indiana. Wrote his first novel at the age of sixteen, but it was never published. The story of Cortez inspired him to write *A Fair God*, which he began at eighteen but did not finish until he was thirty years of age. In the meantime he had gone through the war with Mexico, and studied law. He rose to the rank of a distinguished general in the Civil War. At the age of 47 he began *Ben Hur*, intending to make only a short article of it, describing the meeting of the Three Wise Men in the desert and their journey to Bethlehem. He was a year or more writing this part of the story. He had never been to Palestine, and knew nothing of the land, the people, or their manners and customs, and did not even know the Bible story very well. He secured everything

in the way of reference that he could find, intending to make his short novelette entirely accurate. As the story grew he became convinced that it was only the prelude to the great drama that closed only with the atonement of Christ. He was five years at work upon this great masterpiece. At first the book sold slowly, then its merits began to be recognized and its popularity grew with great rapidity. Within a few years after its appearance it was published in Canada and Great Britain, and a little later was translated into Italian, German, Bohemian, French, Spanish, and Swedish. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* alone, of all American books, rivals *Ben Hur* in world-wide celebrity.

Wallace was United States minister to Turkey from 1881 to 1885. The literary result of this foreign sojourn was *The Prince of India*. The last years of his life were spent in Crawfordsville, Indiana, in the seclusion of his library. This is a one-storied, fire-proof structure of a single room built apart from the dwelling. It has but one door and is lighted from the top. There are gathered thousands of books, manuscripts, and personal treasures, amidst which the famous author worked in a silence and seclusion as complete as if he had been in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

For years he was afflicted with cancer of the stomach, yet only three days before he died, he worked on his *Recollections of the Civil War*, and spoke confidently of going to Water-babble, the farm home, in the spring. Almost with his last breath he spoke a cheery good night to his two little grandchildren and watched them trot smilingly away to bed.

Suggested reading—*Ben Hur*.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

1837-1902.

EDWARD EGGLESTON was born in Vevay, Indiana, December 10, Was a wandering Methodist preacher for a number of years. Edited *The Little Corporal* and *The Sunday-School Teacher* in Chicago. Became editor of New York *Hearth and Home* in 1870. Preached for five years in Brooklyn, and finally devoted himself exclusively to literature. He faithfully portrayed the pioneer life of the middle west and immortalized the picturesque character of the original Hoosier. His novels are all fresh, vivid, genuine, and the direct outcome of personal experience. The first of the books to open up this new field of fiction was *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* in 1871. The characters and scenes were rough, but youth, age, and education in the backwoods were portrayed with faithful fidelity. "Boys won't larn 'less you thrash 'em," says Mr. Pete Jones, school trustee. "Leastways, mine won't. Lay it on good. Don't do no harm. Lickin' and l'arnin' goes together. No lickin', no l'arnin', says I. Lickin' and l'arnin', lickin' and l'arnin', is the good ole way."

Other books are *The Hoosier School Boy*, *The Circuit Rider*, *The End of the World*, *The Graysons*, *The Faith Doctor*. During his last years he planned an extensive work to be entitled, *A History of Life in the U. S.*, in which the "culture history" of the people was to be fully treated. He had only finished two volumes. *The Beginners of a Nation* and *The Transit of Civilization*, when death overtook him.

Suggested Readings:—*The Hoosier Schoolmaster, The Hoosier School Boy.*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

1837.

"The realistic novelist of America."

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 1837. Received his education mostly in his father's printing office. At twenty-one he became editor of the *Ohio State Journal*. General public notice was first called to him by his carefully written campaign biography of Abraham Lincoln. For this service Lincoln appointed him Minister to Venice. Howells availed himself of the opportunity to learn the Italian language, and devoted a great part of the four years to the study of literature and literary work. His books *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys* were the delightful outcome of his sojourn in the land of sunny skies and soft southern breezes. On returning to New York he became assistant editor and later editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly*, resigning at the end of nine years to devote himself to independent authorship.

Among his books, *Impressions and Experiences* and *A Boy's Town* give faithful descriptions of the author's boyhood struggling aspirations and environments. *A Modern Instance* has been called his most powerful and most disagreeable book. Of it he says, "It has always given me the most satisfaction. I have there come the nearest to American life as I know it." Other books are:—*The Lady of the Aroostook, Suburban Sketches,*

The Undiscovered Country, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. Mr. Howells has also written a number of pleasing comedies for the amateur stage. Among which are *The Elevator*, *The Albany Depot*, and *The Unexpected Guests*.

Howells gives most accurate attention to details, and shuns exciting incidents and sensational scenes. He depicts the most ordinary events, deals with the motives and inner workings of the heart and mind, and so endows his stories with a realism which makes the reader feel that he is in an actual world surrounded by living, breathing, thinking, acting people. Abernethy, in his *American Literature*, says: "The one great weakness of Howells' novels is their lack of high significance; the severest criticism upon them is that one is seldom impelled to read them a second time. The characters are never inspiring. The reader's vanity is flattered by discovering that the people of literature are just mediocre, unimpassioned people like himself. . . . The female characters in his novels are for the most part merely variations of a single type, the well-dressed, shallow, illogical woman, capable only of spasmodic goodness, conversational inanity, and delicate duplicity. . . . His expression takes the form of a peculiar simplicity, secured by a bold use of common words, selected, however, with an unerring sense of fitness, and by a happy use of familiar idioms and current slang. He is master of a refined, playful, half-concealed humor, emitted from the text like the odors from mellow fruit, a humor that is constantly and tantalizing shading into irony. Humor, grace, and lucidity constitute the indisputable charm of his prose."

Suggested Readings:—*Their Wedding Journey, The Rise of Silas Lapham.*

BRET HARTE.

1839-1902.

BRET HARTE is justly termed by his biographer, G. Edgar Pemberton, "one of America's greatest literary sons, poets and humorists." To him, with Poe, belongs the honor of creating the short story in its perfection, and in the judgment of competent critics he has not been excelled in this form of literature, even by the gifted author of *The Gold Bug*.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839. His father was Professor of Greek in Albany College, thus he was early accustomed to a literary environment.

As he was weakly when a child his education was somewhat retarded rather than hastened, his father giving him instruction while his mother begged him not to force the boy. He was eager for information, but not so much that to be found in books as in the living world around him.

When Bret Harte was seventeen his father died and the youth decided to "go west." He longed for adventure and a wider knowledge of the world.

He reached San Francisco in 1856, when the future great city had made but little advance from the crude rough early days of 1849, and it is this early life in what was to be the great metropolis that he has immortalized in his tales. His writings are sometimes said to belong to the realistic school, but their very subjects

imbue them with romance. The Chinese quarter, the Spanish quarter, the haunts of the rough miner were all to furnish him with material, and on this stock thus early acquired he drew successfully even for his later stories written among English fields and lanes, for the last years of his life were spent abroad, mostly in England.

He was successively employed as expressman, junior partner in a drug store, printer, and schoolmaster, and his experiences in each live again in many of his stories.

Bret Harte's first writings appeared in *The Golden Era*. He wrote at first anonymously, then signed his articles and stories with a modest B, and finally Bret Harte. To add to his various experiences he early took part in two Indian campaigns, and when the Civil War broke out he joined the Volunteer Guard. In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the United States Mint. In 1868 he established the *Overland Monthly*, of which he was the editor. In this publication appeared some of his best stories, notably *The Luck of Roaring Camp* in the first number and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, considered by many his masterpiece, in the second.

In 1878 Bret Harte was appointed United States Consul to Crefeld, Germany. Here he made many friends and he never returned permanently to America. He was shortly transferred as Consul to Glasgow, and when removed he continued to live in England. His home was The Red House, Camberley, in Surrey. He returned to America from time to time and contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*. His later tales were still drawn from his early experiences in California.

As a lecturer Bret Harte was a charming and interesting speaker.

His poetry, though largely in the humorous vein, was not confined to it. *The Heathen Chinnee* was the poem that first made Bret Harte famous in England. An English writer has said that no poem since Pope's Essay on Man had made so many new expressions and phrases current in our language. For reflective pathos and delicate sentiment the two poems, *Dickens in Camp* and *The Wind Over the Chimney*, and other poems hold their own with the best our country has produced.

Bret Harte was of a modest, retiring disposition. He was married and had several children. His friends were men of literary or social prominence in England and America, but he shrank from notoriety, and equally disliked autograph and lion hunters.

He died at his beautiful home in Surrey on May 5, 1902, and on both sides of the Atlantic his loss was sincerely mourned.

SUGGESTED READING.

Poems.

Truthful James.
Her Letter.
Dickens in Camp.
What the Chimney Sang.

Stories.

The Luck of Roaring
Camp.
Brown of Calaveros.
Miss.
Condensed Novels.

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

But the night wind cries, "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent

Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

Dust are all the hands that wrought,
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread.

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumors of renown;
And alone the night wind drear
Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer,
'Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearthstone here!"

And I answer, "Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

TAKING THE LUCK WITH HIM.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put

the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once, and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying, too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.—*The Luck of Roaring Camp*.

THE GREAT HISTORIANS.

“History is a part of literature when it possesses the distinction of style.”—*Selected.*

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

1796—1859.

PRESCOTT was born in Salem, Massachusetts, May 4. His father was a distinguished lawyer, a son of Colonel Prescott, of Bunker Hill fame. Prepared for college in a private school in Boston; graduated from Harvard at the age of eighteen. During a frolic when the students were leaving the dining-room one day in his last college year, young Prescott was hit in the eye with a bread crust. He fell senseless to the floor, and, after a severe illness, returned to his class with the sight of one eye entirely destroyed. Shortly after his graduation, the other eye, through sympathy, became very seriously affected, condemning him to a life of partial blindness. He had intended to become a lawyer, but his cruel misfortune made this impossible, and, after due deliberation, he determined to devote his life to literature. Fortunately, he had an ample income and could afford a secretary to aid him in his chosen work. He spent two years in foreign travel, and ten years in studying ancient and modern literature as a preparation for his chosen profession. Sometimes his eyes were in such condition that he could not look at a book for months; at other times he could read about half an hour a day, and this

divided into periods of five minutes each with long rests between; in his best days, during all the long years of his writing, he was never able to read more than two or three hours a day. He worked in a darkened room, and wrote with a noctograph, an instrument for guiding the hand with an ivory stylus over carbonized paper. His first work, *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, published in 1837, three years after Bancroft's first historical volume, cost him ten of the best years of his life. This fascinating period of history had been neglected by European historians, and the book was an immediate success. It fully disproved Dr. Johnson's saying "that no man can compile a history who is blind." A success of such brilliancy and magnitude had never before been reached on this side the Atlantic, nor, indeed, in the Old World.

Prescott's studies in Spanish history naturally led to his next two themes, the *Conquest of Mexico*, in 1843, and the *Conquest of Peru*, in 1847. His last and greatest undertaking was the *History of Philip II*. He gathered a vast number of reference works, and had the work well in hand, three volumes having been issued, when he died suddenly from a stroke of paralysis.

He was an ideal historian. There is a glow in Prescott's writing as rich and strong as the tropical sunlight in the regions he describes. His works are filled with brilliant scenes and episodes. Probably the severest charge ever brought against his histories is that they are too interesting to be true. He chose his themes from the most glorious period of Spanish history when the love of conquest led to the most romantic adventures, and he was most thorough and painstaking in all that he undertook. His style is distinguished for its vivid descriptions, clear-

ness, and unity. He possessed a high love of truth, impartiality, and discriminating judgment. His ample fortune and worldly honors did not mar his simplicity of character, and he was everywhere loved and revered for his pleasing manners and kindly disposition.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

1800-1891.

GEORGE BANCROFT, though not the founder of historical writing, was the first great contributor to the brilliant series of historical compositions which are now accepted as our standard masterpieces. He was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, and was one of thirteen children, whose father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, fought in the Revolution, and wrote a *Life of Washington* that rivaled the more famous biography by Marshall. Graduated from Harvard at the age of seventeen, he continued his studies in Germany, and graduated from the University of Gottingen in 1820. Met a large number of the great men of Europe, including the famous German writer Goethe, the Humboldts, Lord Byron, Cousin, etc. After his return home, he held the position of instructor of Greek in Harvard for one year, and then founded the famous "Round Hill" school for boys at Northampton. In this same year he issued his first volume, a book of poems, 1823. They were European in theme and reflected the influence of continental travel.

Served for three years as collector of the port of Boston, and became Secretary of the Navy during Polk's administration, 1845. To him is due the credit of founding the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Served his coun-

try creditably as United States Minister to Great Britain, Russia, and Germany. Was a member of many learned societies in Europe, and received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford.

His great life work, the *History of the United States*, was begun before he left the school at Northampton. The first volume appeared in 1834, and for over fifty years he labored upon his great work, collecting a working library of over 12,000 volumes, and issuing twelve large volumes of history so perfect in accuracy, detail, and brilliancy that they became standard authority. The history extends from the discovery of America to the founding of the new government after the Revolution; seven volumes are given to a talented description of prominent military and diplomatic events of the Revolution, two are devoted to the "Formation of the Constitution." "The merits of this great work," says Abernethy, "are many and substantial, the broad scope and well-defined conception of the theme, the strong and stirring qualities of the style arising from the author's sustained enthusiasm for his subject, the vast stores of information skillfully condensed into a clear and consecutive narrative." In discussing its defects, the same writer says: "He is too patriotic to be truly critical, he is too confident of perfection in all things democratic and American; he digresses too much, drawing the reader aside to listen to commonplace reflections in morals and philosophy. . . . And yet, the blooming freshness and exuberance of his Americanism and profound faith in democracy give to the text a flavor of unrestrained sincerity that one cannot afford to exchange for the proprieties of a more modest style."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

1814-1877.

SOME critics have pronounced John Lothrop Motley the greatest American historian, giving as a reason for this the high distinction and monumental character of his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. The clear, strong, picturesque narrative reads like a novel. "He made the story of Holland as interesting as Athens and Sparta." His style is vigorous and full of animation, glowing with the enthusiasm of the author. In his portraiture of great historical characters, such as Queen Elizabeth, William the Silent, Philip II, and Henry of Navarre, he rivals even Macaulay.

Motley was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15. At ten years of age he entered Bancroft's famous "Round Hill" school. Graduated at Harvard at the age of seventeen, and continued his studies in Germany. Formed the acquaintance of Bismarck at Gottingen, and became his life-long friend. Returning to America, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1836, though he never practiced his profession. Married in 1837. Two years later published his first book, *Morton's Hope*. It was a crude affair and had little success, though it is now interesting for its autobiographical revelations, as the hero was undeniably the counterpart of himself. Through this medium he tells us: "I was ever at my studies, and could hardly be prevailed upon to allot a moment to exercise and recreation. I breakfasted with a pen behind my ear, and dined in company with a folio bigger than the table." His second book, *Merry Mount*, was a fairly

well-told story with a background of New England colonial history, but it had no great success. The writing of this book probably led him to look deeper into American history and he saw a striking relation between the struggle of the Puritans for religious freedom and the struggle of the Netherlands against the tyranny of Spain. He determined to write the history of this struggle, and was much disappointed when he learned that Prescott was engaged in writing Philip II, which would necessarily cover much of his ground. He visited him and offered to give up his subject, but the elder historian warmly encouraged him and offered the use of his large collection of reference works. Motley went at the work with great zeal and patience, spending much time in pouring over all manner of "original contemporary documents," searching through libraries, etc. He was fifteen years preparing the work which appeared under the title *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, in 1856. It was immediately successful in England as well as America, editions being also published in Germany and France. His intention was to produce a large historical work under the general title *The Eighty Years' War for Liberty*. It was to be divided into three parts: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *The History of the United Netherlands*, and the *History of the Thirty Years' War*,—the whole to be "a grand historical trilogy, describing a series of events filled with dramatic and thrilling interest, the climax of which was the turning-point of modern civilization." He wrote the *Life of John Barneveld, Advocate of Holland*, as a kind of interlude between the second and last volumes of his great trilogy, but Fate decreed that the last volume should never be written. Motley, broken-hearted

over the death of his wife, died in England, May 29, before he had even begun work on the MS.

Motley served his country as Minister to Austria, and later to England. He received the honor of D. C. L. from Oxford.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

1823-1893.

"The historian of the red man."

FRANCIS PARKMAN'S life, like that of Prescott, was one of marvelous struggle and endurance in the pursuit of his cherished work. A weakness of the eyes, complicated by a severe nervous disorder, made him almost blind. While a sophomore at Harvard young Parkman formed the plan of writing a history of the French and Indian War. Thenceforth he "lived with Injun on the brain"; he studied the details of forest life, took long walks, exercised violently in the gymnasium, learned horsemanship from a circus trainer,—all with the intention of fitting himself for a sojourn with the savages, in order to learn all about their life. In 1846 he spent the summer among the Dakota Indians in the Rocky Mountains, and returned home with his health permanently shattered, unable to bear the light of the sun and his nervous system in a perfect turmoil. Soon afterward he published *The Oregon Trail*, a very valuable account of his experiences with the Indians. "It was more interesting than one of Cooper's novels, and even superior to Irving's *Captain Bonneville* and *Astoria* in the same field."

His first historical work, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*,

was begun when his nervous disorder was at its very worst. Books and documents were read to him whenever he could hear. It was but seldom that he could listen for more than half an hour at a time, and there were days, and even months, when he could not listen at all. During his first year's labor the rate of composition averaged only six lines per day. This work, compared with his later books, is a kind of sequel of them all, and probably suggested the other volumes, which arranged in proper order are:—*Pioneers of France in the New World, Jesuits in North America, Discovery of the Great West, The Old Regime in Canada, New France Under Louis XIV, A Half Century of Conflict, Montcalm and Wolfe.*

All the work was produced under the greatest discouragements and difficulties, and stands as a monument to patience and steadfastness of purpose. "He was himself what he pronounced his hero La Salle to be, 'a grand type of incarnate energy and will.' Physical suffering he endured with stoical fortitude, preserving a sane and cheerful temper by sheer self-compulsion." Five times he visited Europe in search of material, and with the help of competent assistants searched old documents so thoroughly that his work will never need revision. He visited every important place mentioned in his writings, and his books teem with accurate, natural portraitures and vivid descriptions. He seldom praised or sympathized with his characters, and showed his concern with their deeds, not with their philosophy or emotion. Parkman lived all his life in Boston, and there he died, September 8, 1893. Read O. W. Holmes' poem, *Francis Parkman.*



The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; but his own whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle*.

CHAPTER VI.

HUMOROUS WRITERS

The man who neglects to laugh is more foolish than the hungry man who refuses to eat when a good dinner is set before him.—*Mark Twain*.

HUMOROUS WRITERS.

ARTEMUS WARD.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

A LIST OF OTHER MIRTH PROVOKERS.

Laugh and be fat, sir.—*Ben Jonson*.

The most utterly lost of all days is that in which you have not once laughed.—*Chamfort*.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

HUMOROUS WRITERS.

Then let us laugh. It is the cheapest luxury man enjoys, and is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.—*Charles Lamb.*

America has a rich fund of humorous writings of a type all her own from the shrewd-witted down East Yankee, "Hosea Biglow," with his strong common sense mixed with droll witticisms, to the flippant, irreverent "funny man," who treats with equal liberty the sacred and the profane, and who takes delight in showing up the comic side of serious things and in making audacious use of scriptural quotations. All types of humor depend particularly upon the effective use of contradiction and anti-climax. Note the elements in the following:—

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard.

—*Hosea Biglow.*

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

—*Holmes.*

To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.
—*Hosea Biglow.*

They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall;

They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screwed it up with pins,—
 Oh, never mortal suffered more
 In penance for her sins.

—Holmes.

Always live within your income, if you have to borrow money
 to do it.

—Artemus Ward.

It is better to kno less than to kno so mutch that ain't so.

—Josh Billings.

Boss: How many ab' yees are down here?

Voice from Below: T'ree.

Boss: Half of yees lower yer'selves up and help Moike wid de
 poipe.

A landlady was much surprised because one of her eccentric boarders always said Hebrews 13:8 every time as he sat down to a meal. Day after day,—morning, noon, and night,—the good lady heard Hebrews 13:8 until her curiosity was so piqued that she searched her Bible. She was much shocked, perhaps you will be, too, when you read the verse.

The first original Yankee from "jest about the middle of daown East" was "Major Jack Downing," a creation of Seba Smith in his "Downing Letters" of 1830. This calculating, keen-witted Yankee stimulated many writers to try their pen at fun-making.

Other well-known humorous writers who followed quickly in the footsteps of this first Yankee from down East were Hosea Biglow and The Autocrat. We have spoken of their work in previous pages, as well as dealing with the humorous strain of various other writers. Among the well-known authors who have made an especial business of being "funny men" and who have won

fame through their mirth-provoking powers are: Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, John Kendrick Bangs, Robert Burdette, and scores of lesser fame. We have space in these pages to dwell at length only on the first three mentioned. The other writers may be studied fully if the teacher desires.

ARTEMUS WARD.

1834-1867.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE, who, under the name of "Artemus Ward," delighted America and England with his genial wit and drollery, in which there was never a grain of malice, was born April 26, 1834, at Waterford, Maine. He died of consumption March 26, 1867. Up to the hour of his death he was engaged in adding to the amusement of his fellow creatures and an unfinished paper found after his death was a droll commentary on the "disagreement" of various doctors who attended him. He lectured to delighted audiences to within a few days of his death and was often so ill that he could hardly dress for the nightly exhibition. His personality was a distinct surprise to the English audiences, comprising the most distinguished men and women in society, literature and politics, who crowded to hear him. His letters to *Punch* and other writings with their grotesque misspelling and their representation of the writer as a jolly illiterate itinerant showman did not prepare his hearers for the refined delicate man dressed in faultless evening attire who stepped before the curtain of his "show" and with white refined hands holding now a fishing rod and again an

umbrella or a riding whip, pointed out the various features of his "pictures." While he made his audience roar with laughter he himself remained grave and even mournful in appearance, which is said to have added to the comic effect of his delivery.

The wit of Artemus Ward is distinctively American, a combination of drollery and common sense. "You hardly know what it is that makes you laugh outright." Artemus Ward's father, Levi Browne, was a land surveyor and Justice of the Peace. His mother, Caroline I. Browne, was a descendant of the Puritans. Commenting on his Puritan origin Artemus once said: "I think we came from Jerusalem, for my father's name was Levi, and we had a Moses and a Nathan in the family, but my poor brother's name was Cyrus, so perhaps that makes us Persians." The buoyancy and fun which pervade Artemus Ward's relations, business and friendly, with his fellow men remind us of that other bright spirit, Robert Louis Stevenson.

After but a partial education at the Waterford school Charles was apprenticed in a printing office, his father wishing him to learn that trade. He soon left the first office and entered that of the *Carpet Bag* (edited by B. P. Shillaber, "Mrs. Partington"), and it was in his sixteenth year, while engaged in "setting up" the writings of "Miles O'Reilly," John G. Saxe and others that he made his own first contribution to literature, writing it in a disguised hand and putting it secretly in the editorial box. He had the delight of setting it up the next day.

He then traveled as journeyman printer through Massachusetts and New York and finally settled in Toledo,

where his sarcastic but always good natured articles in the *Toledo Commercial* soon won for him considerable local reputation. As a result he became local reporter for the *Cleveland Plaindealer* at the not exorbitant salary of twelve dollars a week. He was not successful as a *news* reporter, but became an adept at writing burlesque accounts of public occurrences, prize fights, spiritual meetings, etc. His "answers to correspondents" would be conceived in the following vein:

VERITAS. Many make the same error. Mr. Key, who wrote the Star Spangled Banner, is not the author of Hamlet: a tragedy. He wrote the banner business and assisted in "The Female Pirate," but did not write Hamlet. Hamlet was written by a talented but unscrupulous man named Macbeth, afterwards tried and executed for "murdering sleep."

It was while writing for the *Plaindealer* that Browne first signed the sobriquet Artemus Ward and first assumed the character of the "possessor of a moral show, consisting of three moral bares, the kangaroo (a amoozing little rascal; 'twould make you larf yourself to death to see the little kuss jump and squeal), wax figures of G. Washington, etc." This communication, copied in hundreds of papers, made Charles Browne henceforth famous as Artemus Ward.

He went to New York in 1860, where he first assisted and then succeeded Leland as editor of *Vanity Fair*, a humorous paper in which many of his best contributions were given to the public. When *Vanity Fair* ceased to exist Artemus Ward entered the lecture field and was successful from the first. As lecturer he traveled extensively in the United States and finally went to England, where he was enthusiastically received: "Charles Reade, the novelist, was his warm friend and enthusiastic ad-

mirer, and Mr. Andrew Holliday introduced him to the 'Literary Club,' where he became a great favorite. Mark Lemon came to him and asked him to become a contributor to *Punch*, which he did. His *Punch* letters were more remarked than any other current matter. "There was hardly a club meeting or a dinner at which they were not discussed. . . . It was admitted that *Punch* had contained nothing better since the days of 'Yellow-plush.' This opinion was shared by the *Times*, the literary reviews, and the gayest leaders of society. The publishers of *Punch* posted up his name in large letters over their shop in Fleet street, and Artemus delighted to point it out to his friends."* About this time he wrote to a friend in America :

"This is the proudest moment of my life. To have been as well appreciated here as at home; to have written for the oldest comic journal in the English language, received mention with Hood and Jerrold and Hook, and to have my picture and my *pseudonym* as common in London as in New York, is enough for

"Yours truly,

"A. WARD."

Artemus went to England in 1866. Besides writing for *Punch* he gave a series of lectures on the "Mormons."

The crowds which flocked nightly to hear him became larger and larger, hundreds being turned away, but consumption claimed the maker of so much innocent mirth for her own and in the seventh week of his engagement his lectures were discontinued. He died at Southampton in March, 1867, and a large number of friends and admirers attended his funeral. His body was brought back to America and buried beside that of his father in Waterford.

*From biographical sketch of Artemus Ward by Eli Perkins.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

If I'm drafted I shall resign.

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus conferred upon me I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meanter say, I shall hav to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should hav eventooaly becum a brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and made tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the Ledger.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the Clipper.

My wife was to the sowin' circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin' the females of the other sowin' circle (which likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' theirselves ekally well in slanderin' the fust-named circle), and I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people enjoy theirselves.

My son Orgustus was playin' onto a float.

Orgustus is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin' cob-houses in a corner of the kitchin.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this fam'ly and

yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carlotty Patti sing; he may have hearn Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, gинуine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons missin' when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; only stays. He ought to 'pologize on behalf of his parients, for bein' here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

My townsmen were sort o' demoralized. There was a evident destine to evade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and Mar, too. (A jew desprit.) I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin' four abreast, wendin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it cavilry?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here

and Scotsburg. That's them. They're Stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is hev'y today," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. Today they're got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few ther' is very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how is't with you?" I inquired of the editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty, who sot near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin' his head in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpose of announcin', from week to week, that our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. Schwarzey, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin' in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hellow, old Beeswax," he bellered; "how's yer grand-dams? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habit-ooal drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes' so."

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

1835.

"Mark Twain." Our most celebrated humorist.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, known throughout the world as Mark Twain, was born in Florida in 1835, though most of his early boyhood was passed at Hannibal, Mo., where he attended the village school. Was apprenticed to a printer at the age of thirteen and worked at this trade later in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York. During his early boyhood he was always dreaming about piloting on a Mississippi steamboat, and to accomplish this feat was the height of his ambition. At the age of sixteen he realized his dreams, and the story of his pilot life was told in after years in his *Life on the Mississippi*. In 1861 he served as private secretary to his brother, who was secretary of the territory of Nevada. After leaving this position, he began his literary labors as editor of the *Virginia City Enterprise*. Here his pseudonym, Mark Twain, was first used. The expression had become very familiar to him while piloting on the Mississippi,—the leadsman, in sounding a depth of two fathoms, always called out, "Mark Twain!"

In 1865, Clemens became a reporter on the staff of the *San Francisco Morning Call*, relieved the monotony of his newspaper work by occasional unsuccessful attempts at gold digging and by a six months' trip to the Sandwich Islands. Entered the lecture field on his return, touring through California and Nevada, his reception everywhere proving that he had, indeed, the gift of humor. Later he

edited a paper in Buffalo, and finally married and settled down in Hartford, where he lived in friendly intercourse with Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others. He was in the habit of making very frequent informal calls at the Stowes. On returning from there one morning, his wife exclaimed: "There, Sam, you've been over to the Stowes again without a necktie! It is really too bad!" Mr. Clemens immediately wrapped up his black silk necktie in a neat parcel and dispatched it, in company with the following note, to Mrs. Stowe:

"Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have.

"MARK TWAIN."

Mr. Clemens' first decided literary success was gained by the publication of *Innocents Abroad* in 1869. Curiously enough, the leading publishers of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston failed to see any elements of success in the original MS. and it was returned again and again before a publisher was found. It was welcomed heartily by the public, 125,000 copies selling the first three years. The author's next work of note was *Roughing It*, which raised shouts of laughter wherever it was read. It was a series of brilliant and graphic sketches of the author's personal experiences in the rough border life of Utah, Nevada, and California. Among other of his well-known works are: *Sketches Old and New*; *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and its sequel, *Huckleberry Finn*, two of his best productions; *A Tramp Abroad*, a series of humorous sketches of his own personal experience in a trip through Germany and Switzerland; *A Yankee at*

King Arthur's Court; Life of Joan of Arc; Prince and Pauper, etc.

Mark Twain's literary style is especially pleasing, as well as mirth provoking. He uses simple words and tells his story in a straightforward, interesting manner that carries his reader along in breathless suspense. All his best works are written autobiographically and are the results of his personal experience. His writings have been translated into German and have met with a large sale on the continent. *The Gilded Age*, written in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner in 1873, was dramatized and met with excellent success on the stage.

Mr. Clemens established the publishing house of C. L. Webster in New York City in 1884. The following year they published the *Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, the profits of which, amounting to \$350,000, were paid to Mrs. Grant in accordance with their agreement. This company failed eleven years later, and Mr. Clemens found himself a poor man and morally, though not legally, responsible for large sums due the creditors. He nobly resolved to wipe out every dollar of the debt, and at once entered upon a lecturing trip around the world, meeting with personal welcome and such financial success as his motive merited.

Note.—Have the pupils bring in selections from Mark Twain. Read one or two of his best books, such as *Innocents Abroad*, or *Tom Sawyer*, and its sequel *Huckleberry Finn*.

UNCLE DAN'L'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

(From "The Gilded Age.")

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way

toward the wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh, what is it, Uncle Dan'!"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's been mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yet, we ain't ready—let these po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de old niggah if you's got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we know by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But, good Lord, dese chil'en don' b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown, whah dey don't know

nuffin, an' yo' knows, yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many onery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frends, jes' let 'em off dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. *Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!* De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole——"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well, now, dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben *now* if it warn't fo' dat prah! Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I *reckon*? Don't I *know* it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' comin' *chow! chow! CHOW!* an' a goin' on turrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' fer 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No, indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"*No* sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tech him."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I— Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout. You might take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob *coase* dey was; but dey didn't know nuffin' 'bout it—heal right up again; if dey'd been gals dey'd missed dey long haah (hair), maybe, but dey wouldn't feel de burn."

"I don't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin' what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should I know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides don't it call 'em de *He-brew* chil'en? If dey was

gals wouldn't they be she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take no notice when dey *do* read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that— My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be *two*."

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time sho'! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay, dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear everywhah in a second. Goodness, now de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat means business, honey. He comin' now like he forgot sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's goin' to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin!"

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted himself if the Lord heard him when he went by.

QUESTIONS ON MARK TWAIN.

1. Briefly sketch the life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens.
2. Where did he get the suggestion for his pen name?
3. Name some of his best known works.
4. Tell something about *Innocents Abroad*. About *Roughing It*.
5. Discuss the character of Mark Twain's books.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

1850-1896.

"Bill Nye."

“**E**DGAR WILSON NYE,” says a prominent writer in a sketch of Nye’s life, “was a born ‘funny man’ whose humor was as irrepressible as his disposition to breathe air. The very face of the man, while far from being homely, as is frequently judged from comic pictures of him, was enough to provoke the risibilities of the most sedate and unsmiling citizens in any community. When Mr. Nye walked out on the platform to exhibit in his plain manner a few samples of his ‘Baled Hay,’ or offer what he was pleased to term a few ‘remarks,’ or to narrate one or more of the tales told by those famous creatures of his imagination known as *The Forty Liars*,—before a word was uttered an infectious smile often grew into a roaring laugh.”

“Bill Nye” was born in 1850, at Shirley, a little village in Maine. Soon after his birth his people moved to Wisconsin, and later, when he was just a small boy, to Wyoming Territory. He grew up amid the hardships of the wild frontier, and much of the family trials and troubles was humorously told by him in his early “yarns.” Nye was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-six, but the realms of literature proved more alluring and he gave up his profession after practicing one year. Served as a reporter for a short time and then began writing humorous weekly letters for various Sunday papers of the West. This work brought him good financial returns, while all over the United States he was shaking the sides of fun-loving citizens and rap-

idly winning a reputation as a humorous writer. Established the "Nye Syndicate" in New York in 1854, through which he arranged to have a weekly letter from him appear simultaneously in all the leading papers of the largest cities in the Union. This was a great success, and the humorist rose so rapidly in fame that he began touring the country as lecturer. He frequently traveled in company with other prominent authors, and for some time toured with James Whitcomb Riley. An announcement of their appearance always insured them an enthusiastic welcome and a crowded house. Needless to say, the people always thoroughly enjoyed the performance. Mr. Riley's inimitable rendering of his poems carried his audience back to the "Ole Swimmin' Hole" and other scenes in the "Airly Days," while Mr. Nye's droll remarks or a story told by one of the "Forty Liars" shook the house in convulsions of laughter.

Edgar Wilson Nye's latest newspaper work, and probably the best known in this line, was a series of letters purporting to come from an old farmer residing near Buck Shoals, North Carolina. They were a mixture of rural philosophy and current events which delighted not only the farmers—many of whom imagined that he was really one of them,—but readers of every class in the country at large. Nye's best known book is *Bill Nye's History of the United States*. In this he follows the bare thread of actual chronological history narrative, and rounds out the whole by droll, comical remarks of his own. It was issued in 1894, and was such a great success that "Bill" determined to go to Europe and write similar histories of foreign countries. Before he could get his affairs in shape for a long absence from

home, he died suddenly in 1896, at the early age of forty-six years. Soon afterwards Mrs. Nye went abroad for the purpose of educating her children. The royalty on Nye's books provides an ample income for the support of his family.

THE WILD COW.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering water-melons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of a self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and she was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a commonplace remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offense anywhere. I said, "So"—and she "soed." Then I told her to "hist" and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it.

Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window.

I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now of a milkman. I select

a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could trust me, it is all right.

A LIST OF REFERENCE BOOKS.

NOTE.—The following reference works of criticism and biography, in addition to the authorized works of all the more prominent authors, should have a place in the library, and frequent reference be made to each to supplement the work in literature.

Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.

Initial Studies in American Literature, Henry A. Beers. Chautauqua Print.

How to Tell a Story and Other Essays, *Samuel L. Clemens*. Harper.

Literary and Social Essays, *George William Curtis*. Harper.

Yesterdays With Authors, *James T. Fields*. Houghton.

Authors and Friends, *Mrs. J. T. Fields*. Small.

Authors at Home, *Gilder*. Cassell.

Literary Friends and Acquaintance, *W. D. Howells*. Harper.

Letters to Dead Authors, *Andrew Lang*. Scribner.

Pioneers of Southern Literature, *Link*. Barbee.

American Literature, *Richardson*. Putnam.

Poets of America, *Stedman*. Houghton.

Library of American Literature. 11 vols. *Stedman and Hutchinson*.

American Poets and Their Homes, *Stoddard*. Lathrop.

Literary Shrines, *Wolfe*. Lippincott.

Makers of Literature, *Woodberry*. Macmillan.

It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.—*Washington Irving.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT BRITISH POETS.

“Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise ”

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ROBERT BURNS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Its use is to lift the mind out of the beaten, dusty, weary walks of life, to raise it into a purer element, and breathe into it a more profound and generous emotion.—*Dr. Channing on Poetry.*



WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

1564—1616.

"The Bard of Avon."

"The Sweet Swan of Avon."

The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literature. —Hallam.

Shakespeare is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of two hundred years. His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy, all are of this day as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come.

—Prof. Wilson.

OVER THREE centuries have been added to Father Time since William Shakspere, the greatest of all poets, first contributed his genius to the world, but the language which he spoke still thrills in our blood in spite of this long period of years. Many of Shakspere's imaginary men and women are drawn with such matchless power and vividness that they are more real to us than the real men and women we meet every day, and their influence is much greater. He was a close student of human nature and his plays reflect as in a mirror the looks, words and actions of the men and women whom he met. Always it is the "Caesar" which draws all eyes, not the chariot in which he rides, or the robes which he wears. As Mrs. Jameson says of Portia: "She treads as though

*Note—Shakspere died four years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music." Shakspeare was also a lover of Nature and his poetry contains some of the most exquisite pictures.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with the lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, or the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

William Shakspeare was born in the month of April, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, a small town in Warwickshire, England. His father was a respectable tradesman of much natural ability, but "innocent of books," who served his town first as alderman and then as mayor. His mother was Mary Arden, whose ancestors had belonged to the Warwickshire gentry since before the conquest, and two of whom had held places of distinction

in the king's household. Probably the poet inherited most of his noble traits of character from the maternal side. At the time of his birth Shakspeare's parents were in comfortable circumstances, but before he was fifteen his father's foolish venture in farming, of which he knew nothing, impoverished the household, and later the poet was the sole support of his parents.

Shakspeare attended the free grammar school of Stratford, where he was taught English and the rudiments of Latin and Greek. Of the results of this classic training Ben Jonson, a friend, says: "Shakspeare had small Latin and less Greek." Later in life he somewhere acquired a small knowledge of French and Italian. "In speaking of Shakspeare's education, we must bear in mind the fact that such a remarkable genius as he had marvelous powers for absorbing knowledge from nature, books and daily experiences. . . . No better place could be found than Stratford and vicinity for a genius like Shakspeare to spend his early life." According to Dowden: "The country around Stratford presents the perfection of quiet English scenery; it is remarkable for its lovely wild flowers, for its deep meadows on each side of the tranquil Avon, and for its rich, sweet woodlands. The town itself, in Shakspeare's time, numbered about 1,400 inhabitants; a town of scattered timber houses, possessing two chief buildings—the stately church by the river side and the Guildhall, where companies of players would at times perform."

Verily, our Emerson was right when he said that the greatest men have the shortest biographies. Little is really known of Shakspeare's life, though much of uncertain authority has been written. For instance, it is

said that he was a wayward, profligate young man, that he once stole some deer from a nobleman's park, and was severely punished, in revenge for which he posted some satiric verses on the nobleman's park gate, and was obliged to leave Stratford to escape more serious punishment. At the age of eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, with whom he lived very unhappily. Three children were born to them—Susanna, the poet's favorite child, in 1583, and the following year the twins, Judith and Hamnet. The latter died in his twelfth year.

After his marriage he went to London to seek his fortune. Soon after he became connected with the Globe theater. His duties were to prepare old plays for the stage and to act occasionally when required. After a time he became joint owner of the theater, and wrote splendidly brilliant plays of his own. His industry in the double capacity of actor and playwright soon won him fame and success. At the age of thirty-three he found himself a rich man, and purchased the finest house in Stratford for the accommodation of his family and aged parents. In 1602 he purchased an estate of one hundred and seven acres near his native town. Here he spent the remaining fourteen years of his life, dying after a short illness on the anniversary of his birthday, having exactly completed his fifty-second year. He was buried in the chancel of the parish church at Stratford. (Read Irving's account of his visit to the tomb in Stratford-on-Avon.)

The "silver-tongued" poet's private character seems to have been that of an "amiable, gentle and generous man, beloved by everybody except the few who were jeal-

ous of his greatness." No one seems to have thought anything about recording the personal appearance of Shakspeare. Aubrey tells us: "He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit."

Shakspeare's fame rests almost solely upon his plays, usually reckoned as thirty-one in number. These are naturally divided into the three great classes—tragedy, historical drama and comedy. His best known tragedies are *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The most popular historical dramas are *Henry V*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry VIII*, *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. His most noted comedies are *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It*. Shakspeare was also the author of one hundred and fifty-four sonnets and some miscellaneous works, chief among which are *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.—*Merchant of Venice*.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.—From *As You Like It*.

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. —*Othello*.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortunes;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—*Julius Caesar.*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

—*Henry VIII.*

Love all, trust few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY.

It is impossible to give in this volume enough selections for the study of Shakspeare's style to be of any real value to the pupil. Inexpensive school editions may be obtained from any publisher of classics. Some little time should be given to the study of the following selections, and probably the best results may be obtained if they are taken up in the order here named: *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Macbeth*.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY OF THESE SELECTIONS.

NOTE.—These suggestions may well be used as an examination test after the selections have been thoroughly studied, as the published classics will probably contain complete suggestions for drill on each.

1. Determine to which great class of plays each belongs.
2. Select passages in each for committing to memory.
3. Where does the following quotation occur:

“If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then;
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.”

4. Name the principal character in *The Merchant of Venice*. Where is the scene of the play laid?
5. Write an abstract of the play.
6. Tell the story of the three caskets left by Portia's father, and of the suitors who came to try their luck at winning her. Describe Portia. Describe the successful suitor.
7. Why did Shylock claim a pound of Antonio's flesh? How was Antonio avenged?
8. Write a description of Portia's and Nerissa's adventure.
9. Name the principal characters in *As You Like It*. Where is the scene of the play laid.
10. Write an abstract of the play.
11. Quote Jaques' moralizing over the wounded deer.
12. Name the principal characters in *Julius Caesar*. Where is the scene laid?
13. Write an abstract of the play.
14. Tell of the dream of Calphurnia, wife of Caesar.

How was it interpreted by Decius Brutus? Which proved right, the wife's fears or the interpretation of Decius?

15. Describe the following characters: Caesar, Brutus, Mark Antony.

16. Name the principal characters in *Macbeth*. Where is the scene laid?

17. Write an abstract of the play.

18. Describe Macbeth.

19. In what plays do the following lines occur:

"Screw your courage to the sticking-place."

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it."

"But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

"Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss."

CRITICISMS.

Among the most alien races he is as solidly at home as a mountain seen from different sides by many lands, itself superbly solitary, yet the companion of all thoughts and domesticated in all imaginations. . . . But higher even than the genius I rate the character of this unique man, and the grand impersonality of what he wrote. What has he told us of himself? If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consola-

tion to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frostwork of fancy on the many windows of that self-centered and cheerful soul.

—*Lowell.*

He is buried and absorbed in the present image or idea. Behind a word he has a whole picture, an attitude, a long argument abridged, a mass of swarming ideas. Hence his style is blooming with exuberant images—loaded with exaggerated metaphors whose strangeness is like incoherence, whose wealth is superabundant.—*Taine.*

REFERENCES.

Studies in Shakespeare, *White.*

To the Avon, *Longfellow.*

Shakespeare, *Holmes.*

Shakespeare in Representative Men, *Emerson.*

Stratford-on-Avon in Sketch-Book, *Irving.*

QUESTIONS ON SHAKSPERE.

1. Write a sketch of Shakspeare's life.
2. By what sobriquets was Shakspeare known?
3. Upon what class of work does his fame rest?
4. Into what three great classes are his plays divided? Name two representatives of each.
5. Describe the following characters in Shakspeare's plays: Portia, Beatrice, Antonio, Rosalind, Juliet, Ophelia, Romeo, Hermione, Brutus, Desdemona, Imogen, Mark Antony, and Cordelia.
6. Quote three familiar passages. Quote five lines that have become household words.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people and lived and died in an humble condition.

—*Prof. Wilson.*

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying;
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn
Beneath her daisies lying. —*Holmes.*

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

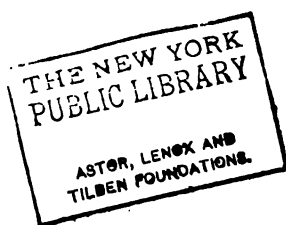
BURNS has made the fields and dales of Scotland along the "banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" immortal by his famous peasant songs and poems.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides ever plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each running brook,
Each rustling bough. —*Longfellow.*

Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, as his own people loved to call him, was born about two miles south of Ayr, January 25, 1759. Here his father had a small farm near "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and the "bonnie Doon" rippled slowly along a short distance behind his little thatched cottage. William Burns was a man of

*Burns was born the same year as Gen. Wolfe's memorable victory at Quebec.





sterling character and intelligence. His wife was a truly religious, handsome woman, of ready sympathy and deep tenderness. She was a devoted mother, and her son "Robbie" undoubtedly inherited many of her amiable qualities. Burns tenderly depicts his early childhood's home in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. Who can forget the wise counsel of the loving father:

An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duely, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

And again the blessed picture:—

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they shall all meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!

Young Burns received a scanty school education, for his father was obliged to keep his sons at home to help him with the farm work. However, Robert made the most of his opportunities, and increased his knowledge by studying the very few books within his reach. The Burns family loved books; and the limited supply which they were able to afford was choice. Besides "the big

Ha' Bible," they had the *Spectator*, Pope's Works, Allan Ramsay's poems, a collection of English Songs, and a few other books. This small collection young Robert almost knew by heart; he frequently read while eating his frugal meals, "with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other." It is said that he wore out two copies of Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* in this way. Later in life he read such standard authors as Thomson, Sterne, Shenstone, and others.

It was while yet the "Ayrshire Plowman" that he was inspired to wish—

That I for poor auld Scotland's sake †
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

His first effort as a poet was in song making. His verses were handed around the neighborhood in manuscript, and he acquired considerable fame ere he had reached his fifteenth year. In 1784 the father died and young Robert became head of the family. His brother Gilbert assisted him in managing the farm, but they were scarcely able to make a living. About this time, Burns met and loved Mary Campbell. In 1786 she went to her father's home in Argylshire to prepare for her marriage and there sickened and died. Many of Burns' sweetest songs were penned in her memory.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

As Burns' mind expanded, his life as a farm laborer became irksome and disagreeable, and finally entirely un-

endurable. Disgusted with everything around him, he determined to go to the West Indies, where a number of his Scotch acquaintances were reported to be reaping great profits. He published a collection of his poems in order to pay the expenses of his voyage, but the volume at once became so popular and brought him such large returns financially that he gave up the idea of going abroad.

"Scotia's bard" at once received an invitation from the wealthy people of Edinburgh to pay them a visit. He was given a very cordial reception, feasted, flattered and lionized, and, ploughman though he was, he behaved throughout all the unaccustomed ceremonies as though he had been "to the manor born." Following the advice of a friend, he now took advantage of his popularity and brought out a new edition of his poems. He lived in a whirl of admiration, fetes, and flattering attentions for over a year in Edinburgh, and then returned to his home with some \$2,500, the proceeds from his second edition of poems. He took a farm near Dumfries, secured for himself the office of exciseman, and married an old love, Jean Armour, daughter of a poor mason. Again, his farming proved a failure, and at the end of three years he removed to Dumfries and relied upon his duties as exciseman for the support of his family. He continued to exercise his pen, particularly in the composition of a number of beautiful songs adapted to old Scottish tunes. But his life as exciseman, and the society of the idle and dissipated who gathered around him in Dumfries had an evil effect upon Burns, whom disappointment and misfortune were now making somewhat reckless. In the winter of 1795 his constitution, broken by cares, irregu-

larities and passions, fell into premature decline, and a rheumatic fever terminated his life and sufferings at the early age of thirty-seven. He left a wife and four children in poverty, but his friends kindly circulated a petition in their behalf, and later, with the same intent, Dr. Currie of Liverpool collected and published four volumes of Burns' poems.

Robert Burns was an honest, proud, warm-hearted man, whose character, though marred by imprudence, was never contaminated by duplicity or meanness. He combined sound understanding with high passions and a vigorous imagination, being particularly alive to every species of emotion. Sir Walter Scott thus describes his personal appearance: "His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

Burns is one of the few poets who have at once excelled in humor, in tenderness, and in sublimity. He ranks next to Shakspeare in his ability to express the emotions of the human heart. For this reason his songs of love, patriotism and pleasure are sung in all regions of the globe. Among those best known are *Comin' Through the Rye*, *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*, and *O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*. Burns is chiefly a lyric poet. Among his principal poems are *Highland*

Mary, The Cotter's Saturday Night, To Mary in Heaven, and Tam O'Shanter.

The Great Bard of Scotia lies beneath a splendid mausoleum at Dumfries, and beside him sleeps his world weary Jean. Two grand monuments have been erected in his memory; one in the middle of a magnificent garden overlooking the "banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," the other on Calton Hill at Edinburgh. "Pilgrims from every land visit his humble birth-place. Thousands of people walk yearly through the fields his peasant songs have made immortal. They sit beneath the birchen boughs on the banks of the 'Bonnie Doon,' and dream in the weird enchantment of 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk.'"

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

—*Honest Poverty.*

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed
Or, like the snowflake in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever."

—*Tam O'Shanter.*

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that."

—*For A' That And A' That.*

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourel's as ithers see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion!" —*To a Louse.*

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it." —*Lines.*

"What is life wanting love?
Night without a morning!
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning." —*Song.*

"How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming
fair!

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
—*Banks of Devon.*

A PARTIAL LIST OF BURNS'S POEMS.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.	Tam O'Shanter.
The Brigs of Ayr.	The Twa Dogs.
To Mary in Heaven.	Highland Mary.
To a Mountain Daisy.	To a Mouse.
Man Was Made to Mourn.	The Jolly Beggars.
	Address to the Deil.

SONGS.

My Luv's Like a Red Red Rose.	John Anderson, My Jo.
O Whistle, and I'll Come to You.	O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.
	Mary Morrison.

Ye Banks and Braes o' Comin' Thro the Rye.
Bonnie Doon. Afton Water.
Scots wha hae wi Wallace Honest Poyerty.
Bled.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around 1
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There sinner first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, 2
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angels wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace, 3
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mold'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

- I. Explain the Scotch phrases.
- II. Who was Highland Mary.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On the turning one down with the plow, in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random field

O' cold or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilled he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine,—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

- I. Explain the Scotch words. Explain what is meant by *card* in the 7th stanza.
- II. Select figures of speech. Classify them.

QUESTIONS ON BURNS.

1. Sketch the story of Burns's life.
2. Name his best known songs and poems.
3. For what is his poetry famed? Quote three memory gems.
4. Which of the poems given do you like best? Why?
5. Give the different titles which have been applied to Burns.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

1770—1850.

Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar;
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
 Above the blind and battling multitude;
 In honored poverty thy voice did weave
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.

—*Shelley.*

Of no other poet except Shakespeare have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth. —*Lowell.*

*Wordsworth was born in the year of the Boston massacre.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

—Whittier.

“W ORDSWORTH,” says Blaisdell, “was the great master of the Lake School, in which Coleridge and Southey were, after him, the most prominent members. The poets of that school took their subjects often from among the commonest things, and wrote their poems in the simplest style, choosing the ordinary speech of educated people as the vehicle of their thoughts. They probably went too far in their disdain for the conventional subjects and ornaments of poetry; but their principles were sound and healthful, and their labors made a deep and lasting impression on English thought.”

William Wordsworth, second son of Lawyer John Wordsworth, was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, England. His parents died while he was yet a child, and most of his early boyhood was spent in the home of the Cooksons, his maternal grandparents, at Pendrith. He attended school at Hawkshead and later entered Cambridge, graduating in 1791. During the four years of his college course he read many books and wrote poetry. He was not much in sympathy with his college life and delightedly hailed his vacations, which he spent in touring through Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany and Scotland.

“His friends wished him to enter the church, but he was born to be a poet and nothing else. The love of poetry was the grand passion of his heart, which grew and strengthened with the coming of more mature years.”

His first published volume, *Descriptive Sketches*, appeared in 1793. This was followed in the same year by *An Evening Walk*. These poems were sufficiently successful to show the literary public the rise of a new star in the poetical heavens, which was destined to shed a brilliant luster on the land. In 1795 Wordsworth found it necessary to turn his attention to earning a living, and thought seriously of entering either law or journalism or both. Before he had decided a young friend died, leaving him nine hundred pounds, and earnestly urging him to devote himself to poetry. This he determined to do and at once settled himself down in Dorsetshire with his sister Dorothy, of whom he was very fond, as mistress of his home. Here he wrote *Salisbury Plain* and a tragedy called *The Borders*, which he never succeeded in placing on the stage. On one of his tours he formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge, who induced him to become his neighbor and settle at Alfoxden. In 1798 the poets jointly issued a volume called *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed one poem—*The Ancient Mariner*. The book was not a success.

Wordsworth and his sister now removed to Grasmere, where they lived nine years. It was in this village, in 1802, that he married Mary Hutchinson, whom he describes in his *Phantom of Delight*:

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something like angelic light.

His mind now being relieved from anxiety over money matters by the payment to him and his sister of a debt due their father by the late Earl of Lonsdale, Words-

worth determined to carry out his plan of producing a great philosophical poem, and accordingly in 1814 brought forth his masterpiece, *The Excursion*, which he dedicated to his faithful friend, the young Earl of Lonsdale. "It brought its author very little money and a good deal of abuse," says Blaisdell. "This grand poem is only a fragment, a part of a vast moral epic to have been called *The Recluse*, in which the poet intended to discuss the human soul in its deepest workings and its loftiest relations. Its original unpopularity must be ascribed in part to the absence of dramatic life and the want of human interest, and in part to the novelty of embodying metaphysical reasoning in blank verse. Even now, though Wordsworth's popularity has grown immensely, *The Excursion* is read by few. Yet it is not all a web of subtle reasoning, for there are rich studies from nature and from life scattered plentifully over its more thoughtful groundwork."

Wordsworth is best known by his minor poems, which display his genius in its simple beauty and unaffected grace. "Such are *Ruth*, a touching tale of love and madness; *We Are Seven*, a glimpse of that higher wisdom which the lips of childhood often utter; the classic *Laodamia*, clear-lined and graceful as an antique cameo, and the lines on *Revisiting the Wye*, which are so rich in the calmly eloquent philosophy that formed the groundwork of all he wrote." Chief among his remaining works are *The White Doe of Rylstone*, a tale founded on the ruin of a Northern family in the Civil War; *Peter Bell*, dedicated to Southey; *The Waggoner*, dedicated to Charles Lamb; *Sonnets on the River Duddon*, *Ecclesiastical Son-*

nets, Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, Yarrow Revisited, and The Prelude.

In 1813 Wordsworth removed his family to Rydal Mount, in the beloved Grasmere vale. Here in sight of those beautiful lakes and under the shadow of those old hills which have become inseparably associated with his name the poet spent the greater part of his long life. To this house, embowered with a profusion of ivy and roses and overlooking the silver-gleaming Windermere, came such famous visitors as Dr. Channing, Fields, Emerson and many other noted Americans, besides his neighbors, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lamb and the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. In Fields' *Yesterdays With Authors* may be found a delightful picture of Wordsworth in his home. Shortly after coming to Rydal Mount his friend, Lord Lonsdale, secured for him the office of stamp distributor for the County of Westmoreland, which, while not requiring heavy duties, brought him the welcome salary of £500 annually. He held the office until well up in the seventies and then resigned in favor of his son, receiving a pension of £300 a year. After the death of his friend Southey, in 1843, he succeeded to the laureateship. He died seven years later, April 23, a few days after completing his eightieth year. His body was laid to rest in the little churchyard of Grasmere beside his dearly loved daughter, who had preceded him to the beautiful shore three years before.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,

A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads."

"From the body of one guilty deed
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed."

"Honor is the finest sense of justice which the human
mind can frame."

"We sail the sea of life; a calm one finds,
And one a tempest; and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

"Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun."

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything."

Familiar lines from Wordsworth:

1. The child is father of the man.
2. What are fears but voices airy?
3. Soft is the music that would charm forever.
4. The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
5. Hope rules a land forever green.
6. Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
7. The stars are mansions built by nature's hand.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light—
The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5
It is not now as it has been of yore:
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep— 25
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity ;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd boy ! 35

Ye blessed creatures ! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,— 40

The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day ! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling, 45
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide.

Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,—
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm,—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !— 50
But there's a tree, of many one.

A single field which I have looked upon.—
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat. 55

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home. 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy ;
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—
 He sees it in his joy. 70
 The youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended :
 At length the Man perceives it die away, 75
 And fade into the light of common day.
 * * * * *
 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live ;
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive ! 80
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction ; not, indeed,
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest, 85
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things, 90
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised,— 95
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing. 100
 Uphold us, cherish and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never,—
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor, 105
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though in a land far we be, 110
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,—
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. 115
 * * * * *
 And O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway. 130
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they,
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun 135
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,— 140
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

DAFFODILS.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud 1
 That floats on high o'er oaks and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
 Continuous as the stars that shine 2
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
 The waves beside them danced, but they 3
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company;

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

THE WORLD.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

CRITICISMS.

1. Wordsworth was the first writer to write singly of child life. Before him, the child had been treated as part of the family group, and only such characteristics mentioned as would be obvious to the most careless observer. His writings were ever pure and wholesome,

illuminating the pathway of daily thought. He said: "It is a comfort to me that none of my work contains a line which I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature; I can do no mischief by my works when I am gone."

2. "Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which he feels the joy offered to us in nature; the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it."—*Matthew Arnold*.

REFERENCES.

Wordsworth, *Whittier*.

Yesterdays With Authors, *Field*.

Literary Reminiscences, *DeQuincey*.

QUESTIONS ON WORDSWORTH.

1. Give a brief sketch of Wordsworth's life.
2. Quote some familiar lines that have become household words.
3. Name his best poems. Quote three memory gems.
4. Describe his home at Rydal Mount. What poem is a tender tribute to his wife? Name some of his famous friends.
5. To what common things does Whittier say he has given immortal life?

LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON.*

1788-1824.

The popularity of Byron, take it for all in all, was probably the most splendid that ever poet was applauded and flattered with.

—Reed.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair.

—Macaulay.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London in 1788. His father was a disreputable captain in the Guards, who spent his wife's fortune and then abandoned her and his child. The mother was a silly, impulsive woman, and to her injudicious training is attributed much of the waywardness which marked the poet's later life. On the death of his granduncle, young Byron, then eleven years of age, became a lord, and heir to Newstead Abbey. He was fitted for College at Harrow, and then sent to Cambridge where he lived a reckless life, breaking the rules of the university and neglecting his proper studies.

While yet in College he brought out his first volume of poems entitled *Hours of Idleness*. This was severely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*, and in revenge he wrote *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a satire in which he not only lashed his reviewer, but also most of the notable authors of the day. After a time, he became ashamed of himself and vainly tried to suppress the poem.

Byron traveled in Spain, Greece and Turkey for two years and then issued his first two cantos of *Childe*

*Byron was born in the third year of the American Revolution.

Harold. This took the public by storm, seven editions being exhausted in one month. Byron was everywhere declared to be the prince among poets, and on his return to London was rapturously received and almost worshiped by his enthusiastic admirers. During the next three years came *Dara, Bride of Abydos, The Corsair*, and *The Giaour*. These were narrative poems describing the people, manners and customs, and scenery of Greece.

In 1815, Byron married the wealthy Miss Millbank, but their union proved unhappy, and the following year she went to her father's house and refused to return to her husband. Byron could not endure the condemnation of the public which followed, and became a wanderer in other lands plunging into all sorts of sins and excesses, and occasionally sending home for publication the remaining cantos of *Childe Harold*, and numerous other poems. In his own lines, he says:—

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home of rest;
A balm for the sickness of care:
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

Sympathizing with the struggle of the Greeks for liberty, he threw himself into their cause, but was stricken with marsh fever before he could take the field, and died at the early age of thirty-six, April 19, 1824, at Missolonghi, Greece. His remains were taken to England, and, after lying in state in London, were interred in the family vault in the village church near Newstead.

Byron was a handsome man, five feet eight in height, a lameness of the right foot, though an obstacle to grace,

but little impeded the activity of his movements. He has summed up his own life and character in *Manfred* where the good abbot laments over the sins of Manfred:—

This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed and contending, without end or order,
All dormant or destructive.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray.

"He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot,
is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave."

"Truth is a gem that is found at great depth; whilst
on the surface of this world, all things are weighed by
the false scale of custom."

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree:
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed."

FAMILIAR LINES.

1. The heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
2. Eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
3. All's to be feared where all's to be lost.
4. There are shades that will not vanish.
5. I loathe that low vice—curiosity.
6. What exile from himself can flee?
7. Stories somehow lengthen when begun.
8. Happiness was born a twin.
9. Without hearts there is no home.
10. Jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

A LIST OF BYRON'S BEST POEMS FOR REFERENCE.

Childe Harold.	The Bride of Abydos.
The Corsair.	The Prisoner of Chillon.
The Giaour.	Manfred.
Cain.	The Lament of Tasso.
Don Juan.	Lara.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night, 1
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas the wind, 2
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall 3
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, 4
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but one hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!
They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

—*From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

NOTES. There was a ball given in Brussels on the eve of the battle.

2. In the sixth stanza reference is made to Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant, Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

3. The forest of Ardennes is supposedly a remnant of that made famous in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

4. If possible, read the whole of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and memorize beautiful passages.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand,

The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand—
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill,
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage:
They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command.
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view:
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away:

He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay:
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy in stone;
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne!"

- I. Compare the poem with the bible account of Belshazzar's Feast in the fifth chapter of Daniel.
- II. Note that the sentences in this poem are all of one kind. Which are they, simple, complex or compound?

CRITICISMS.

1. "Byron possesses the splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength."—*Swinburne*.
2. "Byron's writings were at first gloomy and passionate; later, they began to disclose a wonderful store of wit and humor; and, at last, bright flashes of wit and touches of the tenderest pathos, bursts of eloquence and paroxysms of despair, were to be found in one and the same poem. In graphic power of description, in passionate energy, in grace and beauty of style, Byron was without a rival."—*Blaisdell's American and British Authors*.

REFERENCES.

- Life of Byron, *Thomas Moore*.
Essay on Byron, *Carlyle*.
Essay on Lord Byron, *Macaulay*.

QUESTIONS ON LORD BYRON.

1. Sketch the life of Lord Byron.
2. Name the best known poems. Quote two memory gems.

3. Quote familiar lines.
4. Describe Byron's character. What does he say of himself?
5. To what is his wayward life attributed?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

1806-1861.

*"Shakespeare's Daughter."**"Most beloved of minstrels and women."**"The Princess of Poets."*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING is the greatest female poet that England ever produced. "I hold her worthy of being mentioned with any poet of this century," says Bayne. "She has the breadth and versatility of a man, no sameliness, no one idea, no type character: our single Shakspearean woman!" Among her best known poems may be mentioned *Aurora Leigh*, a novel in verse; *Poems Before Congress*, in praise of the heroes of the fight for Italian liberty and union; *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, the finest love sonnets in our language (these are not, as one might infer, translations from the Portuguese, but are deeply descriptive of the author's own life, and she probably chose this title so as not to identify herself with them); *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*; *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*; *The Cry of the Children*, etc.

Elizabeth Barrett was born at Burn Hall in Durham, March 6, 1806. She was the eldest daughter of Edward Moulton, who took the name of Barrett on succeeding

*Mrs. Browning was born one year before Longfellow, and died the first year of our great Civil War.

to some property. While yet a child, her parents moved to a country home, Hope End, in Herefordshire. In *Hector in the Garden* and *The Last Bower* she tells of some of her childhood thoughts and amusements. Even as a child she had a wonderful intellect, and her proud father encouraged her to study many things with her tutor that were then almost unknown as studies for girls. At eight years of age, with her doll on one arm, she read Homer in the original,—while her grandmother complained that she would rather see neater hemming and less Greek. She began writing verses in early childhood, and when about twelve years of age composed an epic poem in several books on *The Battle of Marathon*, which her adoring father had printed.

When she was about fifteen years of age she fell from her pony and received spinal injuries which made her an invalid for life—for many years she was confined to her room, and for months at a time to her bed. She continued to write and translate poems in spite of her sufferings, and it is said that she had her Greek books bound like novels to evade her physician who opposed her studies. Her father lost the greater part of his property, and after the death of his wife moved his family to London. Here the poet's health improved a little and she went to Torquay, where her favorite brother who had come to visit her was drowned before her eyes. This shock and grief brought on a severe relapse.

Among the dear friends who brightened Miss Barrett's days of suffering were Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, and her cousin, John Kenyon. It was the latter who brought Robert Browning to see her. Their friendship soon ripened into love, and one year later, in 1846, they

were married, secretly because of the opposition of her father. Mr. Barrett never relented, and his sternness was the only blot on his daughter's ideally happy married life. She wrote to Mrs. Jameson: "Women generally lose by marriage, but I have gained the world by mine." On account of Mrs. Browning's delicate health, she and her husband made their home at a beautiful villa near Florence, Italy. There her only son was born in 1849, and there she died, June 29, 1861. She was laid to rest on the evening of July 1st in the beautiful English burial ground at Florence. "The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil, and the tall cypress trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as nature's mourners." The people of Florence, by whom she was dearly loved, have placed a memorial tablet in front of "Casa Guidi," her home, on which is inscribed: "Here she wrote and died who by her song created a golden line between Italy and England."

Miss Mitford thus describes the personal appearance of Mrs. Browning: "A slight, delicate figure with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam."

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Life means, be sure,
Both heart and head,—both active, both complete,
And both in earnest.

Books are men of higher stature.
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to
hear!

It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses.

The plague of gold strikes far and near,—
And deep and strong it enters;
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,
We cheer the pale gold diggers,—
Each soul is worth so much on 'change,
And mark'd, like sheep, with figures.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

A PARTIAL LIST OF MRS. BROWNING'S BEST WORK.

Aurora Leigh.	Rhyme of the Duchess
Lady Geraldine's Courtship.	May.
The Cry of the Human.	The Cry of the Children.
The Sleep.	The House of Clouds.
Sonnets from the Portuguese.	The Lady's Yes.
	Casa Guidi Windows.
The North and the South	Comfort.
(last poem).	

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high;
But, if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God, and why?

1

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

2

God is so good He wears a fold 3
 Of heaven and earth across His face,
 Like secrets kept from love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace 4
 Slides down by thrills through all things made—
 Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid 5
 On my shut eyes kisses' pressure,
 Half waking me at night, and said,
 Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?

SLEEP.

(PSALM CXXVII:1, 2.)

Of all the thoughts of God that are 1
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 "He givèth His beloved, sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
 "He givèth *His* beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved;
 A little dust, to over weep;
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake?
 "He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold! the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved, sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

Ay, men may wonder when they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummer's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
"Who giveth His beloved, sleep."

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,—
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep."

CRITICISMS.

1. "She abounds in figures strong and striking; sometimes strange and startling; sometimes grotesque and weird; often one may say, unallowable, but always having a piercing point of meaning that gives warrant for their singularity. She illustrates at will from nature, art, mythology, history, literature, Scripture, common life. She plucks metaphors wherever they grow and to those who have eyes to see they grow everywhere. Occasionally taking for granted a too great knowledge on the part of her readers, even of such as are cultured, her figures are covered with the dust of old books and their meaning is hidden in a vexing obscurity. But, on the other hand, her sentences often are as clear as ice and have a luster of prismatic fires."—*Theodore Tilton*.

2. "The Brownings are a happy couple,—happy in their affection and their genius. He is a fine, fresh, open nature, full of life and spring, and evidently has little of the dreamy element of Wordsworth and others. She is a little concentrated nightingale, living in a bower of curls, her heart throbbing against the bars of the world."—*T. G. Appleton*.

REFERENCES.

Life, Letters, and Essays of E. B. Browning.—*Stoddard*. Poem, Casa Guidi Windows.—*Bayard Taylor*. Yesterdays with Authors.—*Fields*.

QUESTIONS ON MRS. BROWNING.

1. Sketch the life of Mrs. Browning.
2. Name her best known poems. Quote two memory gems.
3. With what American events may we connect her birth and death?
4. What appellations have been given her? Why has she been called Shakspeare's daughter?
5. Tell of her married life.
6. Discuss the influence and the style of Mrs. Browning's poems.

ROBERT BROWNING.

1812-1889.

*"The Wagner of poets."**"The most intellectual of poets."**"The great dramatic poet of the nineteenth century."*

ROBERT BROWNING, third of that name, was born May 7th, in Camberwell, where his father was connected with the business of a bank. Robert Browning, the elder, was a man who combined love of humanity and artistic sensibility with sound common sense and business ability. The poet's mother, whom he describes as "a divine woman," was with him the object of a peculiarly passionate love. He is said to have closely resembled her.

He early gave evidence of great activity of mind, and we are told that from the moment he could speak "he clamored for something to do."

Another strong attribute of his childhood was his love of animals and tenderness for them; he could not bear

to have any creature hurt and "even stories of the death of animals moved him to tears."

He was quick at books and soon out-distanced his companions, his father sparing neither expense nor care in the matter of his education, which was furthered by masters and tutors as well as school and college. Near his home was the famous Dulwich Gallery, which from his childhood was a never-ending source of enjoyment, while his father's fine library and artistic treasures early developed his artistic and intellectual tastes. His poetic nature asserted itself when he was very young. "I never can recollect not writing in rhymes," he says in a letter to his wife, to whom he also relates that his first poem was an imitation of Ossian and that as a youth he passionately admired Byron. On reaching manhood, being called upon by his very loving father to choose a profession, he deliberately chose to be a man of letters rather than a money maker. His father assented to this and willingly paid all the expenses of printing his gifted son's early poems. It was many years before they brought any pecuniary return. It is one of the glories of America that Robert Browning was widely read and appreciated in this country before the general public of England was acquainted even with his name. His earlier poems were long unappreciated except by a few choice intellects, but by these he was at once recognized not only as a poet and a great one but as one of the greatest. Macready, the great actor, urged him to write for the stage; it was for Macready's little son Willie that he wrote *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, a poem which has introduced him to a wide circle of youthful readers, to whom his name might otherwise have remained unknown.

John Stuart Mill was another great man who early recognized the genius of Browning.

In 1846, Browning married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the poet, and on account of her delicate health they went to Italy, where they lived till her death fifteen years later; their home for the greater part of this time was the Casa Guidi in Florence. Their married life was a most happy one; "all that was noble, ideal and beautiful appealed to them."

They had one son. Mrs. Browning died in 1861 and Browning returned to England, where he remained about ten years when he again went to reside in Italy, but he could never bear to revisit Florence. He wrote much during the last years of his life and had the satisfaction of seeing his genius recognized and his fame established, but personally he never recovered the shock of his wife's death. He died in Venice in 1889, and early in 1890 he was buried with much pomp in Westminster Abbey. His personality was an exceedingly vigorous one. Kindly, capable of warm friendships, he is said to have had nothing of the dreamer or the poet in his appearance, which was rather that of a successful business man. He had other traits not usually associated with poets and the poetic temperament. His wife said he "could not bear to owe five shillings five days," and he was most punctilious in all his business relations.

As a poet he conceived largely, gigantically, and his imagination utilized the greatest as well as the smallest circumstances, facts and objects. He dealt with the soul of man and writes:

As the record from youth to age
Of my own the single soul—

So the world's wide book: one page
Deciphered explains the whole
Of our common heritage.

His poetry has been called obscure, and truly it cannot be read with laziness or inattention, but to the serious reader it will be luminous with the light of noble thought nobly expressed. In spite of his long residence abroad, Browning remains intensely English in mentality, perhaps the most so of any of his contemporaries. The robust Saxon conception and expression are his.

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY.

The study of Browning will amply repay the effort that will be necessary; the teacher who shall open the world of his poetry to a youthful mind will have bestowed a priceless treasure.

The heroic poems of stirring incident, such as *Hervé Riel*, *How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, *Incident of the French Camp*, will appeal to the most youthful, and with the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* may serve as introduction. *Saul*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Abt Vogler* will repay study and abound in passages to memorize.

Explain how Browning dealt chiefly with the soul, with conduct and the motives actuating the same. Choose certain lyrics as examples of his less serious vein, *Pippa Passes*, *The Last Ride Together*, etc.

QUESTIONS ON BROWNING.

1. Write sketch of Browning's life.
2. For whom was the *Pied Piper* written?
3. What is the character of his poetry?
4. Whom did Browning marry?

5. Where did he and his wife live?
6. Quote two or three passages you admire.

CRITICISMS.

The man who, more than any other, will make the literature of the nineteenth century speak to the centuries to come.—*Wendell*.

Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse.—*Landor*.

His style is that of a man caught in a morass of ideas through which he has to travel,—wearily floundering, grasping here and there, and often sinking deeper until there seems no prospect of getting through.—*E. C. Stedman*.

Among Browning's best poems are *By the Fireside*, *One Word More*, *Evelyn Hope*, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *The Boy and the Angel*, *Pippa Passes*, *My Last Duchess*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, etc. *Pippa Passes*, the most simple and varied of Browning's plays, shows every side of his genius, has most lightness and strength, and all in all may be termed a representative poem. The following stanza, taken from *Asolando*, Browning's last poem, tells the story of his noble spirituality, faith and hope:—

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

REFERENCES.

Victorian Poets. *Stedman*.

Life and Letters. *Orr*.

Life of Browning. *Sharpe*.

Griswold's *Home Life of Great Authors*.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT
TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he; 1
I galloped, Dirch galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,— 2
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near 3
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,—

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun, 4
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like
chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without
peer,—

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise bad or
good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

AMONG THE ROCKS.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;

Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;

Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you;

Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

—*James Lee's Wife.*

Therefore to whom turn but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with
hands!

What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the
same?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy
power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect
round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall
exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor
power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the
melodist

When eternity confirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the
sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-
and-by.

—*From Abt Vogler.*

What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me;
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the
 scale.

* * * * * * *

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
 shaped. —*From Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-1892.

Not of the howling dervishes of song,
 Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
 Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!

Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

—Longfellow.

Tennyson is a born poet, that is, a builder of airy palaces and imaginary castles; he has chosen amongst all forms the most elegant, ornate, exquisite.

—Taine.

ALFRED TENNYSON, for forty-two years poet laureate, was one of the greatest poets of his time. Among the poems which have become favorites with his readers may be mentioned:—*The Miller's Daughter*, *Idylls of the King*, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, *The Death of the Old Year*, *Dora*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *In Memoriam*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *Crossing the Bar*, *Enoch Arden*, etc.

Tennyson was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, of which place his father was rector. He was the third of a large family of children. Tennyson entered Trinity College at Cambridge, and gained the chancellor's medal in 1829 by a poem in blank verse, entitled *Timbuctoo*. He was obliged to leave college before he obtained his degree on account of the death of his father in 1830. His first volume, containing some exquisite pieces which marked the advent of a true poet, was issued in this same year, but it was not received with any great favor by the public. Three years later he made a similar unsuccessful effort, and the world heard nothing more from him for nine years, when he again tried to win favor with two volumes of poems. His patient efforts were at last rewarded; success crowned him, and the way to fame and fortune lay open before him.

In 1850 appeared his noble poem, *In Memoriam*, written in memory of his college friend, Arthur Hallam. In this eventful year also occurred his marriage to Miss Emily Sellwood, and his appointment to the laureateship upon the death of Wordsworth. Tennyson was a most loving husband and father. He was the best loved companion of his children, ever ready to join them in athletic or intellectual sports. He could go botanizing, play charades, battledore and shuttlecock, or blow soap bubbles with equal enjoyment. His chief motto in guiding the children was "Make the lives of the children as beautiful and happy as possible."

The Idylls of the King appeared in 1859. It was composed of the following poems, which at once took rank as some of the noblest in our language:—*The Dedication, The Coming of Arthur, Gareth and Lynette, Geraint and Enid, Merlin and Vivien, Lancelot and Elaine, The Holy Grail, Pelleas and Etarre, The Last Tournament, Guinevere, and The Passing of Arthur*. Many of his best known poems, including *Enoch Arden, Aylmer's Field* and *Tithonus*, were published during the following twenty years. His last volume appeared in 1880, after which time until his death he occasionally contributed poems to the leading periodicals.

He established his home at Farringford on the Isle of Wight in 1853. His death occurred at his summer home at Aldworth, October 6, 1892, in his eighty-fourth year. The funeral services were held in Westminster Abbey, October 12. The choir sang his beautiful poem, *Crossing the Bar*, and his body was laid to rest in the Poets' Corner by the side of his friend, Robert Browning.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."

If life be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow, 1
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn: 2
Lovers long-betrothed were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn,—
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth. 3
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth; you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast,—
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And out my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life;
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse, 11

"But keep the secret all ye can."

She said, "Not so; but I will know

If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse; 12

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Though I should die tonight."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear, 14

Alas, my child! I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,

"So strange it seems to me!

, "Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear, 14

My mother dear, if this be so;

And lay your hand upon my head,

And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,— 15

She was no longer Lady Clare;

She went by dale, and she went by down,

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought 16

Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

And followed her all the way.

Down stopt Lord Ronald from his tower. 17

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid, 18
I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald, 19
"For I am yours in word and in deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up! 20
Her heart within her did not fail;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn; 21
He turned and kissed her where she stood.
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood,—

If you are not the heiress born, 22
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed tomorrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

- I. Amplify the poem.
- II. What is the moral of the poem?
- III. At what time of year does the poem open? Prove your answer.
- IV. What is a doe? What does *traw* mean?
- V. Prepare a list of questions whose answers shall tell the story of the poem.

CRITICISMS.

1. Alfred Tennyson is the greatest of modern poets.—*Stedman*.

2. Tennyson's poetry is pure, true, ennobling. No blot, no stain mars its beauty. His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow, and the art displayed in the choice of words. As a painter no modern poet has equaled him. His portraits and ideas of women are the most delicate in the whole range of English poetry. His language, although containing a great number of strong and pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versification. The pleasure which his poetry gives springs largely from the cordial interest he displays in the life and pursuits of men, in his capacity for apprehending their higher and more spiritual aspirations, and in a certain purity and strength of personal feeling.—*Blaisdell American and British Authors*.

REFERENCES.

Tennyson's Complete Poems; Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Memoir, by *His Son*; Home Life of Great Authors.—*Griswold*.

QUESTIONS ON TENNYSON.

1. Sketch Tennyson's life.
2. Name five poems. Quote three memory gems.
3. Which of his poems do you like best? Why?
4. What do you know of *The Idylls of the King*?
5. Describe the following poems: *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *Dora*, *Maud*, *Enoch Arden*.
6. What is said of Tennyson's style? Of his influence?



“A thousand things which we should have never noticed, in which we should never have read God’s autographs of beauty and of blessing, have been shown us by the poets.”

CHAPTER VIII.

OTHER FAMOUS BRITISH POETS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

EDMUND SPENCER.

JOHN MILTON.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THOMAS GRAY.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS MOORE.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

JOHN KEATS.

THOMAS HOOD.

JEAN INGELOW.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.

—Wordsworth.



OTHER FAMOUS BRITISH POETS.

NOTE.—We have but short space for biography and selections from the following famous poets. If the teacher desires, the pupils may prepare biographical sketches by referring to encyclopedias, etc. The selections should be studied carefully in order to get an idea of the style and strength of each writer. Other selections for study may be found by referring to old school readers.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1340-1400.

"The Father of English Poetry."

Masterpiece—*Canterbury Tales*. Other well-known poems are *The Legend of the Good Women*, *The House of Fame*, *The Books of the Dutchesse*, and *The Flower and the Leaf*. His body was the first to be buried in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey. "He had been in his grave one hundred and fifty years ere England had secreted choice material enough for the making of another great poet."

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field and flowery mead.

Sonnet, Chaucer. *Longfellow*.

In *The Canterbury Tales* the poet represents himself as about to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in the Cathedral of Canterbury. Upon stopping at the Tabard Inn, he finds a number of others about to make the same pilgrimage. The host proposes to act as guide to the company, and that to enliven the journey each person should tell two tales on the journey out and the same number on the return trip, and on the arrival of the company in London, he who had told the best story should sup at the common cost. Had this plan been followed entirely there should have been one hundred and twenty-eight tales, whereas there are only twenty-five. The following quotations are selected from these tales:

Not one word spake he more than was need:
All that he spake it was of high prudence,
And short and quick, and full of great sentence;
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

Truth is the highest thing a man may keep.

CRITICISM.

His best tales run on like one of our inland rivers.
. . . Like the princess in the story, he lets fall a pearl
at every other word. It is such a piece of good luck to
be natural! . . . If character may be divined from
works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, tem-
perate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than
the next, but thoroughly humane, and friendly with God
and men.—Essay on Chaucer, *Lowell*.

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553-1599.

To read Spenser is like dreaming awake.—*Lowell*.

Greatest poem—*Faery Queen*, an allegory of six books showing the continual warfare of good and evil, and the beauty and final triumph of goodness. Minor poems—*Shepherd's Calendar*, *The Tears of the Muses*, *Elegy of Astrophel*, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, etc. *Lowell* says: "Whoever can endure unmixed delights, whoever can tolerate music and painting and poetry all in one, whoever wishes to be rid of thought and to let the busy anvils of the brain be silent for a time, let him read the *Faery Queen*." The following are selections:

Take thy balance, if thou be so wise,

And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;

Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;

Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow.

Who will not mercy unto others show,

How can he mercy ever hope to have?

REFERENCES.

Essay on Spenser.—*Lowell*. Spenser and His Poetry.
—*Craik*.

JOHN MILTON.

1608-1674.

"The Blind Poet."

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea—
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—*Wordsworth's Ode to Milton.*

Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.—*Macaulay.*

Masterpiece—*Paradise Lost*. Other noted works—*Paradise Regained*, *Hymn on the Nativity*, *Lycidas*, *History of England*, etc. He was seven years writing *Paradise Lost*, and received but £18 for it. "This great epic consists of twelve books, and is written in sonorous and stately blank verse. Its subject is an embellished and much-extended version of the Mosaic account of the fall of man, in which the author involves the expulsion from heaven of Satan and the rebel angels. It contains passages of overpowering eloquence, grandeur of conception, and transcendent sublimity of poetic range. The work is still largely read and copiously quoted." *Paradise Regained* was suggested to him by his Quaker friend, Thomas Elwood. *Lycidas* was written in memory of a college friend, Edward King, who was drowned at sea.

Milton was three times married, but his domestic life was never particularly happy. In his youth he was decidedly handsome, both in face and figure. His manners were simple and unaffected.

SELECTIONS FROM MILTON.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions,
desires, and fears, is more than king.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master
spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life
beyond life.

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

REFERENCES.

Essay on Milton.—*Lowell*. Essay on Milton.—*Macaulay*.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688-1744.

"The Wicked Wasp of Twickenham."

"The Interrogation Point."

"The Poet of Society."

Best known work, *Essay on Man*. Other famous writ-

ings:—*Rape of the Lock*, *Dunciad*, *Windsor Forest*, *Universal Prayer*, etc. He was hump-shouldered and deformed in body, but he had a brilliant intellect. Of him Lowell says: "If to be the greatest satirist of individual men, rather than of human nature, if to be the highest expression which the life of the court and the ball-room has ever found in verse, if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakespeare, if to have charmed four generations make a man a great poet,—then he is one." He delighted in landscape gardening and his home at Twickenham, five acres along the Thames, in the suburbs of London, was a miniature Paradise. Walpole said: "Pope has twisted and twisted and rhymed this, till it appears two or three sweet little lawns, opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded by impenetrable woods."

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

With pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

Judge not actions by their mere effect;
Dive to the center, and the cause detect:
Great deeds from meanest springs may take their course,
And smallest virtues from a mighty source.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

FAMILIAR LINES.

1. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
2. An honest man's the noblest work of God.
3. Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow.
4. To err is human; to forgive, divine.
5. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.
6. Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
7. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
8. Order is Heaven's first law.
9. A little learning is a dangerous thing.
10. Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

REFERENCES.

Literary Essays, *Lowell*.

English Men of Letters, *Stephen*.

THOMAS GRAY.

1716-1771.

Of all English poets, Gray was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendor of which poetical style seemed to be capable.—*Sir James Mackintosh*.

Best work, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. Other noted poems:—*Ode to Eton College*, *The Bard*,

The Progress of Poesy. Gray spent eight years upon his immortal *Elegy*. Lowell says: "Gray's great claim to the rank he holds is derived from his almost unrivaled skill as an artist, in words and sounds; as an artist, too, who knew how to compose his thoughts and images with a thorough knowledge of perspective. This explains why he is so easy to remember; why, though he wrote so little, so much of what he wrote is familiar on men's tongues."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, 1
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 2
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower, 3
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade, 4
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from his straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust;
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page 13
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene 14
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast, 15
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command, 16
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone 17
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,—

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide, 18
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife, 19
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect, 20
Some frail memorial still erected high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse, 21
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 22
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, 23
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead 24
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,— 25
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech, 26
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 27
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customary hill, 28
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array, 29
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, 30
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere, 31
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 32
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

- I. Be sure to thoroughly understand the poem.
- II. Where was this churchyard located? *Ans.* Probably at Stoke Poegis, where his mother was buried.
- III. Why does Gray speak only of the poor in the churchyard? *Ans.* At that time it was customary to lay the rich inside the church walls.
- IV. Who was Hampden? *Ans.* A cousin of Cromwell, and distinguished English patriot and statesman who refused to pay the ship-money tax.
- V. What general in a famous American attack quoted the ninth stanza of Gray's *Elegy* as he floated down the river with his troops, saying that he would rather have written the poem than to win the victory on the morrow?
- VI. What are dirges? To what does *lay* in this stanza refer?
- VII. Select familiar lines from the poem. Select passages to commit to memory.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731-1800.

"The Great English Letter Writer."

Principal poems:—*John Gilpin*, *The Task*, *On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture*, and *To Mary*. Southey says: "He was the most popular poet of his generation and the best of English letter writers." In late life he was subject to fits of melancholy and partial insanity.

He made his home with his dear friends, Rev. and Mrs. Unwin. His poem, *To Mary*, is addressed to Mrs. Unwin.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slightest good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry
And keeps our larder lean. Puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue,
There sits and prompts him to his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.

REFERENCE.

Read *Cowper* in *Smith's English Men of Letters*.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

1772-1834.

Principal prose works:—*Lectures on Shakespeare, Table Talk, and The Friend*. Poems:—*Ancient Mariner, Kubla Khan*, etc. Coleridge was indolent and unpractical and addicted to the use of opium. His family were more or less dependent upon his brother-in-law and neighbor, Robert Southey, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Coleridge's. The epitaph on his gravestone, written by himself, reads:

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed to be,—
Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

—*The Ancient Mariner.*

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object can not live.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
 Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
 And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774-1843.

Principal prose work—*The Doctor*, and *Life of Nelson*.
 Poetry—*Thalaba*, *Roderick Madoc*, *Inchcape Rock*, *The
 Battle of Blenheim*, *The Cataract of Lodore*, etc. He was
 a very industrious, voluminous writer, publishing in all
 109 volumes. Was appointed laureate in 1813.

REFERENCE.

Literary Reminiscences, *DeQuincey*.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was still as she could be;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion;
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

- The boat is lowered, the boatsmen row, 9
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float;
- Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound; 10
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."
- Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away; 11
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.
- So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky, 12
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.
- On the deck the Rover takes his stand; 13
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."
- "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar? 14
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Nor where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."
- They hear no sound; the swell is strong; 15
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ; 16
 He cursed himself in his despair ;
 The waves rush in on every side ;
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear. 17
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
 A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

NOTE.—Southey founded this ballad upon actual fact. Inch Cape or Bell Rock is a celebrated, dangerous sunken reef in the German Ocean, on the northern side of the entrance of the Firth of Forth, and about twelve miles from land. A bell, placed there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, was cut loose by a Dutch pirate, who was wrecked on the reef a short time after.

- I. Amplify the poem.
- II. What is an abbot?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777-1844.

A Scotch Poet.

Prose works:—*Life of Petrarch, Specimens of British Poets*. Poetry:—*Pleasures of Hope*, first poem of note at age of twenty-one; *Gertrude of Wyoming, Lochiel's Warning, Hohenlinden, Exile of Erin, The Battle of the Baltic, The Last Man, Ye Mariners of England*, etc. For over fifty years Campbell devoted himself to literature and educational work, and had all the greatest men of his time for his friends.

REFERENCES.

Life of Campbell, *Beattie*.

Essays and Reviews, *Whipple*.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound, . 1
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle, 2
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men 3
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride; 4
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight, . 5
 "I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready:
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird 6
 In danger shall not tarry:
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace, 7
 The water wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind, 8
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, 9
 "Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land, 10
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, Oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar 11
 Of waters fast prevailing.
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing;

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, 12
 His child he did discover:
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief, 13
 "Across this stormy water:
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore, 14
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o'er his child,—
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS MOORE.

1779-1852.

"*The Irish Poet.*"

Prose works:—*Biographies of Sheridan, Byron, Fitzgerald, and The Epicurean*. Poetry:—*Lalla Rookh*, comprising four poems—*Paradise and the Peri, The Veiled Prophet, The Fire Worshipers, and The Light of the Harem*; *The Fudge Family in Paris*; *Sacred Songs*, among which are *The World Is All a Fleeting Show, Sound the Loud Timbrel, and The Bird Let Loose in the Eastern Skies*; *Irish Melodies*, numbering among others such favorites as *Those Evening Bells, The Last Rose of Summer, and The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*. Moore will probably be longest remembered by his *Irish Melodies*.

REFERENCES.

Life of Moore, *Montgomery*.
 Moore, poem, *Holmes*.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

The love of gold, that meanest rage
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife.

Comes skulking last with selfishness and fear
And dies collecting lumber in the rear!

Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

Poetry:—*Queen Mab, The Witch of Atlas, Prometheus Unbound, Hellas, Revolt of Islam, and Adonais*, an elegy upon his friend Keats. His widow published two volumes of his prose writing. Shelley was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia off the coast of Italy. His remains were cremated, and his ashes taken to Rome and placed near the grave of his loved friend, Keats. A volume of Keats' poems was found in his pocket when his body was washed ashore.

Of him Whipple said: "No man ever lived with a deeper and more inextinguishable thirst to promote human liberty and happiness."

REFERENCES.

Shelley, poem, *Holmes*.

Biographical Essays, *DeQuincey*.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth.

How wonderful is death,
 Death and his brother sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When, throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

Life like a dome of many-color'd glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity.

JOHN KEATS.

1795-1821.

Best poems:—*The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Ode to a Nightingale*, *Hyperion*, *Isabella*, and *Endymion*. It is said that the agony of mind caused by the partly unjust criticism of the last named poem hurried Keats into a premature consumptive's grave.

REFERENCES.

Keats, *Longfellow*.
 Essay on Keats, *Holmes*.
 Essays, *Lowell*.
 Biographical Essays, *DeQuincey*.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man;
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span;
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously

Spring's honey'd-cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto Heaven; quiet coves
His soul hath in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlcth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook;
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

THOMAS HOOD.

1798-1845.

Hood was no mere provoker of barren laughter, but a man whose mirth had its roots deep in sentiment and humanity. He saw the serious side of life as clearly as the ludicrous. He knew what thin partitions separate in this world tears from laughter; that the deepest feeling often expresses itself in the quaint oddities of caricature; that wisdom sometimes condescends to pun, and grief to wreath its face in smiles.—*Whipple*.

The Song of the Shirt is probably Hood's best known poem. Other poems are *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Faithless Nelly Gray*, *I Remember*, *I Remember*, *Ruth*, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, etc.

REFERENCES.

Essays, *Whipple*; To the Memory of Hood, *Lowell*.

MEMORY GEMS.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of thought.

There is no music in the life
That sounds with happy laughter solely;
There's not a string attun'd to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy.

JEAN INGELOW.

1830-1897.

Among Miss Ingelow's well-known poems are *Songs of Seven*; *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*; *A Reverie*; *Divided*; *Songs of the Night Watches*; a collection of stories for children; and the novels *Don John*, *A Motto Changed*, etc.

MEMORY GEMS.

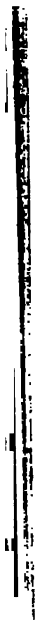
"When our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, one should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray
And shame their mother."

"Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them."

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old; you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.



“The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.”—*Goldsmith.*

CHAPTER IX.

FAMOUS EARLY BRITISH NOVELISTS.

“A blessing on the printer’s art!
Books are the mentors of the heart.”

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.
CHARLES DICKENS.
ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
MARY ANN EVANS.

“To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.”—*Fuller.*



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguish whatever he wrote, and bear a correspondence to a generosity of disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had.

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

GOLDSMITH is well known both as a novelist and a poet. His prose writing has often been compared to the perfected style of Addison. His poetry is simple in expression, easy and melodious, and full of quiet tenderness. His best known writings are the two poems, *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveler*; two comedies, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good Natured Man*; his famous novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; and his historical writings, which include histories of England, Greece and Rome, and a *History of Animated Nature*.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at a little village in Ireland, November 29, 1728. He inherited his best traits of character from his father, the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, whom he has immortalized as "Dr. Primrose" in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "the man in black" in *The Citizen of the World*, and the "Village Preacher" in *The Deserted Village*.

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Oliver was number five in a family of eight children, and his father could not afford to educate him, but his uncle came to the rescue and furnished funds which enabled him to prepare for college. He was an idle, irregular student, but managed to secure his A. B. degree from Trinity College, in Dublin, in 1749. After leaving college, he tried teaching and then studied law, but made a failure in both. His uncle then induced him to study medicine, and generously assisted him to enter the Leyden Medical School. But he tired of this in one year, and set off on foot to make a tour of the European continent; with only one guinea in his pocket to help him earn his way. In this destitute condition, he wandered through Flanders, France, Switzerland and Italy.

He finally settled down in London, and wrote *The Traveler*, which appeared in 1764 and earned for him both fame and money. His friends, Dr. Johnson, Pitt, Burke, and others encouraged him to continue literary work, and though his subsequent works were successful to an encouraging degree they failed to teach their unfortunate author the virtues of caution, self-restraint, and self-respect. He died in the prime of life of a fever produced by his irregular mode of living and his intense mental anxiety. His body was laid to rest in the burial ground of the Temple Church in London. Friends afterwards placed a bust of Goldsmith in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

REFERENCES.

Life of Goldsmith, *Irving*; Essays, *Macoulay*.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"The person whose clothes are extremely fine I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose."

"People seldom improve when they have no one else but themselves to copy."

"Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling a wheel-barrow as lolling in a coach and six."

"Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

—*The Traveler.*

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

—*The Deserted Village.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

*"The Wizard of the North."**"The Great Unknown."*

Who is there that, looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows?

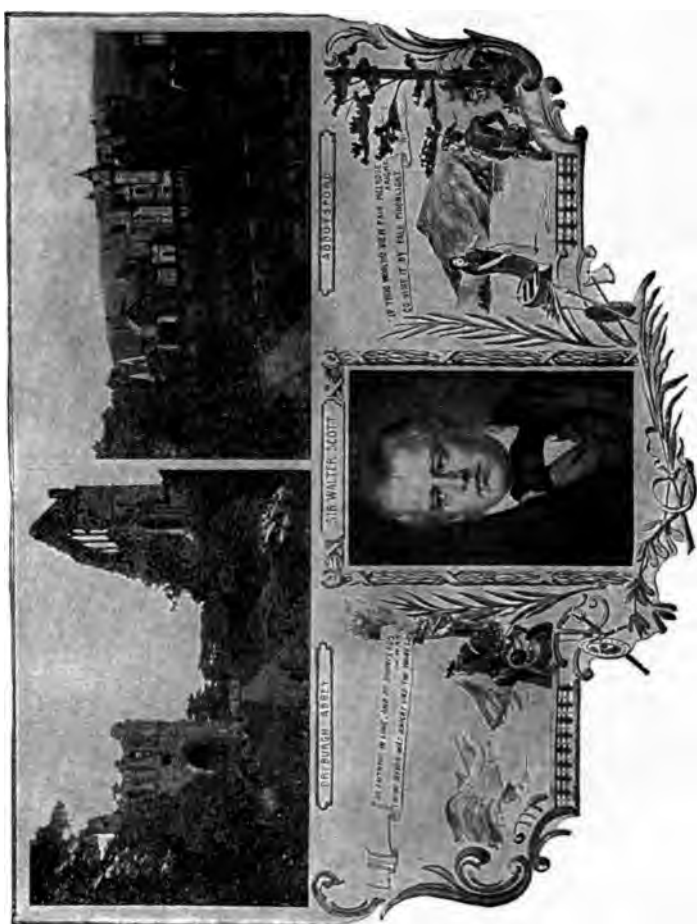
—*Washington Irving.*

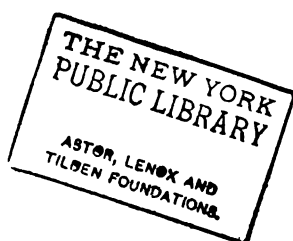
No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time.

—*Carlyle.*

THE GREAT Scotch poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott, ranks as one of the greatest masters of fiction in the number and variety of his conceptions and characters. Someone has well said that he "revived the glories of past ages; illustrated the landscape and the history of his native country; painted the triumphs of patriotism and virtue, and the meanness and misery of vice; awakened our best and kindest feelings in favor of suffering and erring humanity. He has furnished an intellectual banquet as rich as it is various and picturesque, from his curious learning, extensive observation, forgotten manners, and decaying superstitions,—the whole embellished with the lights of a vivid imagination, and a correct and gracefully regulated taste."

Walter Scott was born in Edinburg, August 15, 1771. His father, for whom he was named, was a Writer to the Signet, and his mother, Anne Rutherford, was the daughter of an eminent Edinburg physician. In his early years he was somewhat delicate and spent considerable





time in the country, where he roamed over the fields, climbed rugged heights, or lazily stretched out under the trees along the bank of the Tweed, reading and dreaming over old border tales and legends. In this way, he learned the history, spirit and traditions of his country, he became familiar with her valleys, lochs, fishing villages and hamlets, and a vast fund of knowledge of divers things which was of so much value to him in his later literary years. His school education was confined to his high school training and a short time at the University in his native city.

At the age of sixteen, he began to read law in his father's office, and in 1792 was admitted to the bar. In 1797, he married Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, with whom he lived very happily. He was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, and later became principal clerk of the Court of Sessions. He did not care for this work, and began to amuse himself with literature, giving his attention first to translations. In 1805, he won fame by his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, an extended specimen of the ballad style which was something entirely new to the public, and became widely popular. It was full of incidents: tournaments, raids, midnight expeditions, etc., illustrative of the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland. In 1808, he issued *Marmion*, a romantic tale of Floddenfield. Next came *The Lady of the Lake*, telling of a disguised king who traversed the Highlands near Loch Katrine, missing his way and meeting with various adventures. The whole poem was highly illustrative of the life and scenery in the Scottish Highlands. A critic, in speaking of the three poems we have just mentioned,

says: "These poems are written after the fashion of the old metrical romances, and are remarkable for freshness of thought, vividness of description, and animation of style. They were very popular, and the author would have been considered a famous man if he never had written anything but poetry."

Scott now purchased an estate of one hundred acres, lying along the south bank of the Tweed, three miles above Melrose. He christened his home "Abbottsford," and in later years, as his resources increased, he added farm after farm to his domain, and turret after turret to his grand Gothic mansion. He was made a baronet, and here he lived like a knight of olden time, entertaining his friends and personages of note from all over the world in a truly grand and hospitable style.

In 1814, Scott found his popularity as a poet somewhat waning, on account of Byron's rapid rise in the field. He accordingly turned his attention to prose romance, for which, as we have seen, his early training especially fitted him. His first novel, *Waverly*, was published anonymously, but when he saw its great success, he immediately confessed his identity. This story, telling the attempt of the Jacobite Pretender to recover the English throne in 1745, was the beginning of a series called *The Waverly Novels*, among the best of which are *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *The Talisman*, *Old Mortality*, etc.

Scott was the creator of the historical novel, writing in all seventeen works of this sort. Of them Carlyle says: "These historical novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others till so taught:

that the by-gone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state papers, controversies, and abstractions of men." Scott was not, however, always absolutely accurate. He frequently took liberties with history in order to make it fit the details of his plot. But in his best work at least, he is true enough in his portraitures to enable one to get more truth and knowledge of the times by studying his historic tales than by poring over volumes of dry documents, state papers, and histories. If we wish to get a vivid picture of the time of Richard Coeur de Lion, of the knight and the castle, of the Saxon swineherd Gurth and of the Norman master who ate the pork, we must read *Ivanhoe*. In doing this, we must, however, remember here that Scott does not in this tale present an exact picture of the Middle Ages. He portrays vividly the bright, noble side of chivalry, and leaves in the shadow most of the misery, ignorance, and brutality of the times. In the pages of *The Talisman*, the Crusaders live again. In *Kenilworth*, we are entertained with a story of the brilliant days of Queen Elizabeth. The story of the old Scotch Covenanters is told in *Old Mortality*, regarded by some as Scott's finest historical tale.

Scott wrote about twelve novels wherein he made but little attempt to represent historic events. Among these are *The Antiquary*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Guy Mannering*. The latter was written in six weeks, and is among the best of his books. It is a fine picture of Scottish life and manners. Some of the characters like Meg Merrilies, the gypsy, Dominie Sampson, the pedagogue, and Dick Hatteraick, the smuggler, seem like people we have known in real life. Scott was not a good painter

of women, as a rule. He evidently believed with Pope that most women had no character. Jeanie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian* is a fine type of the humble Scotch lassie, and is one of his greatest characters. Rebecca, the Jewess, in *Ivanhoe*, is a beautiful character, showing patience, courage, and thorough purity of soul.

In all his work, Scott aimed at broad and striking effects. He delighted in adventure, and had a decided fondness for mystery and the rush of battle. He was continually putting his characters in dangerous and unusual situations. He wrote very rapidly, and seldom reconstructed a sentence, hence frequently his grammar is much at fault. In spite of his speed, Scott never repeated himself. His characters stand out entirely distinct from each other. He was incapable of trotting out an old heroine in a new dress and a stylish bonnet.

To keep up his grand style of living, Scott had secretly gone into partnership with his publishers. Another firm with whom they were connected suspended payment, leaving Ballantyne & Co. hopelessly involved. Scott's liabilities amounted to \$650,000. His humiliation was indescribable, but he was courageous and honest, and on the very day of his failure, though he was then fifty-five years of age, he nobly resolved to repay every cent. He left Abbotsford immediately and went into lodgings in Edinburgh, where he worked like a galley-slave. Within a few years he paid his creditors \$200,000, and managed to put things in such shape that soon after his death the whole debt was liquidated.

Scott's death occurred at Abbotsford September 21, 1832. He was laid to rest in his family burial aisle amidst the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. He was greatly

loved, and it is said that nearly the entire population of his precinct and the surrounding boroughs appeared at his funeral clad in black.

Scott was tall and striking in figure, stout and well made, though crippled in one foot and very lame.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!"
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

FAMILIAR LINES.

1. Every hour has its end.
2. Literature is a great staff, but a sorry crutch.
3. Slanderers cut honest throats by whispers.
4. Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.
5. The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it.
6. The tear down childhood's cheek that flows is like the dewdrop on the rose.
7. He who lacks strength must attain his purpose by skill.

LOCHINVAR.

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west, ¹
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone, ²
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall, ³
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never a word).
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; ⁴
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up; ⁵
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bridemaids whispered, “’Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung!
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

DESCRIPTION OF A SIEGE.

From Ivanhoe.

Note.—Ivanhoe, a wounded knight, and Rebecca, a Jewess, had been imprisoned in the castle of Reginald Front de Boeuf. The friends of the prisoners undertake their rescue. At the request

of *Ivanhoe*, who is unable to leave his couch, Rebecca takes her stand near a window overlooking the approach to the castle, and details to the knight the incidents of the contest, as they take place. *Front de Boeuf* and his garrison were Normans; the besiegers, Saxons.

Barbican, an outer defense, or fortification, used as a watch-tower.

THE SKIRTS of the wood seemed lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow. "Under what banner?" asked *Ivanhoe*. "Under no ensign which I can observe," answered Rebecca. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?" "A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"Seems there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer. "None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem, even now, preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defenses made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the kettle-drums, re-

torted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George, for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "Onward, De Bracy! Front de Boeuf, to the rescue!"

"And I must lie here, like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm." With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be exposed to the arrows of the archers. "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight. "Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them." "That can not endure," said Ivanhoe. "If they press not right on, to carry the castle by force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight in dark armor, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca. "Foul Craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm, when the wind blows highest?" "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high, black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain."

They have made a breach in the barriers, they rush in, they are thrust back! Front de Boeuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed, hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides, the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds;" and she turned her head from the window, as if unable to longer endure a sight so terrible.

Speedily recovering her self-control, Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front de Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! he is down!" "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen!" "The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no! but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front de Boeuf, blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!" "Front de Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Front de Boeuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar,—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front de Boeuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?"

said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have,—and they press the besieged hard, upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"—"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles; the besieged have the better." "Saint George strike for us!" said the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?" "No," exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly; the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle; stones and beams are hailed down on the brave champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down and feathers."

"St. John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed." "The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his powerful blows—they rush in—the outwork is won! O God! they hurry the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!" "The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No,"

replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again, this is no time to faint at bloodshed." "It is over, for a time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered." "Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun, and so happily attained; O no! I will put my faith in the good knight, whose ax has rent heart of oak, and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there can be two who are capable of such achievements. It is, it *must be Richard Cocur de Lion.*"

"Seest thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?" "Nothing," said the Jewess, "all about him is as black as the wing of the night-raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; it seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God forgive him the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent to behold, how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

REFERENCES.

Visit to Abbotsford, *Irving*; Life of Scott, *Lockhart*;

Essay on Scott, *Carlyle*; Home Life of Great Authors, *Griswold*; The Waverly Dictionary, *May Rogers*.

QUESTIONS ON SCOTT.

1. Write a brief sketch of the life of Scott.
2. Name his three best known poetical works. Tell something of each.
3. Tell about the Waverley novels. Which of these are the best known?
4. What has Scott been called? What has he done for Scotland?
5. Quote some familiar lines. Quote three memory gems.
6. Locate and describe the following characters in Scott's works:—Jeanie Deans, Ivanhoe, Rhoderick Dhu, Rebecca, Malcolm Graeme, Ellen, Hector McIntyre.
7. Picture Scott and his home at Abbotsford as you imagine them.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

THACKERAY ranks as the classical English humorist and satirist of the Victorian reign, and one of the greatest novelists, essayists, and critics in literature. He was also a writer of considerable half-humorous, half-pathetic verse. He is, however, best known by his novels, among the most famous of these being *Vanity Fair*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *The Newcomes*, *Pendennis*, and the *Adventures of Philip*. His best verses are *The Ballads of Policeman X* and *The Age of Wisdom*. At different times, he wrote under the follow-

ing pen names:—George Fitzboodle, Ikey Solomon, Fat Contributor, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and Charles Jeames Yellowplush.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811. At the age of seven he was placed in the Charterhouse School, London, and later entered Trinity College, but did not take a degree. He determined to fit himself to be an artist and accordingly studied in France, Germany, and Italy. He became noted as a caricaturist. After losing his fortune, he became convinced that art was not his vocation and turned his attention to literature to earn a living. He made his first appearance in journalism under the name of George Fitzboodle, Esquire, contributing tales, verses, and criticisms, which were marked by keen irony, playful humor and a great knowledge of the world. Chief among these contributions were *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, and *Barry Lyndon*.

His first published volume, *The Paris Sketch Book*, appeared in 1840. This was followed the next year by the *Second Funeral of Napoleon*, and the *Chronicle of the Drum*. In 1841, he made notable contributions to *Punch*, among which were *The Snob Papers*, and *Jeames' Diary*. *Vanity Fair*, published in monthly parts during 1846-8, won his fame as a great novelist. His next novel was the *History of Pendennis* in 1850. In 1851, he delivered a course of lectures on the *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, which he repeated in Scotland and in America and then published. Later, he followed this with a series on *The Four Georges*. Now came *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, a sort of sequel to *Henry Esmond*, *Lovel the Widower*,

etc. He left an unfinished novel, *Denis Duval*, at his death, which occurred very suddenly, December 24, 1863.

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for
years a score ¹

Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and
robbing more;

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild
seashore.

On that day a something vexed him; that was clear to
old and young; ²

Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favorite
gleemen sung;

Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade
her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper
of the Seal. ³

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or
the veal?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis
not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my
rest impair; ⁴

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no
care?

O, I'm sick and tired, and weary." Some one cried,
"The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the
Keeper nodded: ⁵

Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two
footmen able-bodied ;

Languidly he sank into it ; it was comfortably wadded.

"Ah! I feel," said old King Canute, "that my end is
drawing near." 6

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to
squeeze a tear) ;

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this
fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions
made to suit. 7

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of
King Canute?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty
will do't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can
compete : 8

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon
their feet :

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think
it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the
hill, 9

And, the while he slew the foeman, bid the silver moon
stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred
will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?"
Canute cried ; 10

"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?" 11

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean. "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine!

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat; 12

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar; 13

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers, bore.

And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay, 14

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

NOTE.—It would be impossible to give enough selec-

tions from Thackeray's prose work to fully illustrate his style. He was especially strong in character drawing. The following lines show something of his methods: "Let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men. Don't let us have any juggling and thimble-rigging with virtue and vice, so that at the end of three volumes the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves and sympathizing with the rascality of noble hearts." Read *The Virginians* (and other books if time permits); answer the following questions:

- i. Describe the following characters: Madam Esmond, Madam De Bernstien, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, Hetty and Theo.
2. Contrast the brothers, George and Harry Warrington.
3. Tell of George's life as a soldier. Of his capture and escape.
4. Tell of Harry's career abroad.
5. Give a brief sketch of the Revolution from the standpoint of Sir Geo. Warrington, Englishman.
6. What officers of the Revolution are mentioned in the book?
7. Discuss the appropriateness of the titles of the various chapters.
8. Discuss Thackeray's depiction of human nature. Name some characters that are especially well portrayed. Show their principal characteristics.
9. Upon what did Thackeray base the story of *The Virginians*? Where did he obtain his material?
10. Select passages for quotation.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



CHARLES DICKENS.

REFERENCES.

Letters of Thackeray; In Memoriam, *Charles Dickens*;
Yesterday With Authors, *Fields*.

QUESTIONS ON THACKERAY.

1. Sketch the life of Thackeray.
2. For what is his writing distinguished?
3. Name two well known poems. Four novels. Two lectures.
4. Locate and tell of the following characters:—Becky Sharp, Lady Castlewood, Amelia Sedley, Henry Esmond, Colonel Newcome, Arthur Pendennis.
5. What do you know of Thackeray as a humorist?
6. Name three characters in *Vanity Fair*.
7. Sketch the story of Henry Esmond. What novel is partly a sequel to this?

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812-1870.

"Boz."

The same master-hand which drew the sorrows of the English poor drew also the picture of the unselfish kindness, the courageous patience, the tender thoughtfulness, that lie concealed behind many a coarse exterior, in many a rough heart, in many a degraded home.

—*Dean Stanley*.

DICKENS' fame as one of the greatest English novelists rests entirely upon his wide and keen observation of men. He was the great friend of the poor and oppressed. Daniel Webster said that Dickens had done more to better the condition of the English poor

than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament. His pen was scarcely ever idle in their behalf, and many of his best known books were written with this philanthropic purpose. For instance, *Oliver Twist* opened up a vein of philanthropic pathos and indignant satire upon the method of conducting the workhouse. *Nicholas Nickleby* denounced the management of cheap boarding schools. *Little Dorrit* dealt with imprisonment for debt, the contrasts of character developed by wealth and poverty, and executive imbecility as idealized in the Circumlocution Office.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. His early life was full of hardships which we may read about in his autobiographical tale, *David Copperfield*. His opportunities for school education were very meager, but he was fond of reading, and at nine years of age had devoured *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote* and a number of other good works. In his early teens he was a drudge in a blacking warehouse, and subsequently a clerk in an attorney's office. He picked up shorthand, and at the age of twenty-one became a newspaper critic and reporter. He wrote a number of sketches for the *Evening Chronicle* which appeared under the name of "Boz," a name given by his little sister to his younger brother Moses, whose name she could not pronounce. His first book was a collection of these articles called *Sketches by Boz*. About this time, he began the publication of his famous series, *The Pickwick Papers*. In these he dealt with such humorous and eccentric characters as Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and his father, Mr. Winkle and others who were wholly new to the public and who yet

faithfully dealt with the oddities of life. These papers were followed in quick succession by *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*.

In 1842, Dickens visited America, and on his return to England wrote *American Notes for General Circulation*, and a novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, dealing with his American experiences. This was followed by his world-renowned *Christmas Tales*, which handled the weird machinery of ghostly legend in connection with his own peculiar humor, and opened a new field of wonder and delight to his readers. Thackeray thus spoke of the *Christmas Carol*: "It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness."

Dickens visited Italy in 1845. *Pictures from Italy* was the literary result of this trip. On his return, he became editor of the *Daily News*, but gave it up in a short time because the work was uncongenial. Later he became, in turn, editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. His novels *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, and *Bleak House* now quickly followed each other. Then in 1852 came *A Child's History of England*, published serially. *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, his last great serial work, now followed. In 1867, he again visited America and gave readings in the larger cities. He began another serial, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which had only appeared in three numbers when he died somewhat suddenly at his residence at Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester, June 9, 1870. His remains lie in Westminster Abbey.

MR. WINKLE ON SKATES.

Selected from the Pickwick Papers.

"Now," said Wardle, after lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; O, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am rather out of practice."

"O, do skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it so much!"

"O, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let me go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the skaters, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic

efforts to smile ; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it; an impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

Read *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

QUESTIONS.

1. Of what is the cricket typical?
2. What is the strongest feature of the book?
3. Contrast the homes of the Peerybingles and the Plummers.
4. Describe the race between the kettle and the cricket.
5. Tell the story of the Baby being made ready to go to the Plummers.
6. Describe the fog when the Peerybingles took their trip to the Plummers.
7. How does the author speak of Tilly Slowboy? Of Dot? Of Boxer?
8. Name the principal characters.
9. Note the humor in the description of Boxer on his first introduction.
10. Note the author's evident enjoyment of John Peerybingles' noble stupidity and clumsy jokes. The grotesqueness of the Plummers' dolls and manikins.
11. Describe the character of "Gruff and Tackleton." Show his struggle between his innate stinginess and his desire to appear generous before his bride-to-be. Show the correspondence between his twisted physique and countenance and his twisted nature. Contrast between the picture of Tackleton as he is and his picture as Caleb paints it for Bertha. Show the incongruity between his hardened nature and his occupation of distributing toys to children.
12. Who is Caleb? Note his character and pathetic humor. His realistic reference to his "Hams" and "Wives," etc., and his artistic desire to copy from Nature

the exact tone for a barking toy-doll by the process of pinching Boxer's tail.

13. Describe Bertha. Tell of her arraignment of fate when she discovered her father's deception.

14. Tell of John Peerybingle's awkward but noble magnanimity in making reparation to little Dot and begging her forgiveness.

15. Write a brief abstract of *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

Read *David Copperfield*.

QUESTIONS.

1. What personal connection has Dickens with the story?

2. Name the principal characters.

3. Tell the story of David Copperfield's early life. Of his school days.

4. Describe Peggotty, Jane Murdstone, Edward Murdstone, Barkis, Miss Trotwood, Traddles.

5. Contrast Dora and Agnes.

6. Contrast Miss Trotwood and Miss Murdstone.

7. Tell how Miss Trotwood befriended her nephew. Describe her interview with Mr. Murdstone and his sister.

8. Tell of Dora's and David's housekeeping.

9. Describe the interior of Ham's cottage.

10. Describe the death of Barkis, the Carrier.

11. Picture the character of Uriah Heap.

12. Read the author's description of the snow storm. Note the personal element which dominates his word painting.

13. Picture the character of Agnes Wickfield. Of David Copperfield.
14. Look up Copperfield's Golden Rules.
15. Write a brief abstract of *David Copperfield*.

REFERENCES.

Dickens' Complete Works.
Yesterdays With Authors, *Fields*.
Life of Dickens, *Forster*.

QUESTIONS ON DICKENS.

1. Write a brief sketch of the life of Charles Dickens.
2. Name his best novels.
3. Describe your favorite characters from his books which you have read.
4. Locate and characterize Sam Weller, Dora, Mr. Pickwick, Uriah Heap, Peggotty, Dr. Strong, Arabella, Bertha, Caleb, Tilly Slowboy, Mr. Pecksniff.
5. Speak of Dickens's humor and pathos.
6. Tell how he befriended the poor. Name some books written in their behalf.
7. Upon what does Dickens's fame as an author depend?
8. Study the names which Dickens gives to his characters. Show their appropriateness.
9. Who was Little Dorrit, Martin Chuzzlewit, Squeers, Little Nell, Mr. Gradgrind, Mr. Winkle, Miss Wickfield?
10. Tell of Dickens's Christmas Stories.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

1815-1882.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE has been called the Balzac of England, probably because he has drawn his stories from the every-day life of English society as Balzac did his from that of the French. Nathaniel Hawthorne, himself a most romantic writer, wrote in 1860: "It is odd enough that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them. Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of."

Of this criticism Trollope wrote "the criticism, whether just or unjust, describes with wonderful accuracy the purport that I have ever had in view in my writing. I have always desired to 'hew out some lump of earth' and to make men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us,—with not more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness,—so that my readers might recognize human beings like themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons. If I could do this, then I thought I might succeed in impregnating the mind of the novel-reader with a

feeling that honesty is the best policy; that truth prevails while falsehood fails; that a girl will be loved as she is pure and sweet, and unselfish; that a man will be honored as he is true and honest, and brave of heart; that things meanly done are ugly and odious, and things nobly done beautiful and gracious." With this end in view it may be said that Trollope succeeded admirably and it is probably to his books that future generations will turn for a faithful portraiture of the manners and tastes of the English people in the middle nineteenth century.

Anthony Trollope was born in London but while he was a baby his father moved his family to a large farm he had leased near Harrow. Mr. Trollope was a disappointed and not very practical man who having failed in the profession of the law, adopted the almost more difficult one of gentleman farmer; his family became poorer each year until his death. Anthony's childhood was saddened by poverty, humiliation and disaster. His mother was an energetic and thoroughly good woman; after the father's death she supported the family by her writings which were voluminous and profitable, though she only began to write after she was fifty-six years old. At nineteen Anthony obtained employment in the Post-office Department, and was sent in an official capacity to Ireland, from which country he afterward drew many of his scenes and characters. He remained a very efficient member of the Post-office Department for many years, and when he decided to resign in 1861 his action was much regretted. His life was a happy and prosperous one, he is an example of what may be achieved by industry and perseverance; starting as a poor clerk with a

salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a year, he lived to be promoted to higher positions in the Postal Department and to have entrusted to him important matters needing intelligence and discretion. He was sent on important missions to Egypt, to the West Indies, to America, and everywhere did his work thoroughly; while so employed he earned a large fortune with his pen, he wrote many books which brought him more than three hundred thousand dollars, all these were written during the early morning hours, before it was necessary to be at his office. He had a servant who was paid to wake him at five o'clock every morning, he would write till eight o'clock and then live the life of the ordinary man of affairs for the rest of the day. In his autobiography he lays great stress on the value of this methodical arrangement of his time.

The large fortune he earned with his pen enabled him to lead generously, surrounded by warmly attached friends, that life of the English country gentleman and man of letters, which was to him the most desirable life on earth. He was ardently devoted to the very English sport of fox-hunting and many of his best passages are descriptions of runs in various parts of the country. He hunted to within a few years of his death. He was a loving husband and father and was able to give his children those advantages of early education which he himself had so sadly lacked. He died in 1882 after a short illness.

The works of Trollope could never be recommended as models of style. His stories abound in grammatical errors of which no high school graduate would be guilty. In this respect he cannot be compared to his loved and

admired friend Thackeray, but it may be said that there is in Trollope a knowledge of ordinary human nature in its various shades and moods which is even wider than that of the great writer of *Vanity Fair*, while throughout his stories there is a wholesome delight in what is good, pure and noble which the reader finds infectious and which is refreshing as a sea breeze.

SELECTIONS FOR READING.

Trollope's most interesting works are the series contained in *The Chronicles of Barsetshire* and the *Parliamentary* series. In these works English society of the middle nineteenth century may be said to be very completely and very faithfully represented. *Orley Farm*, which depicts the early home of the author, had a great popularity and the illustrations were furnished by the artist, Millais. *Ayala's Angel* is a pretty story well told. *The Three Clerks* is interesting because it contains scenes which record Trollope's early personal experiences in the postoffice.

QUESTIONS ON TROLLOPE.

1. Write brief sketch of his life.
2. Under what circumstances did Trollope write his novels?
3. What is their especial merit?
4. What great American writer enjoyed reading Trollope's stories?
5. What English sport was enjoyed by Trollope?
6. What two series of his books contain the most complete picture of English life?

MARY ANN EVANS.

1819-1880.

"George Eliot."

GEORGE ELIOT holds her place in literature by her great novels, *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, and *The Mill on the Floss*. Other well-known novels are *Daniel Deronda*, *Felix Holt*, *Silas Marner*, and *Scenes of Clerical Life*. She was also the author of a number of poems, three volumes in all. Among the best known of these are *Two Lovers*, *How Lisa Loved the King*, *The Spanish Gypsy*, *Brother and Sister*, and *The Choir Invisible*. The two poems last mentioned are her best poetical productions. She was, too, an essayist of considerable merit. In all her writings she tells the story of the soul, and her characters are brought very near to the reader.

Mary Ann Evans was born at Arbury Farm, Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. Her father was a thrifty farmer whose traits of character are partly reproduced in *Adam Bede* and *Caleb Garth*. Her birthplace was a charming red-brick, ivy-covered dwelling called "Griff House." Here she spent the first twenty-one years of her life, which she partly reproduced in *The Mill on the Floss*, representing herself as Maggie Tulliver. Her own youthful longings and aspirations were thus interwoven in her description of Maggie: "A creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions

of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it." Her only sister, Christiana ("Chrissy") is represented as Celia in *Middlemarch*. Tom Tulliver is a characterization of her only brother. We get a glimpse of him again in her most beautiful poem, *Brother and Sister*:—

If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath;
Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in Faith.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

Miss Evans had the best education which the private schools of her time could give her. She was a great reader, and eagerly read the best books by all the famous writers; Milton was her especial favorite. After her mother's death her father transferred his family to Coventry, where his daughter formed the acquaintance of many great men and women. Later in life she had as friends Browning, Tennyson, Spencer, and other literary people. She married George Henry Lewes, a prominent author, in 1854, and it was through his influence that she wrote her first novel, though she had previously been engaged in literary work. Her pen-name, George Eliot, was selected because George was her husband's name, and Eliot was a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word. *Adam Bede*, following her *Scenes from Clerical Life*, which appeared first as a series of tales in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was her first novel, and brought her prominently into public notice. It was received with delight and she was at once placed in the first rank of writers of fiction. *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, *Daniel Deronda*, and

three volumes of poems now followed each other in rapid succession. The last literary work published during her lifetime was a series of essays entitled *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*.

Mr. Lewes died in 1878, and two years later Mrs. Lewes married J. W. Cross, a London banker. She died about six months later at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, December 22, 1880. On the 29th, amidst a driving storm of sleet and snow, friends and admirers followed all that was mortal of George Eliot to Highgate Cemetery, where she was interred with tributes of flowers and tears beside the grave of Mr. Lewes.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Our deeds shall travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is
never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Oh, the anguish of that thought, that we can never
atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them,
for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their

pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it.

Read *The Mill on the Floss*.

QUESTIONS.

1. Characterize Mr. Tulliver.
2. Tell of Tom and Maggie as boy and girl. Describe their fishing expedition.
3. Tell of Maggie's adventure with the gypsies.
4. Tell of Tom's school days, and of Maggie's visit to him. Of the abrupt ending of his school days.
5. Compare Tom and Philip Wakem as school boys. How did they get on together?
6. What characters gave voice to the following thoughts:—"All the learnin' my father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end and the alphabet at th' other."
"It's puzzling work, talking is."
"When a workman knows the use of his tools, he can make a door as well as a window."
"I've been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us—and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do."
7. Do you like the tale of *The Mill on the Floss*? Give reasons for your answer.
8. Do you like the way the author ends the story?

9. Question for debate: "Resolved, that the author ended the tale wisely."

REFERENCES.

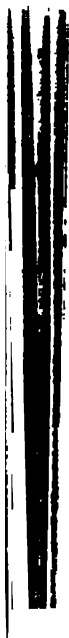
Four Years of Novel Reading, *Moulton*.

George Eliot and Her Heroines, *Woolson*.

George Eliot's Life, by her husband, *J. W. Cross*.

QUESTIONS ON GEORGE ELIOT.

1. Write a brief sketch of the life of George Eliot.
2. Name four well known novels, two poems, one volume of essays.
3. What character is partially a portrayal of the author? Mention other characters who represent members of her family, and tell where all are found.
4. Mention some noted personages who were friends of George Eliot.
5. Locate and describe the following characters: Silas Marner, Hetty Sorrel, Adam Bede, Mary Garth, Dorothea, Romola, Maggie Tulliver, Dinah, Philip Wakem, Rosamond, Daniel Deronda, Gwendolin, Celia.



History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or gray hairs, privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof.—*Fuller*.

CHAPTER X.

BRITISH HISTORIANS AND ESSAYISTS.

FRANCIS BACON.
JOHN DRYDEN.
JOSEPH ADDISON.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
CHARLES LAMB.
THOMAS CARLYLE.
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.
JOHN RUSKIN.

Life is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds to the invisible building.—*Miller*.



FRANCIS BACON.

1561-1626.

The Father of Experimental Science.

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.—Pope.

PRINCIPAL writings:—Essays, fifty-eight in all, upon various subjects. Was a lawyer by profession, and held a number of influential government positions, but he was unfaithful to his duty, received bribes, and rendered unjust decisions, for which he was banished from court. He was always performing experiments, and finally became the martyr as well as “the father of experimental science.” While out riding one day in early spring he bought a fowl and stuffed it with snow, intending to see if snow would not prove as good a preservative as salt, but he got thoroughly chilled in the performance, and finally was so overcome that he could not reach home. He was taken to the home of a friend, where he died in a few days.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

“Read, not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.”

"Were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rush-light into every dark corner?"

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

"Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge: but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man."

"No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth."

"Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."

CRITICISMS.

1. His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. He seems to have been incapable of feeling strong affection, of facing great dangers, of making great sacrifices. His desires were set on things below.—*Macaulay*.

2. His intimacy with every department of human knowledge, except mathematics, is marvelous; while few writers have been more eloquent, more imaginative, or witty.—*Selected*.

REFERENCES.

Life and Letters of Bacon, *Spedding*.
Essay on Bacon, *Macaulay*.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631-1700.

I confess my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which
I live. —Dryden.

He had, beyond most, the gift of the right word. —Lowell.

PRINCIPAL works:—Essays, poems, twenty-eight plays for the stage, and a translation of the *Ænid*. Best known essays are *Essay on Dramatic Art*, *The Hind and the Panther* (a defense of the Church of Rome), and a defense of the Church of England. Finest poem, *Alexander's Feast*, a song in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, which he composed in a single night. *Mistress Anne Killigrew*, a memorial ode, and *Absalom and Achitophel*, a satire, are famous poems. He died just three hundred years after the death of Chaucer, by whose side he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Bets at the first were fool-traps, where the wise
Like spiders lay in ambush for the flies.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He, who secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

FAMILIAR LINES.

1. Be careful still of the main chance.
2. Few know the use of life before 'tis past.
3. A happy genius is the gift of nature.
4. Men are but children of a larger growth.
5. None but the brave deserve the fair.

CRITICISMS.

In mind and manner his foremost quality is energy. In ripeness of mind and bluff heartiness of expression, he takes rank with the best. His phrase is always a short-cut to his sense, for his estate was too spacious for him to need that trick of winding the path of his thought about, and planting it out with clumps of epithet, by which the landscape gardeners of literature give to a paltry half-acre the air of a park.—*Lowell*.

REFERENCES.

- Essay on Dryden, *Lowell*.
Essay on Dryden, *Macaulay*.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

"The greatest prose writer of his time."

Give days and nights, sir, to the study of Addison, if you mean to be a good writer, or, what is more worth, an honest man.

—Dr. Johnson.

J prose writers, was born at Milston in Wiltshire, JOSEPH ADDISON, one of England great classical England, May 1, 1672, the same year with Peter the Great, and six years after the London fire. His father, rector of Milston, sent him to the famous Charter House School in London to prepare for college. At the age of fifteen young Addison entered Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself. A short time before his graduation he wrote some eulogistic verses upon William the Third, and influential friends secured for him, through these, a government pension of £300 a year. He was now able to satisfy his longing for travel, and immediately upon taking his degree in 1693 set out for the Continent and spent some time studying and traveling in France and Italy. His pension ceased with the death of King William, but he immediately commended himself to royal favor by writing a poem, *The Campaign*, commemorating the battle of Blenheim and praising the victor, Duke of Marlborough. Queen Anne at once made him Under Secretary of State, and, later, Chief Secretary to Ireland, where he went to reside.

About this time his college friend, Dick Steele, started *The Tatler*, a paper having "the general purpose to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning vanity and affectation, and to recommend a gen-

eral simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior." Addison was a frequent contributor, and through this medium his great powers as a moralist and humorist first became known. He signed his articles by one of the four letters C. L. I. O., either the letters of the name Clio, or the initial of the places where he was in the habit of writing,—Chelsea, London, Islington, or the Office. After the demise of *The Tatler*, Addison contributed to *The Spectator*, a new sheet which had just sprung into life. His contributions consisted of essays and short articles on a variety of subjects. "These were happy imitations of Arabian tales, thoughtful meditations, criticisms for the guidance of the public taste, and numerous sketches of the characters commonly to be met with in the society of the time. Among the best of these are the papers that refer to Sir Roger de Coverley, a good old country squire."

In 1713 Addison reached the height of his fame by his publication of the *Tragedy of Cato*. It met with enviable success upon the stage, but critics of the present day claim that it is sadly deficient in plot and delineation of character. Addison wrote considerable poetry, much of it being hymns, and one or two sacred pieces will probably endure as long as the language. But it is as an essayist that he is best known. For humor and poetic grace; for satire and for moral influence the essays of *The Spectator* remain unsurpassed. His essay, *The Vision of Mirza*, and his notable hymn, beginning:—

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,

will probably never diminish in luster or moulder away.

Addison married the Countess of Warwickshire in

1716, but the illustrious lady had such an inflammable temper that the marriage was particularly unhappy. He survived only three years after this event, dying at Holland House, Kensington, London, June 17, 1719, at the early age of forty-seven. Addison has been described as a kind, amiable gentleman, who lived an almost stainless life.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"Few consider how much we are indebted to government, because few can represent how wretched mankind would be without it."

"A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable."

"The hypocrite would not put on the appearance of virtue if it was not the most proper means to gain love."

"Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense; there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will every day be at a loss for readier change."

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, when I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and

as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of about a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous

condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination perceived that there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melan-

choly prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other half appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven

with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under

those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

CRITICISMS.

1. He employed all his talent and all his writings in giving us the notion of what we are worth, and of what we ought to be. Of two tragedies which he composed, one was on the death of Cato, the most virtuous of the Romans; the other on that of Socrates, the most virtuous of the Greeks.—*H. A. Taine*.

2. His style was long regarded as perhaps the best model of English prose. It is pure, simple, and elegant. His humor is quiet and refined, his satire kindly, and his teaching full of those lessons that make us wiser men and better members of society.—*Blaisdell's Am. and British Authors*.

REFERENCES.

Select Essays of Addison, *edited by Thurber*.
Addison's Life and Writings, *Macaulay*.

QUESTIONS ON ADDISON.

1. Sketch the life of Addison.
2. What famous author lived contemporary with Addison?
3. What famous essayist, novelist, writer of fiction, writer of hymns, and two great poets lived in his day?

4. While at college he formed the lifelong friendship of a man always associated with *The Spectator*; who was he?
5. What was his first literary attempt? To whom was this poem addressed, and with what result?
6. What poem did Addison write to celebrate the battle of Blenheim? How was he rewarded? What noted poet also wrote a poem founded on this battle?
7. Do you like Addison's style? What essays have you read?
8. Name some of his best known work.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

DR. JOHNSON'S most valuable work is the *Lives of the Poets*. Other important works are his *Dictionary of the English Language*, which cost him several years of hard labor; *Rasselas*, written to pay some debts and defray the funeral expenses of his mother; *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; *Irene*; *London*; *The Rambler*; and *The Idler*. Johnson was the central figure of the London Literary Club. He is buried at the foot of Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"A man should blush to *think* a falsehood; 'tis the crime of cowards."

"Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when the blockhead's insult points the dart."

"The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt until they are too strong to be broken."

"Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire, which must be first kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself."

"Order is a lovely nymph, the child of beauty and wisdom; her attendants are comfort, neatness, and activity; her abode is the valley of happiness; she is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent—disorder."

CRITICISMS.

1. "Johnson first enlisted wit and eloquence, together with argument and learning, on the side of revealed religion, and first turned the literary current in its favor."
—*Selected*.

2. "Johnson, to be sure, has a rough manner; but no man alive has a better heart. He has nothing of the bear but the skin."—*Goldsmith*.

REFERENCES.

Life of Johnson, *Boswell*; Essay, Samuel Johnson, *Macaulay*.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

"The well-known essayist and humorist."

P happy, original style he carried the humorous essay
RINCIPAL works: *Essays of Elia*, in which in his
to a point of excellence perhaps never before attained;

Specimens of Old English Dramatists, Rosamond Gray, and Tales from Shakespeare. His sister Mary, of whom he was very fond, aided him in this latter work. The best part of Lamb's life was devoted to the care of this sister, who in a fit of insanity snatched a knife from the dinner table and stabbed her mother to the heart. She was at once confined to an asylum, but her brother solemnly pledged himself to care for her, and the authorities allowed him to take her home. Mary was not hopelessly insane all the time, having sane periods of several days or months duration, during which she repaid her brother with tenderness and affection for his untiring care. After he was laid to rest in Edmonton churchyard, she became a raving maniac, and was confined to a hospital until her death thirteen years later.

SELECTIONS.

"The measure of choosing well, is whether a man likes what he has chosen."

"I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?"

REFERENCES.

Recollections of Charles Lamb, *DeQuincey*; Memorials of Charles Lamb, *Talfourd*.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1795-1881.

"I would go at all times further to see Carlyle than any man alive."—*Dickens*.

HISTORIAN and Essayist. Principal works:—*Life of Schiller*, which first called attention to his great literary power; *History of the French Revolution*; *Heroes and Hero Worship*, first given as a series of lectures; *Life of Frederick the Great*, his most voluminous and laborious work; *Life of Cromwell*; Essays on *Scott*, *Johnson*, and *Burns*, and on a variety of miscellaneous subjects, chief among which is *On the Choice of Books*. He entertained Emerson in his country home at Craigenputtoch, afterward he went to London and lived in Cheyne Row for many years. He entertained Longfellow, his great friend Coleridge, and many other noted literary persons. His wife, a capable and loving woman, whom he had failed to appreciate, died while he was away in Edinburgh, whither he had traveled, having been elected Rector of Edinburgh University. Carlyle was crushed by the blow and hurried home filled with remorse because of the stunted affection which he had given. He was often seen weeping over her grave in his lonely old age. Carlyle left his estate to the University of Edinburgh to be used in granting yearly prizes of stipulated sums for those excellent in mathematics and English. He is buried in the little churchyard at Ecclefechan, Scotland, near his childhood home.

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

"Give, us, O give us, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer."

"The true university of these days is a collection of books."

"A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me."

"Make yourself an honest man and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

FAMILIAR LINES.

1. From the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest heights."
2. Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve; hast thou not two eyes of thy own?
3. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.
4. One Life; a little gem of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forever more!
5. Do the duty which lies nearest thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.
6. All true work is sacred.

CRITICISMS.

1. "Though not the safest of guides in politics or practical philosophy, his value as an inspirer and awakener cannot be over-estimated. It is a power which be-

longs only to the highest order of minds, for it is none but a divine fire that can so kindle and irradiate. The debt due him from those who listened to the teachings of his prime for revealing to them what sublime reserves of power even the humblest may find in manliness, sincerity, and self-reliance, can be paid with nothing short of reverential gratitude."—*Lowell*.

2. "The most original writer and powerful teacher of the age."—*John Forster*.

REFERENCES.

English Traits, *Emerson*; Letters of Carlyle and Emerson, *Norton*; Life of Carlyle, *Froude*.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

1800-1859.

An honest, good sort of a fellow, made out of oat-meal.

—*Carlyle*.

He had the strength of ten men, immense memory, fun, fire, learning, politics, manners, and pride, and talks all the time in a steady torrent.

—*Emerson*.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the illustrious historian, brilliant essayist, and noteworthy poet, was born near Leicester, England, in 1800. As a child he was very precocious, and at the age of eight years wrote *The Battle of Cheviot*, and compiled a *Compendium of Universal History*. He prepared for college in a private school, and in 1818 entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained the chancellor's medal for a poem on *Pompeii*, and the following year for a poem on

Evening; received a fellowship and took his M. A. degree in 1825. Before this he began to contribute to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, in which his poems, *Armada*, *Ivry*, and *The Battle of the League* appeared. In 1825 he began his brilliant literary career in the *Edinburgh Review* by an article on *Milton*, which at once brought him great fame.

In 1842 Macaulay issued his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. In 1848 appeared the first two of the five volumes of his *History of England*, which covers the period between the accession of James II. and the death of William III. This brilliant rhetorical exposition, although touched with partisanship and with a tendency to paradox, has attained the position of an English classic. It became at once immensely popular both in England and America, having a larger sale than any novel of that time. Macaulay had attained his great object, viz., "the publication of knowledge in such an attractive form that, for a time, it superseded the novels on the tables of fashionable young ladies."

Macaulay dearly loved England, and was fond of saying: "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." He served for some time in Parliament, taking an active part in the discussions of the times, but was forced to retire from political life in 1856, owing to his failing health. The following year he was created a baron in consideration of his great literary merit. His principal works are his *History of England*, and his essays on *Milton*, *Addison*, *Byron*, *Johnson*, *Goldsmith*, and *Chatham*.

Lord Macaulay died suddenly of heart disease on the 28th of December, 1859, at his home, Holly Lodge, in

Kensington, London. His body was interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

SELECTIONS.

"Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely."

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

"The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence."

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.*

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories
are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleas-
ant land of France!

*On his accession to the French crown, Henry the Fourth was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayence, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle he addressed his troops: "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume; you will always find it in the path to honor and glory."

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance
of war

Hurrah, hurrah for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of
day.

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears!

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of
our land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empur-
pled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,

To fight for His own holy name and Henry of Navarre!

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest;

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,

Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our
lord the King!" 25

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he
may,—

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled
din 30

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the
lance! 35

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guid-
ing star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein; 49

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance; and all along our
van,

"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to
man. 50

But out spake gentle Henry then: "No Frenchman is
my foe:

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
France to-day; 51

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white;

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en;

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false
Lorraine.

Up with it high, unfurl it wide, that all the host may
know 52

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
His Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
points of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of
Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! Ho matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return. es

Ho, Philip! send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho, gallant nobles of the League! look that your arms be
bright;

Ho, burghers of St. Genevieve! keep watch and ward
to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave, es

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre!

PETER THE GREAT.

ON THE 10th of January a vessel from Holland
anchored off Greenwich, and was welcomed with
great respect. Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy, was
on board. He took boat with a few attendants, and was
rowed up the Thames to Norfolk Street, where a house
overlooking the river had been prepared for his recep-

tion. His journey is an epoch in the history not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world. To the polished nations of Western Europe, the empire which he governed had till then been what Bokhara or Siam is to us. That empire, indeed, though less extensive than at present, was the most extensive that had ever obeyed a single chief.

On the Baltic Russia had not then a single port. Her maritime trade with the other nations of Christendom was entirely carried on at Archangel, a place which had been created and was supported by adventurers from our island. In the days of the Tudors a ship from England, seeking a northeast passage to the land of silk and spice, had discovered the White Sea. The barbarians who dwelt on the shores of that dreary gulf had never before seen such a portent as a vessel of a hundred and sixty tons burden. They fled in terror; and, when they were pursued and overtaken, prostrated themselves before the chief of the strangers, and kissed his feet. He succeeded in opening a friendly communication with them, and from that time there had been a regular commercial intercourse between our country and the subjects of the Czar.

The commercial intercourse between England and Russia made some diplomatic intercourse necessary. The diplomatic intercourse, however, was only occasional. Three or four times in a century extraordinary embassies were sent from Whitehall to the Kremlin, and from the Kremlin to Whitehall. The English embassies had historians, whose narratives may still be read with interest. Those historians described vividly, and sometimes bitterly, the savage ignorance and the squalid poverty of

the barbarous country in which they had sojourned. In that country, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. The best educated men could barely read and write. The arithmetic was the arithmetic of the Dark Ages. Even in the imperial treasury the computations were made by the help of balls strung on wires.

Round the person of the sovereign there was a blaze of gold and jewels; but even in his most splendid palaces were to be found the filth and misery of an Irish cabin. So late as the year 1663 the gentlemen of the retinue of the Earl of Carlisle were, in the city of Moscow, thrust into a single bed-room, and were told that, if they did not remain together, they would be in danger of being devoured by rats.

Our ancestors, therefore, were not a little surprised to learn that a young barbarian, who had, at seventeen years of age, become the autocrat of the immense region stretching from the confines of Sweden to those of China, and whose education had been inferior to that of an English farmer or shopman, had planned gigantic improvements, had learned enough of some languages of Western Europe to enable him to communicate with civilized men, had begun to surround himself with able adventurers from various parts of the world, had sent many of his young subjects to study languages, arts, and sciences in foreign cities, and, finally, had determined to travel as a private man, and to discover, by personal observation, the secret of the immense prosperity and power enjoyed by some communities whose whole territory was far less than the hundredth part of his dominions.

His empire was of all empires the least capable of being made a great naval power. On the ocean he had only a single port—Archangel—and the whole shipping of Archangel was foreign. There did not exist a Russian vessel larger than a fishing-boat. Yet, from some cause, which cannot now be traced, he had a taste for maritime pursuits which amounted to a passion, indeed almost to a monomania. His imagination was full of sails, yard-arms, and rudders. That large mind, equal to the highest duties of the general and the statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline. The chief ambition of the great conqueror and legislator was to be a good boatswain and a good ship's carpenter.

He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dock-yard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down his name on the list of the workmen, wielded with his own hand the calking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps, and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors, who came to pay their respects to him, were forced, much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

Such was the prince whom the populace of London now crowded to behold. His stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, his frown, black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant, and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror, the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, the fool who jab-

bered at his feet, the monkey which grinned at the back of his chair,—were, during some weeks, popular topics of conversation.

He, meanwhile, shunned the public gaze with a haughty shyness which inflamed curiosity. He went to a play; but, as soon as he perceived that pit, boxes, and galleries were staring, not at the play, but at him, he retired to a back bench, where he was screened from observation by his attendants. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords; but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb up to the leads, and peep through a small window.

William judiciously humored the whims of his illustrious guest, and stole to Norfolk Street, so quietly that nobody in the neighborhood recognized his majesty in the thin gentleman who got out of the modest-looking coach at the Czar's lodgings. The Czar returned the visit with the same precautions, and was admitted into Kensington House by a back door. It was afterwards known that he took no notice of the fine pictures with which the palace was adorned. But over the chimney of the royal sitting-room was a plate which, by an ingenious machinery, indicated the direction of the wind, and with this plate he was in raptures.

He soon became weary of his residence. He found that he was too far from the objects of his curiosity, and too near to the crowds to which he was himself an object of curiosity. He accordingly removed to Deptford, and was there lodged in the house of John Evelyn, a house which had long been a favorite resort of men of letters, men of taste, and men of science. Here Peter gave himself up to his favorite pursuits. He navigated a yacht

every day up and down the river. His apartment was crowded with models of three-deckers and two-deckers, frigates, sloops, and fireships.

But Evelyn does not seem to have formed a favorable opinion of his august tenant. It was, indeed, not in the character of a tenant that the Czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty. Evelyn's house was left in such a state that the treasury quieted his complaints with a considerable sum of money.

Towards the close of March the Czar visited Portsmouth, saw a sham sea-fight at Spithead, watched every movement of the contending fleets with intense interest, and expressed in warm terms his gratitude to the hospitable government which had provided so delightful a spectacle for his amusement and instruction. After passing more than three months in England, he departed in high good humor.

CRITICISM.

1. Macaulay excelled as a poet, was brilliant as an essayist, but is chiefly illustrious as an historian. His style is marked by great originality; it is clear, incisive, and brilliant. His language is simple, pithy, and idiomatic. His sentences are short, pointed, and antithetical. No one has to read his sentences twice over to find out their meaning.—*Blaisdell's American and British Authors.*

2. Few authors have written more eloquently of freedom, or paid truer and nobler homage to its advocates and martyrs; and few have opened hotter vials of wrath upon bigotry, tyranny, and all forms of legislative fraud.—*E. P. Whipple*.

REFERENCES.

Life and Letters, by his nephew, *Sir George Trevelyan*.
Essays and Reviews, *Whipple*.

QUESTIONS ON MACAULAY.

1. Write a brief sketch of the life of Macaulay.
2. For what is he best known?
3. What do you know of his style?
4. Name some of his best known essays, two poems, a noted historical work.
5. Name some of Macaulay's literary friends. What do Emerson and Carlyle say of Macaulay?

JOHN RUSKIN.

1819-1900.

No one can read Ruskin, and mark his enthusiasm, his splendid power, his earnestness, his love of truth, his reverence for nature, and above all, his love of God, without feeling that he has a great mission to fulfill in the world. —*J. G. Holland*.

RUSKIN was one of the most eloquent prose writers of his time, and also a noted art critic and political economist. His principal works are *The Stones of Venice*, *Modern Painters*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *Time and Tide*, *Unto This Last*, and two series of lectures, *Crown of Wild Olive* and *Sesame and Lilies*. The

latter is a most helpful and inspiring book for young people, consisting of the three lectures, *King's Treasures*, *Queen's Gardens*, and *The Mystery of Life*. His *King of the Golden River* is a popular fairy tale for children. Among his best known poems are *A Walk in Chamouni*, *The Old Water-Wheel*, and *The Last Smile*.

John Ruskin was born February 8, 1819, at London. His Scottish father was a wealthy wine merchant, who chose to live in the utmost simplicity, so that his only son might not become enervated by luxury. His wife was deeply religious and fully in sympathy with his ideas of right training. She had little John read the Bible to her and learn whole chapters of its noblest parts. Ruskin attributed to this training his love for beautiful literature and his power as a writer. He makes frequent allusion to Scripture in all his writings. In the evening the father read aloud, and in this way the boy heard Shakspeare, Scott, Spenser, Byron, Pope, Goldsmith, Addison, and all the best writers of his time. His father took him to see all the noted and beautiful places in England, thus training his love for the beautiful and adding to his store of information. Ruskin says of his home: "I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word. Angry words, hurry, and disorder I never knew in the stillness of my childhood's home. Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. . . . Nothing was ever promised me that was not given, nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true."

He was prepared for college under the guidance of his

parents and entered Oxford. The following year, 1839, he won the Newgate prize for English poetry by his poem on *Salsette and Elephanta*. He took his degree in 1842, and subsequently lived the busy but uneventful life of teacher and writer, having been appointed Professor of Art at Oxford shortly after his graduation. He made a home for himself near Coniston, in the Lake Region, made famous by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. He was very kind to his aged parents, and, when he laid his mother to rest in her ninetieth year, wrote on her gravestone: "Here beside my father's body I have laid my mother's; nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in Heaven."

Probably no writer has ever exerted a more uplifting and inspiring influence than Ruskin. In all he published between thirty and forty works. Of these *Modern Painters* is perhaps the greatest. *Preterita* is a charming autobiography and also contains excellent suggestions on child-training. The good Ruskin accomplished by his literary teaching cannot be estimated, for he had the world for his school. At the time of his death, which occurred January 20, 1900, at Brantwood, his country home, he was, then in his eighty-second year, the greatest living literary character in England.

SELECTIONS.

"It is the crowning virtue of all great art that, however little is left of it by the injuries of time, that little will be lovely."

"The first duty of a child is to obey its father and mother; as the first duty of a citizen is to obey the laws of his state. And this duty is so strict that I believe the

only limits to it are those fixed by Isaac and Iphigenia. On the other hand, the father and mother have also a fixed duty to the child—not to provoke it to wrath. I have never heard this text explained to fathers and mothers from the pulpit, which is curious. For it appears to me that God will expect the parents to understand their duty to their children, better even than children can be expected to know their duty to their parents."

"No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence."

"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity."

"No ornament is beautiful which has not a use."

CRITICISMS.

1. Eloquence, force, and subtle analysis are the prevailing characteristics of Ruskin's literary style, while his works are at the same time permeated with a lofty enthusiasm for truth and beauty, and with a generous sympathy for the poor and the weak.—*Selected*.

REFERENCES.

Life and Teachings of John Ruskin, *Mather*.

Home Life of Great Authors, *Griswold*.

Scenes of My Past Life, and Sesame and Lilies, *Ruskin*.

QUESTIONS ON RUSKIN.

1. Tell the story of Ruskin's life.
2. Name his principal works.
3. Name a noted writing for young people. A well-known book for children.
4. Tell of Ruskin's early training.
5. Which of his books is descriptive of his early life?
6. What do you know of Ruskin as a teacher of mankind?
7. What does J. G. Holland say of him?
8. Quote some noble passages from *Sesame and Lilies*.



INDEX.

Abt Vogler, Lines from— <i>Poem</i>R. Browning	427
Addison, Joseph—Biography, 517; Selections, 519; Criticisms, 525; References, 525; Questions on..	525
Alcott, Louisa May—Biography, 295; Suggested Reading, 300; Questions on.....	300
Among the Rocks— <i>Poem</i>R. Browning	426
Bacon, Francis—Summary, 513; Selections, 513; Criticisms, 514; References.....	514
Bancroft, George—Biography.....	340
Battle Hymn of the Republic— <i>Poem</i> ..J. W. Howe	275
Battle of Ivry, The— <i>Poem</i>T. B. Macaulay	533
Battle of Waterloo, The— <i>Poem</i>Byron	406
Beecher, Henry Ward—Outline Biography, 311; Selections	312
Betsy and I Are Out— <i>Poem</i>W. Carleton	198
Bill and Joe— <i>Poem</i>O. W. Holmes	131
Browne, Charles Farrar (<i>Artemus Ward</i>)—Biog- raphy	351
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett—Biography, 412; Se- lections, 414; Partial List of Best Poems, 415; Criticisms, 418; References, 418; Questions on..	419
Browning, Robert—Biography, 419; Selections, 422; Criticisms, 423; References, 424; Questions on	422

- Bryant, William Cullen—Biography, 85; Selections, 94; Partial List of Poems, 95; Notes on Writings, 96; Suggested Reading, 106; Criticisms, 106; References, 107; Poets' Tributes, 108; Questions on..... 108
- Builders, The—*Poem*.....H. W. Longfellow 28
- Burns, Robert—Biography, 380; Selections, 385; List of Best Poems, 386; Songs, 386; Questions on 390
- Byron, George Gordon—Biography, 403; Selections, 405; Familiar Lines, 406; List of Best Poems, 406; References, 411; Questions on..... 411
- Campbell, Thomas—Summary, 457; Selections... 458
- Capture of a Whale—From *The Pilot*. J. F. Cooper 214
- Carleton, Will—Biography, 193; Selections, 196; Partial List of Poems, 198; Suggested Reading, 202; Questions on..... 203
- Carlyle, Thomas—Summary, 529; Selections, 530; Familiar Lines, 530; Criticisms, 530; References 531
- Cary, Alice and Phoebe—Biography, 283; Selections 288
- Chaucer, Geoffrey—Summary, 439; Criticisms... 440
- Child's Thought of God, A—*Poem*. E. B. Browning 415
- Clemens, Samuel Langhorne (*Mark Twain*)—Biography, 358; Questions on..... 364
- Coleridge, Samuel T.—Summary, 453; Selections. 454
- Cooper, James Fenimore—Biography, 207; Partial List of Works, 213; Plan of Study for *The Last of the Mohicans*, 213; Questions on..... 220
- Cowper, William—Summary, 451; Selections, 452; References 453

INDEX

551

Daffodils— <i>Poem</i>W. Wordsworth	400
Description of a Siege—From <i>Ivanhoe</i> ...W. Scott	479
Dickens, Charles—Biography, 491; Questions on <i>The Cricket on the Hearth</i> , 498; Questions on <i>David Copperfield</i> , 499; References, 500; Ques- tions on.....	500
Draft in Baldinsville.....Artemus Ward	355
Dryden, John—Summary, 515; Selections, 515; Fa- miliar Lines, 516; Criticisms, 516; References...	516
Dutch Governor, A—From <i>Knickerbocker's His- tory</i>W. Irving	228
Eggleston, Edward—Outline Biography, 330; Sug- gested Reading.....	331
Emerson, Ralph Waldo—Biography, 109; Selec- tions, 114; Suggested Reading, 117; References, 118; Poets' Tributes, 119; Questions on.....	119
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard— <i>Poem</i>T. Gray	446
Eliot, George—See Evans, M. A.	
Evans, Mary Ann (<i>George Eliot</i>)—Biography, 505; Selections, 507; Questions on <i>The Mill on the Floss</i> , 508; References, 509; Questions on...	509
Field, Eugene—Biography, 184; Selections, 190; Partial List of Poems, 192; References, 192; Questions	193
First Snow Fall, The— <i>Poem</i>J. R. Lowell	77
Footsteps of Angels— <i>Poem</i>H. W. Longfellow	29
Gladness of Nature— <i>Poem</i>W. C. Bryant	97
Goldsmith, Oliver—Biography, 469; References, 470; Selections.....	471
Gray, Thomas—Summary.....	445

Macaulay, Thomas Babington—Summary, 531; Selections, 533; Criticisms, 542; References, 543; Questions on.....	543
Mann, Horace—Outline Biography, 309; References	310
Miller Joaquin—Biography, 177; Criticisms, 183; Questions on.....	183
Milton, John—Summary, 442; Selections, 443; References	443
Moore, Thomas—Summary, 460; References, 460; Selections	460
Motley, John Lothrop—Biography.....	342
Mountain and Squirrel— <i>Poem</i>R. W. Emerson	114
Mr. Winkle on Skates—From <i>Pickwick Papers</i>	494
Nearer Home— <i>Poem</i>P. Cary	294
Norman Baron, The— <i>Poem</i>H. W. Longfellow	22
Nye, Bill—See Nye, Edgar Wilson.	
Nye, Edgar Wilson (<i>Bill Nye</i>)—Biography.....	365
Order for a Picture, An— <i>Poem</i>A. Cary	291
October's Bright Blue Weather— <i>Poem</i>	
.....H. H. Jackson	304
Parkman, Francis—Biography.....	344
Peter the Great.....T. B. Macaulay	537
Planting the Apple Tree— <i>Poem</i>W. C. Bryant	104
Poe, Edgar Allan—Biography, 139; Partial List of Works, 148; Suggested Reading, 158; Criticisms, 158; References, 160; Questions on.....	160
Pope, Alexander—Summary, 443; Selections, 444; Familiar Lines, 445; References.....	445
Prescott, William Hickling—Biography.....	338

INDEX

555

Rabbi Ben Ezra (lines from)— <i>Poem</i> . R. Browning	428
Raven, The— <i>Poem</i> E. A. Poe	151
Read, Thomas Buchanan—Outline Biography, 319; Selections, 319; Suggested Reading.	321
Riley, James Whitcomb—Biography, 165; Selec- tions, 169; Partial List of Poems, 171; Suggested Reading, 176; Questions on.	176
Rill from the Town Pump, A. N. Hawthorne	244
Robert of Lincoln— <i>Poem</i> W. C. Bryant	98
Romancin'— <i>Poem</i> J. W. Riley	173
Ruskin, John—Biography, 543; Selections, 545; Criticisms, 546; References, 546; Questions on. .	547
Shakspeare, William—Biography, 371; Selections, 375; Suggested Reading, 376; Criticisms, 378; References, 379; Questions on.	379
Scott, Walter—Biography, 472; Selections, 477; Familiar Lines, 477; References, 484; Questions on	485
Seven Times One— <i>Poem</i> J. Ingelow	464
Shelley, Percy Bysshe—Summary, 461; References, 461; Selections.	461
Skipper Ireson's Ride— <i>Poem</i> J. G. Whittier	55
Sleep— <i>Poem</i> E. B. Browning	416
Spencer, Edmund—Summary, 441; References. . .	441
Stowe, Harriet Beecher—Biography, 257; Partial List of Works, 263; References, 264; Questions on	264
Southey, Robert—Summary, 454; References. . . .	454
Taking the Luck with Him—From <i>The Luck of the Roaring Camp</i> B. Harte	336

- Taylor, Bayard—Biography, 323; Selections, 325; Suggested Reading, 326; Criticisms, 326; References 328
- Tennyson, Alfred—Biography, 428; Selections, 431; Criticisms, 435; References, 435; Questions on 435
- Thackeray, William Makepeace—Biography, 485; References, 491; Questions on..... 491
- Thanatopsis—*Poem*.....W. C. Bryant 101
- Thoreau, Henry D.—Outline Biography, 313; Selections, 314; Criticisms, 315; References..... 316
- To a Mountain Daisy—*Poem*.....R. Burns 388
- Trollope, Anthony—Biography, 501; Suggested Reading, 504; Questions on..... 504
- Tribute to Columbus, A—*Poem*.....J. Miller 181
- Twain, Mark—See Clemens, S. L.
- Uncle Dan'l's Apparition—From *The Gilded Age*Mark Twain 360
- Vision of Belshazzar, The—*Poem*.....Byron 409
- Vision of Mirza.....Addison 519
- Wallace, Lewis—Outline Biography, 328; Suggested Reading..... 329
- Ward, Artemus—See Browne, C. F.
- What Little Saul Got Christmas—*Poem*.....J. W. Riley 171
- Whittier, John Greenleaf—Biography, 39; Selections, 45; Partial List of Works, 47; Notes on Writings, 47; Study of School Days, 52; Criticisms, 61; References, 63; Poets' Tributes, 63; Questions on..... 64

557

Wind Over the Chimney, The— <i>Poem</i>	B. Harte	335
Wild Cow, The	Bill Nye	367
Wordsworth, William—Biography, 390; Selections, 394; Familiar Lines, 395; Criticisms, 401; Refer- ences, 402; Questions on		402
World, The— <i>Sonnet</i>	W. Wordsworth	401
Wreck of the Hesperus, The— <i>Poem</i>		
	H. W. Longfellow	18
Yankee Girl, The— <i>Poem</i>	J. G. Whittier	53







7





OCT 10 1966

